

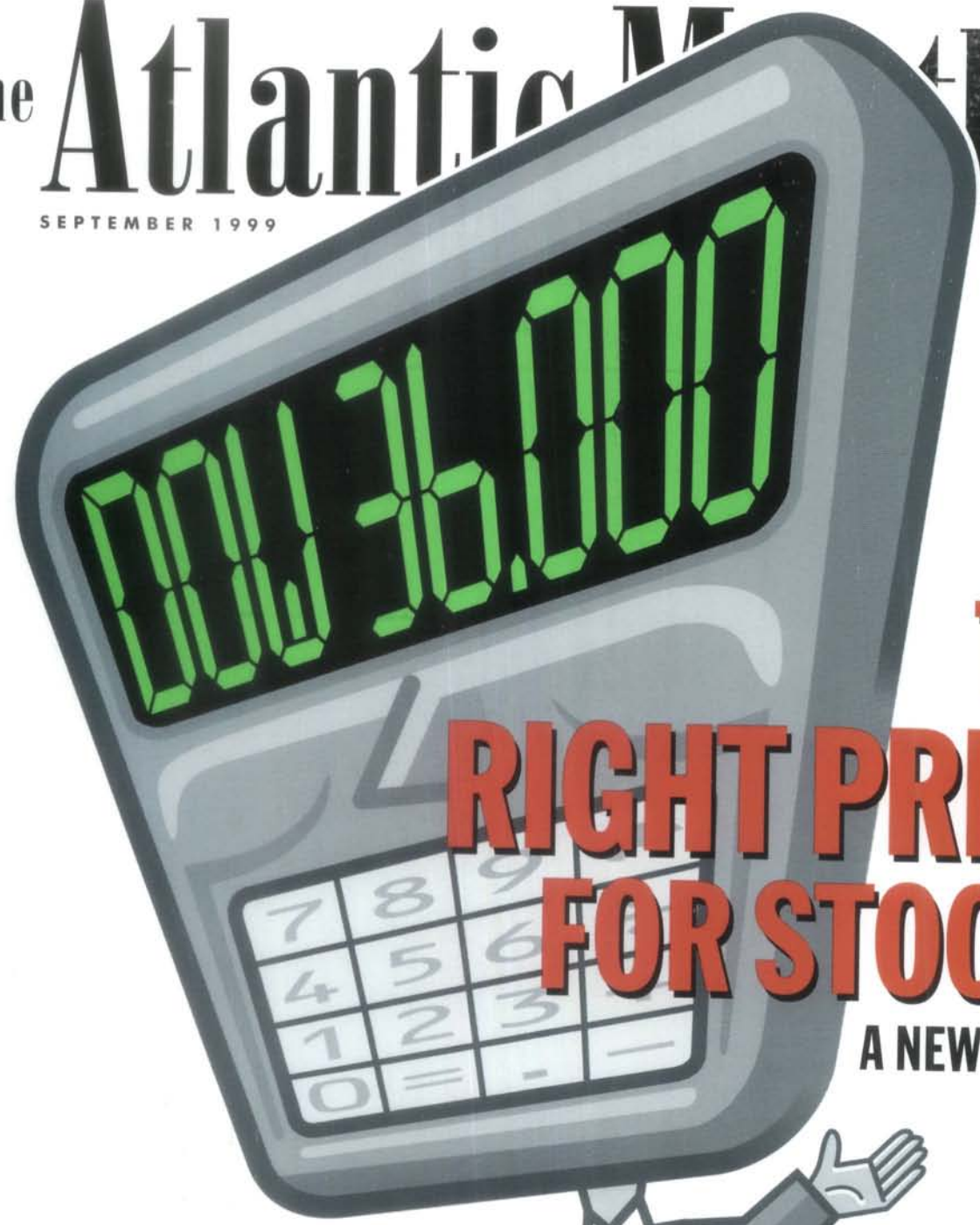
THE FRIEDAN MYSTIQUE / GARRY WILLS ON LINCOLN'S ORATORY

The Atlantic Monthly

SEPTEMBER 1999

THE RIGHT PRICE FOR STOCKS

A NEW THEORY



*****5-DIGIT 94301
#UNZ0555B096 1#302604 4B 298
JAN 05 3 331082
RON K UNZ
555 BRYANT ST 371
PALO ALTO CA 94301-1704



BY
JAMES K. GLASSMAN
and KEVIN A. HASSETT

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ed. The **LS**. The new *Larger* Saturn.
arting a brand-new car company.
ple room. And more cargo room.
powerful V-6 engine and sport-tuned
LS2. As well as available leather
nal eight-speaker CD audio system.
ve large.) And, naturally, we've also
e and dent-resistant polymer doors.
all, this is a Saturn. Every inch of
it. The new Saturn L-Series. For
whatever your next big
thing happens to be.



A Different Kind of Company. A Different Kind of Car.



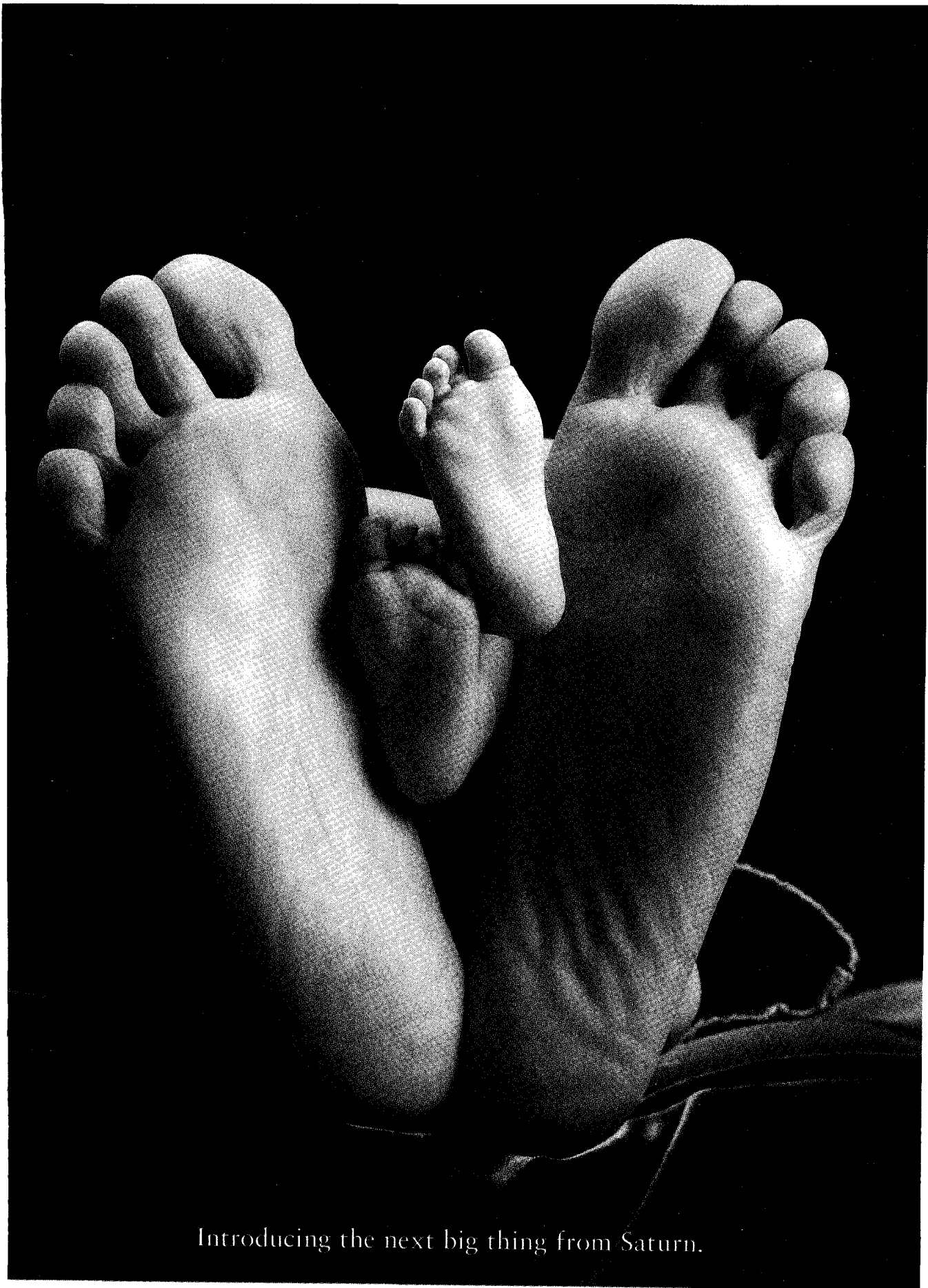
Look what just arrived.
It's our biggest thing since, well, since
After all, here you'll find more people.
With space left over to add a more powerful
suspension—both standard on the
trimmed seating and maybe an optional
(You know, in case you really like to
included a steel-reinforced safety cage.
After



1-800-522-5000 www.saturn.com. ©1999 Saturn Corporation.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

S-M- -XL

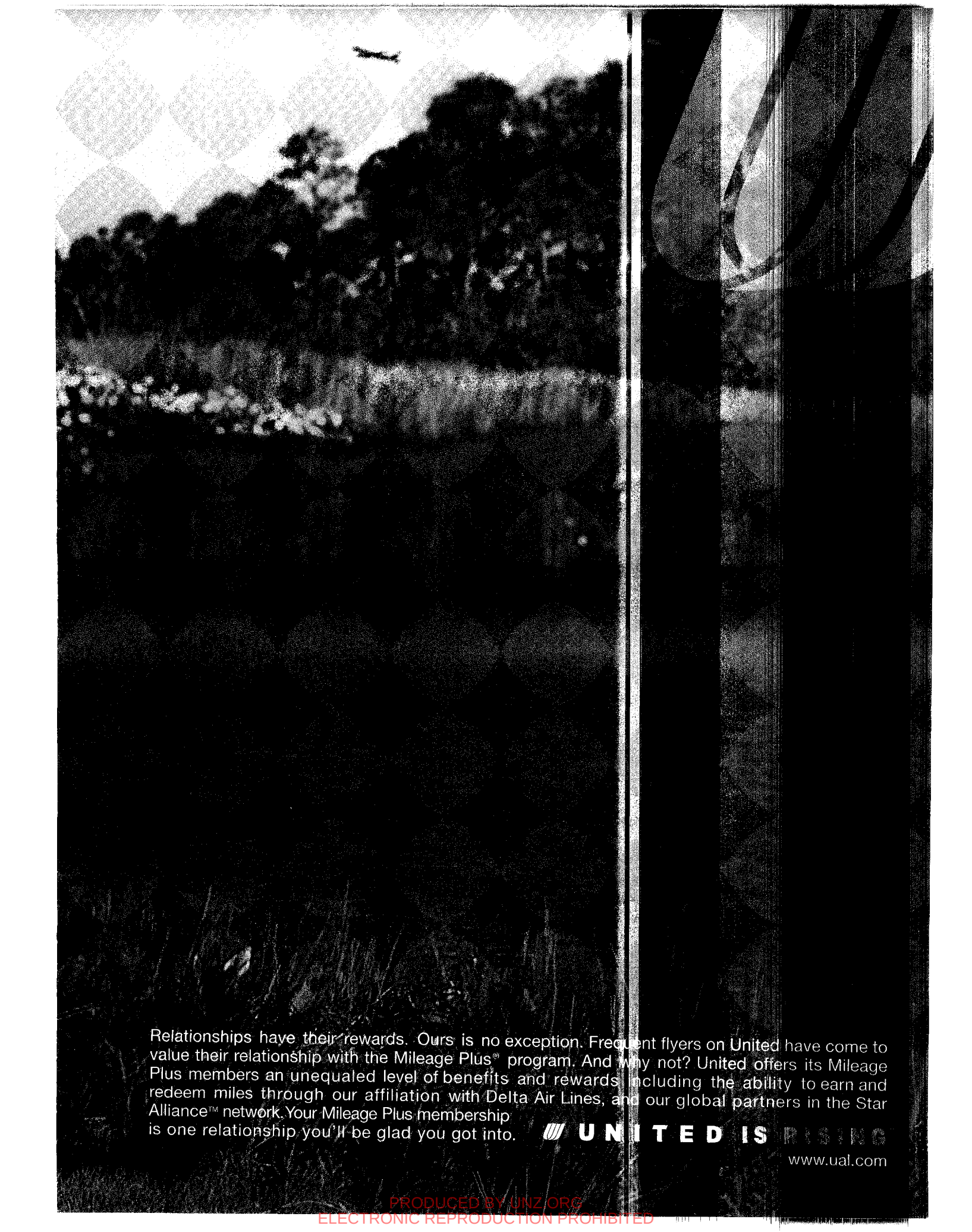


Introducing the next big thing from Saturn.

RELATIONSHIPS
is
RISING

 STAR ALLIANCE
The airline network for Earth

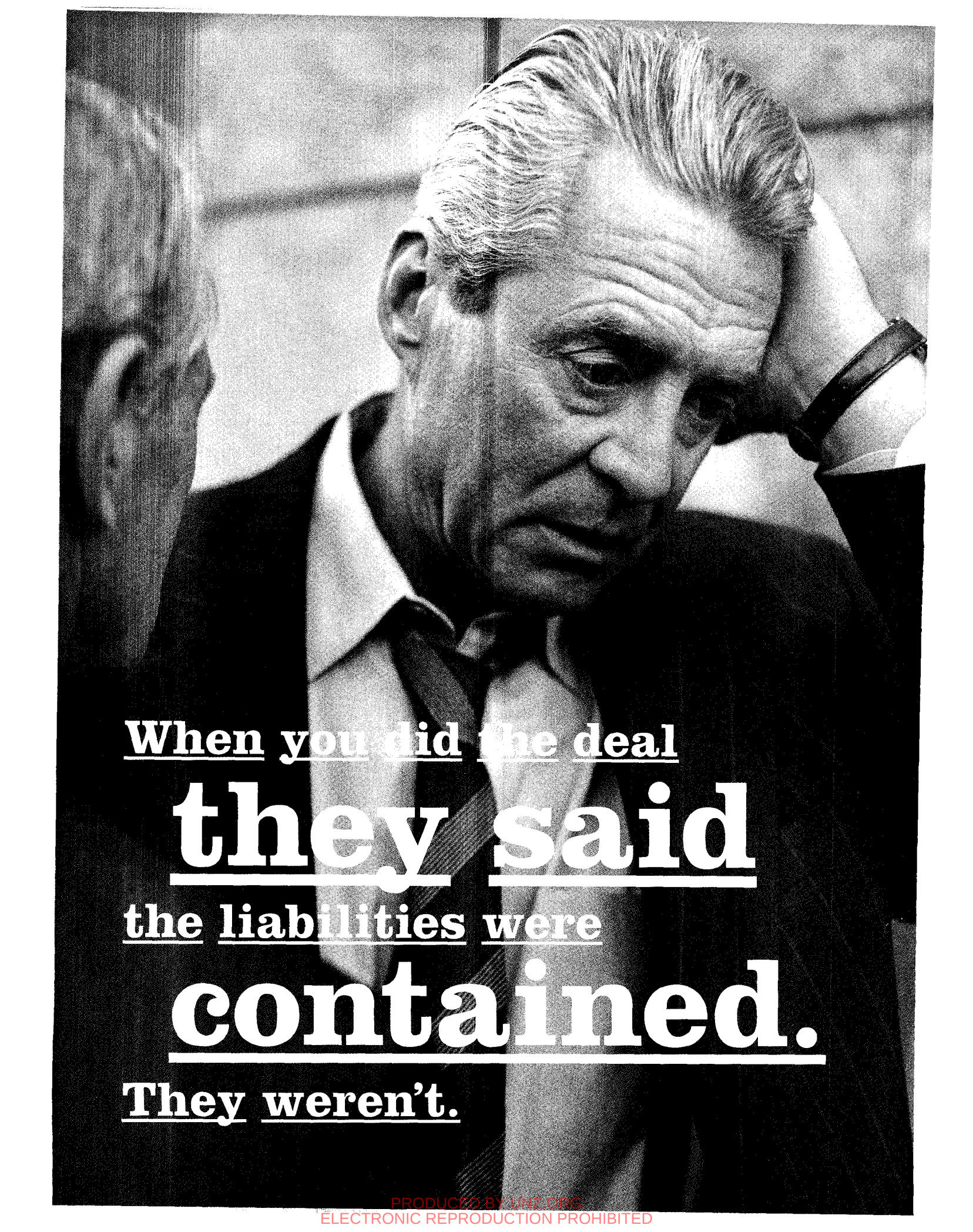
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Relationships have their rewards. Ours is no exception. Frequent flyers on United have come to value their relationship with the Mileage Plus® program. And why not? United offers its Mileage Plus members an unequaled level of benefits and rewards, including the ability to earn and redeem miles through our affiliation with Delta Air Lines, and our global partners in the Star Alliance™ network. Your Mileage Plus membership is one relationship you'll be glad you got into.

 **UNITED IS RISING**

www.ual.com



When you did the deal
they said
the liabilities were
contained.

They weren't.

YOU met with the lawyers. The investment bankers. The auditors. You did your homework. Everything was legal and aboveboard. And a deal of enormous importance and even greater worth was completed. But somehow, something went wrong. Liabilities were misjudged. And the ones that were recognized were grossly underestimated. Now it's the third quarter and you're about to report a substantial write-off.

This is the real world companies live in. When things go wrong, they go wrong on a large scale. And if your company is not properly covered, the world becomes an ugly place.

How can AIG help? By doing things others can't. By taking what you know about insurance and turning that notion on its head.

Who insures you?

Take our Mergers and Acquisitions services. Few scenarios demand the speed and creative thinking that an M&A deal does. And that is precisely what we pride ourselves on. At AIG, we know that in any deal there is always a surprise, and it is never a good one.

More than merely providing insurance, the AIG Companies plan for problems others don't see, create coverages others can't, manage risks others shy away from. We have the resources and industry-specific knowledge that allow us to guide you through most any M&A issue you face. So whether a deal is known or merely being contemplated, our M&A team is prepared to help minimize existing and potential future liabilities to make deals happen.

We've built our reputation on fulfilling promises. Which is why we've grown in 80 years to become one of the world's leading insurance organizations. And because our reputation is solidly backed by Triple-A-rated financial strength, you can rest assured that the AIG Companies will be there for you.

No matter what the risk, no matter where the risk, the AIG Companies possess the experience and sophistication to help protect you from the unexpected.

Call your broker or e-mail us at m&a@aig.com to find out more about our Mergers and Acquisitions division.

What's the worst that could happen? That's what we think about every day.

WORLD LEADERS IN INSURANCE AND FINANCIAL SERVICES

ALL FORMS OF COMMERCIAL INSURANCE • PERSONAL AUTO AND HOMEOWNERS INSURANCE • LIFE, ACCIDENT AND HEALTH INSURANCE • RETIREMENT PRODUCTS AND MUTUAL FUNDS THROUGH SUNAMERICA • www.aig.com



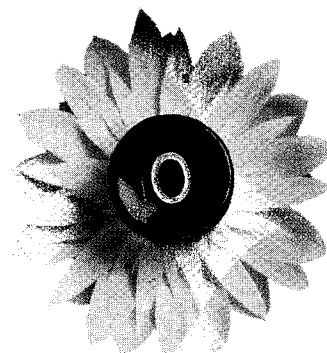
Insurance coverage provided by member companies of American International Group, Inc. Issuance of coverage is subject to underwriting. Please refer to the actual policy for a complete description of scope and limitations of coverage.



Page 84



Page 22



Page 71

REPORTS

18 Notes & Comment: Told You So

Everyone has noticed the proliferation of warning labels. But could it be that they don't go far enough?

by Cullen Murphy

22 Foreign Affairs: China's Wild West

Xinjiang—where natural resources and ethnic hatred are plentiful—is a laboratory for the new world disorder. Its troubles don't derive entirely from Chinese rule, our correspondent writes. "History and geography have slighted the region."

by Jeffrey Taylor

HUMOR, FICTION, & POETRY

68 Man Listening to Disc

A poem

by Billy Collins

76 Wind From a Waterfall

A poem

by Robert Morgan

84 Basil the Dog

A short story

by Frances Sherwood

91 Paths

A drawing

by Guy Billout

37 Dow 36,000

Wall Street experts warn that stocks in today's market are greatly overvalued and that investors are caught up in an "insane euphoria." Those experts are wrong, the authors say. They present a theory that explains the spectacular rise in stock prices over the past two decades. And, the authors contend, stocks are in the midst of a rise to even higher ground.

by James K. Glassman and Kevin A. Hassett

60 Lincoln's Greatest Speech?

It contains only 703 words, but Abraham Lincoln's Second Inaugural Address performed an extraordinary political function—reconciling America to the irreconcilable.

by Garry Wills

71 Schooling the Imagination

Waldorf schools, which combine a multisensory approach to learning with a strong emphasis on ethics, may be the world's "best-kept education secret."

by Todd Oppenheimer



ARTS & LEISURE

30 Travel: The Stuff of Myths

Cyprus usually figures in the news as a locus of low-grade international tension. With its compact

size, its rich history, its breezy beaches, and its splendid cuisine, it may be the perfect classroom in which to become an accomplished tourist.

by Gene Burns

92 Music:

We Want Magic

New productions of old operas are far likelier than productions of newly written ones to give operagoers that feeling of bliss they seek.

by David Schiff

BOOKS

98 The Mystique of Betty Friedan

Looking back at the foundations of Friedan's theory.

by Alan Wolfe

105 Brief Reviews

by Phoebe-Lou Adams

OTHER DEPARTMENTS

8 77 North Washington Street/Contributors

10 Letters

16 The September Almanac

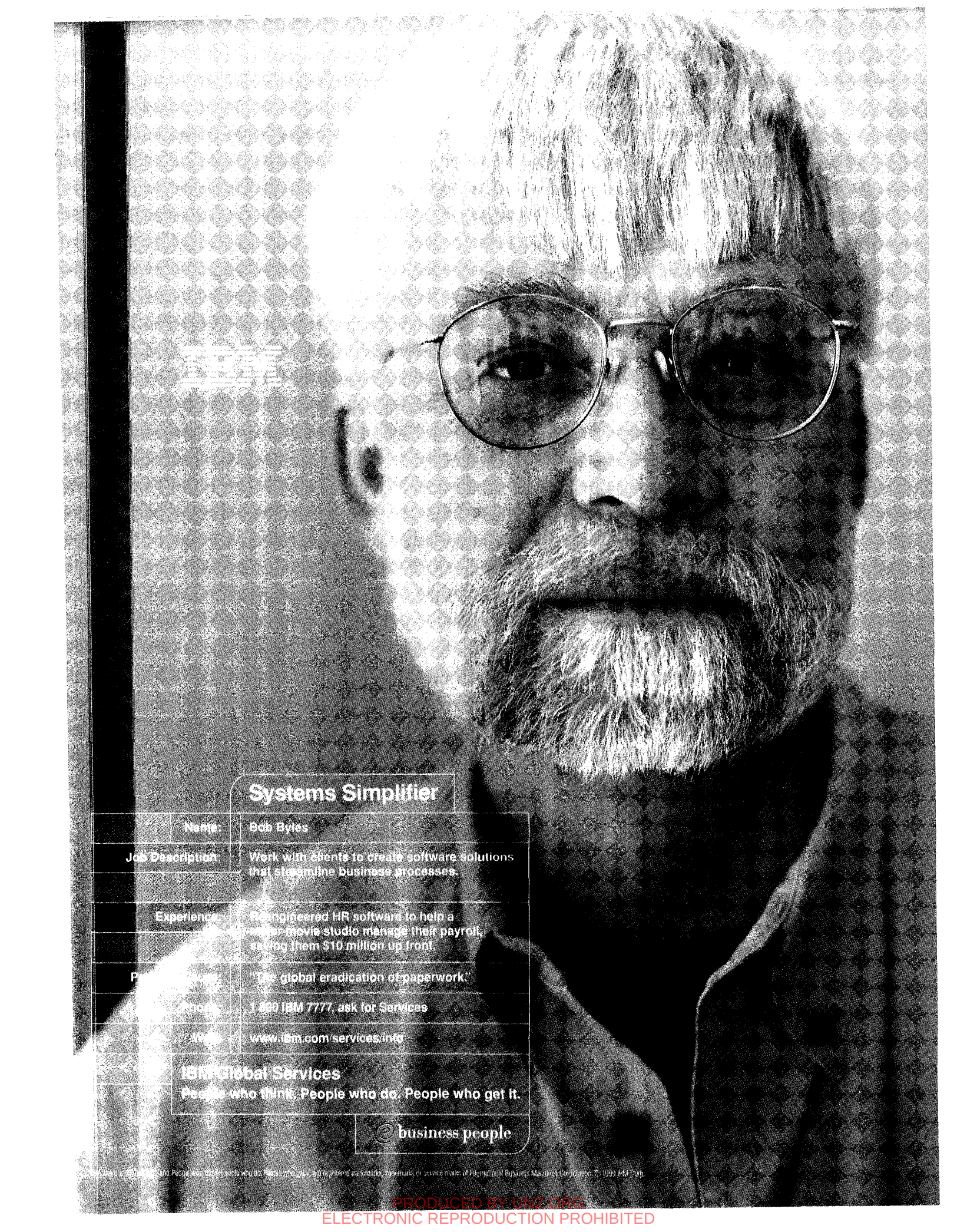
107 The Puzzler

by Emily Cox and
Henry Rathvon

108 Word Court

by Barbara Wallraff

Cover art by
Christoph Niemann



Systems Simplifier

Name: Bob Byles

Job Description: Work with clients to create software solutions that streamline business processes.

Experience: Reengineered HR software to help a major movie studio manage their payroll, saving them \$10 million up front.

Project Summary: "The global eradication of paperwork."

Phone: 1 800 IBM 7777, ask for Services

Web: www.ibm.com/services/info

IBM Global Services

People who think. People who do. People who get it.

 business people



77 NORTH WASHINGTON STREET

JAMES K. Glassman and Kevin A. Hassett, who in their separate careers have written widely about economic matters, arrived at Washington's American Enterprise Institute a few years ago, and soon fell into conversation. They were curious about the same phenomenon: the stock market kept going up even as market professionals worried that it must soon come crashing down. Glassman and Hassett decided to look into the matter, and eventually concluded that traditional methods of assessment have badly undervalued the stock market. Today's stock prices, they argue, are therefore not too high, and don't represent an irrational "bubble"; indeed, prices are probably destined to go much higher. The fruits of Glassman and Hassett's collaboration are found in this month's cover story, "Dow 36,000."

Glassman and Hassett bring an extraordinary amount of expertise to their investigation. Kevin Hassett has taught economics at the Graduate School of Business of Columbia University and also served as a senior economist for the Board of Governors of the Federal Reserve System. His commentaries are aired frequently on CNN, CNBC, and other television outlets.

James Glassman, who describes his professional interests as

"public-policy issues that arise at the intersection of finance, economics, and politics," will be familiar to many readers as a syndicated *Washington Post* columnist, and to television viewers as the host of CNN's *Capital Gang Sunday* and a commentator on PBS's *Nightly Business Report*. From 1988 to 1993 Glassman was the editor and a part owner of *Roll Call*, the highly regarded newspaper that covers Congress. His association with *The Atlantic Monthly* has been a long one. He served for two years as this magazine's publisher during the mid-1980s, and he has contributed articles to the magazine since his earliest days as a journalist. His very first *Atlantic* article—"SDS at Chicago"—was published thirty years ago this fall.

The premises of "Dow 36,000" are certain to generate a lively, even heated, discussion. "We have gotten two kinds of reactions," Glassman says. "There are those who think we've come up with an intriguing and important idea. And then there are those who respond with outrage, because we're challenging everything they've believed about the stock market for thirty or forty years. A lot of people aren't ready to be open-minded on this subject." —THE EDITORS



PHILIP BRIMMINGHAM

Hassett and Glassman

CONTRIBUTORS

Gene Burns ("The Stuff of Myths") hosts *The Gene Burns Program* and *Dining Around With Gene Burns* on KGO Radio, in San Francisco. Burns recently began broadcasting a nationally syndicated dining program on the Talk America Network.

Billy Collins ("Man Listening to Disc") is the author of several poetry collections, including *The Art of Drowning* (1995) and *Picnic, Lightning* (1998). His *Sailing Alone Around the Room: New and Selected Poems* will be published next year.

James K. Glassman ("Dow 36,000") is a fellow at the American Enterprise Institute and will shortly become the financial columnist for *The Reader's Digest*. **Kevin A. Hassett** is a resident scholar at the American Enterprise Institute. Their article in this issue will appear, in somewhat different form, in their book *Dow 36,000: The New Strategy for Profiting From the Coming Rise in the Stock Market*, to be published by Random House in September.

Robert Morgan ("Wind From a Waterfall") is a professor of English at Cornell University. His novel *Gap Creek* will be published this fall.

Cullen Murphy ("Told You So") is *The Atlantic*'s managing editor. His most recent book is *The Word According to Eve: Women and the Bible in Ancient Times and Our Own* (1998).

Christoph Niemann (cover art) is an illustrator who lives and works in New York and Germany. His work has appeared in *The New York Times*, *Rolling Stone*, *The New Yorker*, and the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Magazin*. A book of Niemann's illustrations, *The Good Portrait*, was published last year.

Todd Oppenheimer ("Schooling the Imagination") lives in San Francisco. He is the author of "The Computer Delusion," *The Atlantic*'s cover article for July, 1997, which won a National Magazine Award for public-interest reporting. Oppenheimer is at work on a book about education and technology.

David Schiff ("We Want Magic") is a composer and a professor of music at Reed College, in Portland, Oregon.

Frances Sherwood ("Basil the Dog") is the author of a collection of short stories, *Everything You've Heard Is True* (1989), and two novels, *Vindication* (1993) and *Green* (1995).

Jeffrey Tayler ("China's Wild West") lives in Moscow. His first book, *Siberian Dawn*, was published last year. He is at work on a book about traveling the Congo River.

Garry Wills ("Lincoln's Greatest Speech?") is the author of the Pulitzer Prize-winning *Lincoln at Gettysburg: The Words That Remade America* (1992). His book *A Necessary Evil: A History of American Distrust of Government* will be published in October.

Alan Wolfe ("The Mystique of Betty Friedan") is the director of The Center for Religion and American Public Life, at Boston College. His most recent book is *One Nation, After All* (1998).

**It seems the financial world's
best kept secret
is no longer a secret.**

**"Now you can invest with the best:
pension-fund manager TIAA-CREF
has standout stock funds."**

— Time, August 1998

**"... its customer service
arguably second to none."**

— The Economist, May 1998

**"TIAA-CREF sets the standard
in the financial services industry."**

— Morningstar, January 1998

For 80 years TIAA-CREF served the pension, insurance, and investing needs of people in education and research exclusively, so we kept a low profile. But you'll be hearing a lot more about us now because our mutual funds, personal annuities*, and other products are available to everyone. And now the "secret" is out. If you'd like to see why everyone is talking about TIAA-CREF, call 800 226-0147. We'll send you more information, including charges and expenses, and your free Personal Investing Kit with prospectuses for our mutual funds and variable annuities. Please read them carefully before you invest or send money.

www.tiaa-cref.org



**Ensuring the future
for those who shape it.SM**

*Availability subject to state approval. TIAA-CREF Individual and Institutional Services, Inc. distributes CREF certificates and interests in the TIAA Real Estate Account. Teachers Personal Investors Services, Inc. distributes the TIAA-CREF Mutual Funds and the variable component of the Teachers Personal Annuity. Investments in securities such as mutual funds and variable annuities are subject to certain risks including the possible loss of principal. © 1999 TIAA-CREF.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Editor

WILLIAM WHITWORTH

Managing Editor

CULLEN MURPHY

Senior Editors

JACK BEATTY, C. MICHAEL CURTIS,
CORBY KUMMER, BARBARA WALLRAFF

Art Director

ROBIN GILMORE-BARNES
JUDY GARLAN (on leave)

Assistant Managing Editor

MARTHA SPAULDING

Associate Editors

PETER DAVISON (poetry), AMY MEEKER, SUE PARILLA

Staff Writer

PHOEBE-LOU ADAMS

Staff Editors

DAVID BARBER, CHRIS BERDIK, LESLIE CAULDWELL,
AVRIL CORNEL, KATHRYN FRAUNFELDER,
KATHERINE GUCKENBERGER, HILARY MCCLELLAN,
LUCIE PRINZ, ALLAN REEDER, YVONNE ROLZHAUSEN,
DANIEL SMITH

Art Staff

ELIZABETH URRICO, Associate Art Director
GILLIAN KAHN, Art Assistant
GABRIELA HERNANDEZ, Designer

New-Media Staff

KATIE BACON, KATIE BOLICK, PAUL CABANA,
NEIL CURRI, SCOTT GUNN, TOBY LESTER,
WEN STEPHENSON, SAGE STOSSEL, ERIC WESTBY

Editorial Administration

CYNTHIA LINGLEY, Operations Manager
JOHN HOLKEBOER, MICHAEL KUBIT, LINDA MCGOVERN,
ROBERT MOELLER, MURIEL MONTEIRO,
ELIZABETH ZACK

Correspondents

STEPHEN BUDIAUSKY, ROBERT D. KAPLAN,
WILLIAM LANGEWIESCHE, CHARLES C. MANN,
ERIC SCHLOSSER, BENJAMIN SCHWARZ,
ELLEN RUPPEL SHELL

Contributing Editors

ROY BLOUNT JR., FRANCIS DAVIS,
GREGG EASTERBROOK, JAMES FALLOWS,
SEYMOUR M. HERSH, WENDY KAMINER,
TRACY KIDDER, JAMES ALAN MCPHERSON,
JACK MILES, CONOR CRUISE O'BRIEN,
THOMAS POWERS, WILLIAM SCHNEIDER

Submissions & Correspondence

The Atlantic Monthly considers unsolicited manuscripts, fiction or nonfiction, and mail for the Letters column.

Correspondence should be sent to

The Atlantic Monthly

77 North Washington Street
Boston, MA 02114

Letters can also be sent via
the Internet to our e-mail address:
Letters@theatlantic.com

Manuscripts will not be returned,
nor will queries be answered, unless they are
accompanied by a postage-paid return
envelope of sufficient size. Please do not send
manuscripts by e-mail.

LETTERS

On Parole

I read and reread Sasha Abramsky's thoughtful article about the looming release of large numbers of angry parolees into greater society ("When They Get Out," June *Atlantic*), and although I appreciate Abramsky's arguments, I disagree with some of his conclusions.

I am a career criminal investigator, with about twenty-five years of experience with the men and women who go off to prison. People go to state prison for committing serious offenses. Compassion and sympathy should be reserved for their victims.

I found it interesting that the criminals described in the article blamed other people, institutions, and laws for their criminality and incarceration. This confirms what I have observed over the years. The offender usually has an excuse for the particular act or omission he chose to commit, which got him arrested, tried, convicted, and imprisoned.

Society has concluded that prisons are in existence to punish and isolate the lawless. Prisons should not be euphemistically named, and they should not be designed as comfortable, attractive rehabilitation centers. Nobody should want to go to prison. The fact that some people do go to prison over and over again says to us that some men and women truly are career criminals.

I agree that it is unacceptable to have so many angry, dangerous people locked up, many of whom will someday be turned loose on us. What is the answer? Do we improve social conditions at large? Do we try to create good citizens out of prisoners? Do we need early intervention with troubled children in schools? Should we stop locking people up and let the rest out?

In my opinion, we need to accept prison as a place of punishment. We need to give more attention to the art of raising our young. We need to cultivate a less violent culture. We need to keep the dangerous, the violent, the career offenders,

in prison. Those released should be supervised closely and returned to prison quickly when they re-offend.

James W. Miller
Templeton, Calif.

Sasha Abramsky writes, "Robert Scully evolved into a murderer while housed in Pelican Bay." How interesting that he can pinpoint the moment that Scully crossed that line. Others might have guessed that Scully's propensity toward murder showed itself when he hacksawed his way out of his cell and attacked a fellow inmate with a knife. That incident took place before Pelican Bay even opened. Abramsky doesn't bother to mention the acts that brought Scully to the attention of the California Youth Authority, but he does mention that Scully "moved" on to robbery. Since robbery is the taking of property by force or the threat of force, I would be willing to bet that his victims saw a violent streak in Scully before he even entered the adult criminal-justice system.

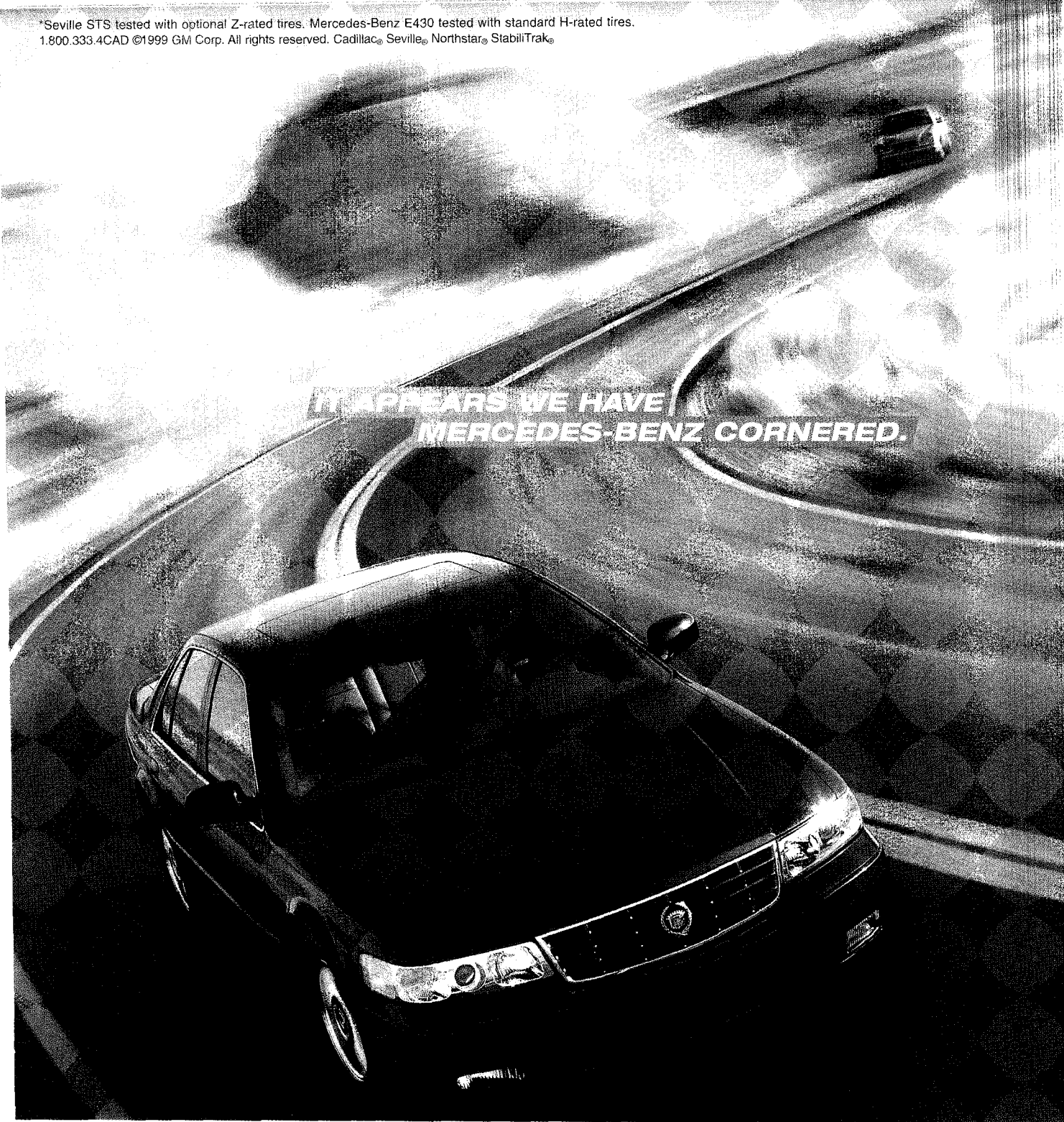
Abramsky is right to be concerned about the return of violent criminals to the general population. However, blaming the murder of Deputy Sheriff Trejo on Scully's time in isolation ignores Scully's long history of violent behavior, which led him to isolation in the first place. Perhaps society would be better served if Abramsky would look into why a violent criminal who violated his parole after only one month by associating with an "armed acquaintance" was released from prison less than a year later.

Frank J. Vondrak
Oak Lawn, Ill.

Sasha Abramsky replies:

In response to James Miller's comments, I would agree that we need to find ways to create a less violent culture. I would also agree that violent criminals—including men like Robert Scully—should not be allowed to prey on innocents. The point of my article was not to suggest that we molycoddle the violent but to demonstrate that a social policy that can only create

*Seville STS tested with optional Z-rated tires. Mercedes-Benz E430 tested with standard H-rated tires.
1.800.333.4CAD ©1999 GM Corp. All rights reserved. Cadillac® Seville® Northstar® StabiliTrak®



If you're thinking about a Mercedes-Benz E430, slow down and read this. Because in recent USAC-certified tests, Seville STS with the Northstar System and the amazing handling of StabiliTrak decisively outperformed the E430 in wet and dry cornering—results that translate to the real world every time you turn a corner.* So test drive a Seville STS. Because it will change the way you think about American luxury performance sedans. And more than ever, it's what's next.

SEVILLE . IT'S WHAT'S NEXT.™



cadillac.com

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Chairman

MORTIMER B. ZUCKERMAN

Co-Chairman

FRED DRASNER

Vice Chairman and Editorial Director

HAROLD EVANS

Chief Executive Officer and Group Publisher

IRA ELLENTHAL

Senior Vice President/General Manager

KIMBERLY SMITH JENSEN

Executive Vice President and Publisher

WILLIAM D. HOLIBER

Advertising

DONNA PALMER, Vice President and Associate Publisher

MATTHEW BARBA, Eastern Advertising Manager

MARA HART FILO, Vice President, Detroit

Managers: CAROL BROWN, ERIK CARLSON,

DANNA FELIPE, JENNIFER HOADLEY, MARIE ISABELLE,

MOLLY JOHNSON, ALAN MORRIS, STEVE PESZEK,

CHRISTOPHER SCHUBA

Assistants: JOLENE EDGAR, KATHY LOESBERG

Marketing

NANCY BEUSCHEL, TASHA HICKS

Circulation

HOWARD KATZ, Vice President

ADAM R. COHEN, Subscription Director

STEVEN CAPONE, KIM COX, ALLISON FLEMING,

ANGEL OLIVERAS

Production & Special Projects

JAN MORRIS, Director

GINA HAHN, JOHN KEEFFERSTAN, JULIA PARKER,

AMY SWAN, JENNIFER YOUNKER

Finance

MARY BETH BORGWING, Director

LINDA BANKS, AIMEE CLAUDIO, RICHARD COLON,

ANDREW DIXON, YULIA GOVOSRUSHKO,

PHILIP STEFANIDES, LUCY XIUXIA WEI

Public Relations

KATIE CROCKER, CRAIGE MOORE

General Counsel

MARK ROTENSTREICH

Human Resources

JEFF ZOMPER, Vice President

Executive Consultant

ERIC J. GERTLER

Atlantic Unbound

The Atlantic Monthly's digital edition
can be found on the Web at www.theatlantic.com.

Advertising Offices

The Atlantic Monthly
450 West 33rd Street
New York, NY 10001
(212)716-6800

Subscriptions & Reprints

Please direct all subscription queries and orders to
Atlantic Subscription Processing Center
Box 52661
Boulder, CO 80322

We occasionally make our subscribers' names
available to reputable companies whose offers we
feel may interest you. If you want us to exclude
your name from these mailings, please write to our
Subscription Processing Center

Reprint requests (100+) should be made to
Reprint Management Services
(717)399-1900

The **Atlantic Monthly**

more violence and dysfunction is hardly a sensible policy. If, as I believe, the prisons are magnifying social problems, are becoming vast learning centers for ever more serious crime, then it is time to reform our penal policies. I have never advocated abolishing prisons. But I strongly believe that they should serve as a punishment of last resort. Putting hundreds of thousands of small-time drug users or petty thieves behind bars for decades at a stretch can only harm society down the road. No other democracy does this. Why should America be so very different?

As for Frank Vondrak's comments on Robert Scully, clearly, Scully was disturbed and violence-prone when he went into prison. For the safety of society he needed to be locked away. But there was no need to put him in solitary confinement for years on end—in an environment where, common sense would indicate, he would only grow to be more irrational, more violence-prone, and more of a menace to society. It's a sad fact of life that some people do horrendous things and must be punished for their actions. Why also punish society by releasing people straight from isolation into a world in which they can no longer function at all?

The Great Disruption

Francis Fukuyama ("The Great Disruption," May *Atlantic*) is to be commended, both for his synthesis of an enormous body of social research and for his willingness to express views not likely to be popular with the country's opinion-making elite.

Nonetheless, Fukuyama's article contains factual errors and conceptual flaws that warrant discussion. Fukuyama's basic contention, that technological and economic changes since the 1960s—which he describes as representing a "momentous shift" from an industrial to an "information age" society—are responsible for the social pathologies of the late twentieth century, is shaky at best.

First of all, significant economic changes in the past thirty years do not necessarily signal a transit from an industrial to an "information age" economy. Only a modest part of the complex history of the U.S. economy over the past thirty years has dealt with information technology (IT) or the rise of the information age per se.

Since about 1980 a pronounced surge in capital investment in IT has occurred. Most of this growth has occurred since 1990, as IT has more than doubled its share of total investment. The rapid rise in IT investment accounts for the surge in capital investment during the current business cycle and for a significant expansion in industrial capacity and national income. But there is virtually no correlation between the social disruptions to which Fukuyama refers and the rapid growth of IT and its diffusion.

A second fundamental flaw in Fukuyama's argument is that he is not clear about the forces—economic or otherwise—responsible for the increase in crime and for the decline in kinship and trust that he has identified. Fukuyama considers three conventional explanations of these social pathologies: poverty and inequitable distribution of income; the effects of the welfare state; and cultural decline. He ultimately rejects each of them in favor of a fourth explanation (his own)—namely, the breakdown of the traditional nuclear family.

His own analysis undermines his argument in at least two major ways. To the extent that Fukuyama attributes the rise of social disruption to economic factors, and to the extent that the dominant economic development in the past thirty years was the long-term decline of the U.S. economy, as previously elaborated (rather than the proliferation and diffusion of IT), the conventional explanation relating to economic inequality and unemployment (rejected by Fukuyama) would find support. Thus it would not have been technological and economic advances of the past thirty years resulting in social disruptions as a negative side effect but rather the failure of the U.S. economy to create enough jobs and/or deliver rising real incomes and living standards so as to avoid the conditions that brought on those disruptions. Concomitantly, the recent surge in IT investment and diffusion—to the extent that it reverses the long-term decline of the economy and ushers in a period of secular expansion—may actually moderate the incidence of social pathology by causing incomes to rise for all levels of society.

As for the issue of cultural decline, Fukuyama repeatedly refers to "excessive individualism" as a plausible cause of social disruption. However, individualism is a *cultural*—not an economic—factor. More-

over, it is just the tip of the iceberg of cultural factors that could be contributing to a cultural decline. Although Fukuyama refers to moral relativism as a possible cause, historical and cultural pessimism have had a long and colorful history in Western thought.

Finally, the optimistic note that Fukuyama strikes for the future rings somewhat hollow and is pure conjecture—despite reference to “empirical” support, which is nowhere in evidence. Optimism in the political sphere seems particularly misplaced, given the growing non-representativeness of “representative” government, the alarming lack of participation of the electorate in advanced industrialized societies, and the quality and effectiveness of a political leadership that seems incapable of acting in the public—as opposed to its own narrow—interest.

Daniel Berger
Philadelphia, Pa.

Francis Fukuyama's article implicitly exempts the market system—whose success he celebrates—from its share of responsibility for “the promotion of individualistic self-gratification” that he sees as the root of our social disorder. It is the market system that, by exploiting human weakness and irrationality, has created overconsumption. This phenomenon poses not only a grave threat to the environment but also a psychological threat to the addicted American consumer. Consumer debt, at last count totaling \$1.3 trillion, represents a form of economic enslavement that demoralizes—and in some cases destroys—families and severely restricts freedom of choice in careers. Here it may be worth noting the example set by a nation that boasts of “budget surpluses” while burdened by an indebtedness so tremendous that the President and most other politicians understandably choose not to acknowledge its existence publicly.

In “77 North Washington Street” *The Atlantic's* editors say that Fukuyama “is no unalloyed free-marketeer or apologist for capitalism,” citing his book *Trust* (1995). Yet this book devotes only two pages to a critique of American capitalism, limited to specific negative effects on workers caused by downsizing and corporate relocations. Nowhere, to my knowledge, does Fukuyama acknowledge that the market's competitive ethos has exerted a pervasively negative influence on American values, as critically noted by social



► Wholesale Music Sounds Better

Call us toll free at 1-800-EVERY-CD* or visit us at www.everycd.com and register for your FREE 30 day trial membership. At EveryCD, we're committed to giving our members the best combination of value, selection and service.

Cheaper than a mall outlet. Bigger than a music club. Better than a web store. What more could a music lover ask for? We sell every CD at wholesale, which means you can buy more of the music you love. If you can't find what you're looking for in our comprehensive catalog, our Search Team is professionally trained to hunt down obscure and out-of-print recordings. And unlike most web stores, we offer the same friendly, professional help online or on the phone.

Begin enjoying the full benefits of EveryCD membership today. When you join, you'll get our airline voucher. It's good for \$100 off airfare on most major airlines.

1-800-EVERY-CD
www.everycd.com

*Outside the US, call (203) 363-0519. © 1999 EveryCD, Inc.

THE ATLANTIC at THE ALGONQUIN

The Atlantic Monthly sponsors “The Spoken Word,” a series of lively cultural evenings at the famous Algonquin Hotel. “The Spoken Word” features acclaimed writers, critics, actors, musicians, and other luminaries in an unrehearsed discussion of their endeavors. Monday evenings in The Algonquin's celebrated Oak Room. Please join us for an upcoming evening sponsored by *The Atlantic Monthly*.

Seating for Dinner: 6:30 P.M.
Presentation: 8:00 P.M.
Seating is limited.



Monday • September 13

God Stories

Atlantic Monthly senior editor C. Michael Curtis presents his thought-provoking anthology of short stories on the question of faith—both its presence and its absence. Joining him will be acclaimed writers and *Atlantic* contributors Richard Bausch, Bobbie Ann Mason, and Cynthia Ozick, who will read from their stories and participate in a lively discussion of literature and spirituality.

Coming in October

The Beauty of Dance

Please join us in celebrating the beauty of classical ballet and modern dance with a vibrant discussion of art, commerce, and the creative spirit, co-hosted by *Atlantic Monthly* photo editor Michael Compagno. The photo book *World of Dance* and its accompanying CD will be presented by a panel of leading figures in the world of dance.

The Algonquin Hotel, 59 West 44th Street, New York, NY 10036

Call 212-840-6800 for reservations or additional information

commentators from David Riesman and Erich Fromm to John Kenneth Galbraith, Christopher Lasch, and Robert Bellah. Nor does Fukuyama's article, although it calls for moderation and "impulse control" in individual behavior, see fit to discuss excesses in corporate behavior: immoderate concentrations of power, immoderate profits, immoderate executive compensation, immoderate techniques of advertising and marketing.

Given an economic system based on "winners" and "losers," it is no great surprise to read in the article that "poor and uneducated people tend to be more distrustful than the well-to-do or those who have gone to college."

Fukuyama says, "The biggest problems we face are in our moral and social life. Everything else is going pretty well." I think this statement, if it is not intended to be ironic, reflects a strange ordering of priorities.

Robert Cipes
Ashland, Oreg.

Francis Fukuyama replies:

I would advise Daniel Berger to consult my book *The Great Disruption: Human Nature and the Reconstitution of Social Order* for a full explication of my argument, rather than the necessarily shortened version of it that appeared in *The Atlantic Monthly*. What I have labeled an "information society" is not merely that part of the economy connected to the information-technology industry but the economic system that results from the shift out of industrialism, including the decline of manufacturing and the rise of services. In my more extended analysis I do in fact point to the loss of low-skill manufacturing jobs in the 1970s and 1980s—particularly for men—as one of the sources of family breakdown, crime, and other social ills. But this kind of analysis can't be the whole story. It does not explain why crime and family breakdown began to rise rapidly a decade earlier, in the mid-1960s, when the United States was enjoying a full-employment economy; it cannot explain why employment of low-skill males (particularly African-Americans) tended not to recover when the economy as a whole recovered, whereas low-skill female employment did; and it cannot explain why family breakdown and crime increased (though not to the same extent) in countries that, like Sweden, have much greater welfare-

state protections of poor people. Mr. Berger may be right that I am unduly optimistic about the future, but I think that the reconstitution of ordinary morality depends less on the state of national politics and more on the kinds of factors that I point to in Part II of my book.

I do not believe that I have exonerated the market system in the way that Robert Cipes asserts I have, since I lay the blame for the Great Disruption at the door of modern capitalism and the technological innovation it fosters. The problem is what we do about it. Those on the left who continue to believe that a more active welfare state can allow us to avoid these problems have simply not taken a hard look at Europe, which has also experienced the Great Disruption but with slower growth and much higher persistent rates of unemployment. Public policy can cushion us against these changes only marginally, and often with unanticipated consequences. The fundamental problem lies in technological change and the liberal individualism that produces it; all of us, free-market conservatives as well as social democrats, got on this escalator at the beginning of the Enlightenment, and it is a little bit late to want to get off now.

Advice & Consent

Francine Russo ("The Clinical-Trials Bottleneck," May *Atlantic*) makes several important points about the development of new cancer treatments. However, the more general discussion may convey several misimpressions.

Russo states that recent reductions in cancer death rates "represent little real change." Cancer mortality rates peaked in 1990 and have declined each year since then. The decline is accelerating, and through 1997 (most recent statistics) the reduction amounted to nearly eight percent. Each year about 20,000 fewer cancer deaths occur in this country than would occur if 1990 mortality rates still prevailed. In fact, 1997 was the first year in which the actual number, not just the rate, of cancer deaths declined. This is impressive because it occurred despite the growth and the aging of our population—two demographic trends that tend to increase cancer deaths.

Russo states that cancer's decline is "attributable primarily to a decrease in smoking among men." We estimated that

all prevention efforts, including smoking reduction, had produced about 40 percent of the decline, and that nearly all of the remainder was due to improved medical care.

The article also states that "even now more patients die of cancer than are cured." Among patients with a diagnosis of invasive cancer the five-year survival rate is 59 percent. This indicates that the ten-year survival rate—essentially the cure rate—will be at least 52 percent. And, of course, an ever-increasing proportion of cancer patients are treated while their disease is pre-invasive and highly curable.

Russo offers a practicing oncologist's statement that most people who die of cancer do so in the first year following diagnosis. This is correct, but just barely so. More important, the proportion of cancer patients who die within one year of diagnosis has declined from 30 percent in 1980 to 23 percent at present.

Cancer mortality rates almost certainly will continue downward. This view is based on a recent report from the American Cancer Society, the National Cancer Institute, and several other federal agencies. They found that the cancer incidence rate—the frequency of new diagnoses of cancer—has declined by about two percent a year since 1992. Declining incidence and improving treatment combined should produce reductions in cancer mortality of at least three percent a year.

Cancer is a disease that is finally in retreat on all fronts. This view acknowledges that thousands of cancer cases have been prevented and that cancer patients now lead longer and healthier lives. Equally important, it undergirds the realistic expectation that soon there will be considerable further gains.

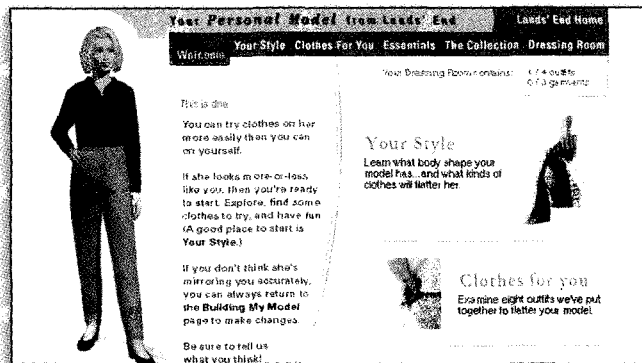
Brad Rodu, D.D.S.
Philip Cole, M.D.

The University of Alabama at Birmingham
Birmingham, Ala.

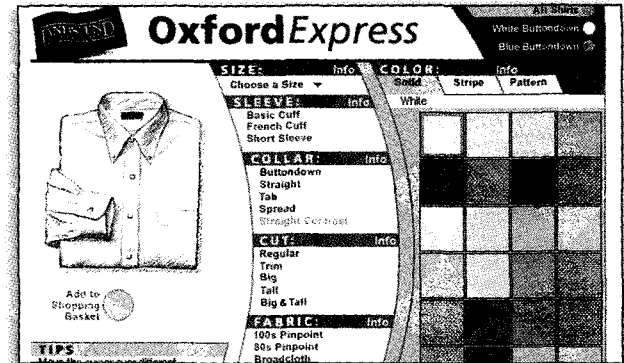
It was nice to read the poetic tribute to a favorite upland game species—"Woodcock," by Erica Funkhouser (May *Atlantic*). Funkhouser did a good job of describing the antics of the bird. Nevertheless, two "facts" she presented about the bird were inaccurate. The female usually lays four eggs, not two. And only the male takes part in the courtship flights. The female waits expectantly on the ground.

Tom Carney
Utica, Mich.

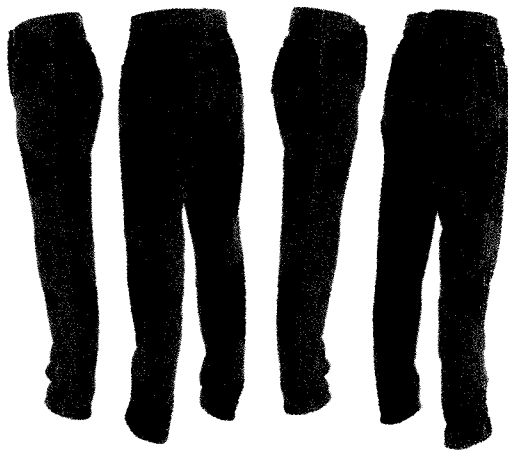
It's the same store, just a different address.



At our Web site, you can create your own Personal Model™, then "try on" different outfits – without leaving home



In just a few clicks, quickly find your way among our dizzying array of men's dress shirts



Choose your Jeans, then see how they fit from all angles...with our interactive 3-D shopping aid



Big savings on products we ordered too much of. The deals change often – and they're e-mazing!

From catalog
to the Web,
the store is yours.™

www.landsend.com
1-800-814-1310



© 1999 Lands' End, Inc.

THE SEPTEMBER ALMANAC



Demographics

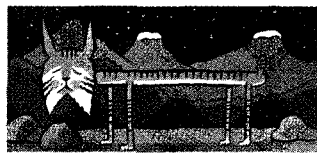
School starts in most districts this month, but for some 1.5 million children—a record number—the classroom will be at home. The number of home-schooled children tripled during the 1990s and is now growing at a rate of 15 percent a year. Although for many years home schooling was largely inspired by religious preference among fundamentalists, a broader swath of parents has recently become involved. For example, a 1996 survey in Florida, where many public school systems include “portable classrooms” (modular units that can be set up in a school yard), showed that for the first time, dissatisfaction with local schools was the leading reason given for home schooling. Advances in computer technology, making curricula and support networks available online, are also thought to be fueling the movement’s growth.

Arts & Letters

September 25: America’s first museum of modern art, the Phillips Collection, in Washington, D.C., opens its most comprehensive exhibit ever today. “Renoir to Rothko: The Eye of Duncan Phillips” will contain some 250 works acquired and preserved by the museum’s founder from 1918 to 1966. While cleaning paintings for the exhibit, conservators discovered that Phillips unwittingly got two paintings for the price of one: they found a previously unknown painting by the



American artist Gifford Beal behind the canvas of Beal’s *Parade of Elephants*. The hidden painting, which depicts a woman and two children looking down a hillside at a procession of soldiers, is signed and bears the date 1918; it is thought to have been covered within six years of its creation (and thus is in pristine condition). No one knows why it was covered. Recently titled *On the Hudson at Newburgh*, it will, ironically, not be part of the exhibit (at least at first—it may be added later), which is limited to works specifically chosen by Duncan Phillips.



Environment

Early this month biologists will decide whether or not to continue reintroducing lynx to southwestern Colorado. Last February the state’s Division of Wildlife began releasing batches of lynx obtained from trappers in Alaska and Canada (the cats are thought to have been extinct in Colorado since 1973); a total of 41 were let go. Although biologists had expected that some of the cats would fall prey to other animals, to disease, or to automobiles, they did not anticipate that starvation would be a serious problem: there seemed to be an adequate population of wild hare, a primary source of the cats’ food. But four lynx starved to death and another had to be recaptured, all within weeks of release. The situation has drawn criticism from animal-rights groups and raised questions about the wisdom and ethics of moving animals out of environments in which they are thriving. Should biologists decide to continue the program, they will focus on ensuring that the lynx are healthy and have been fattened up before release.



Government

Some unfamiliar sounds may be heard in the classrooms of Louisiana this academic year, as a law stipulating how elementary school children are to address teachers and other school employees takes effect. According to the “Respect Bill,” passed in June, students must call adults “sir” or “ma’am” or use the appropriate title (“Mr.,” “Ms.,” “Miss,” or “Mrs.”). This is believed to be the first law of its kind in the country; it will be extended gradually to apply to students in the upper grades. Penalties for violating the law will be determined by each district’s school board, and may include such things as losing playground privileges and having to take a head-on-the-desk time-out. Offenders cannot be suspended or expelled.

The Skies

September 1: Mars lies to the west of the red star Antares, the heart of Scorpius, in the south-southwest at dusk. These two bodies will draw closer during the beginning of the month, until Mars passes just above Antares on the 17th. 2: The waning Moon hangs near the fiery star Aldebaran this morning. 23: At 7:31 A.M. EDT the Autumnal Equinox occurs, marking the end of summer. 25: Full Moon, also known this month as the Harvest or Cool Moon or the Moon of the Black Calves. 27: This evening Saturn, Jupiter, and the gibbous Moon lie close together in the eastern sky.



Health & Safety

Taking small children for a car ride should become safer as of September 1. By then all new children’s car seats must have a tether that fastens the top of the seat directly to the car, and 80 percent of new cars must have a connection point for the tether. All new cars must have the attachment hardware by next year. This regulation was issued by the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration after evidence suggested that properly fitted car seats could reduce the risk of an infant’s death in a crash. One study of 17,500 car seats found that more than 11,000 were not held tightly enough by the seat belt. The tethers are expected to increase the price of car seats by about \$15.



25 Years Ago

L. E. Sissman, writing in the September, 1974, issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*: “It is under the steaming fog of [late summer] mornings—soon burning off to a universal heat haze with the mean, piggy red eye of the sun shining implacably through—that we suffer and triumph more, perhaps, than at any other time of year. . . . we feel burdened by the weight of heat and moisture, and we sag as the trees do. . . . If you suffer from the heat, like me, you rise in the mist of morning to the certain knowledge of another scorcher just ahead, and you wait fearfully for the first drops of sweat to break out on your brow. If this happens on the way to work, you know it will be a fierce one, and you slump in your air-conditioned office for half an hour before getting seriously to work, letting the chilled and filtered fake-fall air soothe you back into a semblance of crisp and able humanity.”



This is not the face of cancer.

It's the face of Alexine Clement Jackson. Mother, grandmother and national president of the YWCA. At 50, she found out she had breast cancer, a disease that killed her mother when Alexine was only 4. She credits 12 years in remission to her doctors and advanced medicines developed by America's pharmaceutical company researchers. And pharmaceutical researchers will never stop looking for better medicines and ultimately a cure. It gives people like Alexine hope for the future and the future of their families.

America's Pharmaceutical Companies

Leading the way in the search for cures

Told You So

*The writing on the wall—and the bottle, the box,
the stroller, the doe. . .*

EARLIER this year legislators in the state of Washington, led by a representative named Mark Miloscia, introduced a bill that would require a cautionary label on credit cards, analogous to the labels that already appear on cigarette packs and liquor bottles. The message would read, "Warning: Failure to research interest rates and credit cards may result in personal financial loss or possible bankruptcy." The Washington initiative, which foundered in committee, is not the only one of its kind. Congress has considered incorporating a similar requirement into its overhaul of the U.S. bankruptcy code. Although the idea was rejected in the House, it will be taken up again when the bankruptcy bill moves to the Senate.

The idea of warning labels on credit cards is unlikely to recede in a country where last year banks sent out 3.5 billion unsolicited offers of pre-approved plastic, and where more than a million people a year declare personal bankruptcy. Taking no initiative, I have been borne through the ranks of Gold and Platinum membership in various credit-card communities, and a few days ago was informed of upgraded entitlement to a new Titanium card, with a credit line of \$100,000. Ultimately there could be a Uranium card, with a debt load whose half-life is 700 million years.

In all likelihood the call for warning labels of some sort will become more insistent. As a stopgap measure, the National Center for Financial Education, a nonprofit group, is already making available a do-it-yourself version: an adhesive-backed label bearing the words "Warning: Overuse Can Be Dangerous to Your Wealth!"

That Americans harbor an ambivalent attitude toward risk is almost a truism. On the one hand, people fight for the

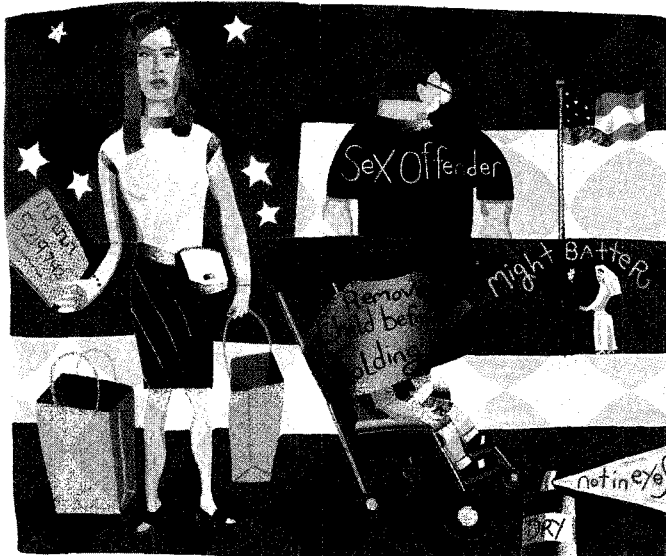
right to drive without seat belts and to ride motorcycles without helmets. On the other, they insist on being protected from every remote or capricious form of woe. Unhelpfully, the public's risk assessments are badly skewed: people become agitated about mechanisms of injury that are relatively minor or unlikely (Alar, vaccinations) while shrugging off those that are serious and prevalent (downhill skiing, driving to the store). Participants in a recent conference on the subject of how fear distorts science, sponsored by the Independent Women's Forum, lamented the ascendancy of what they called the Precautionary Principle: the idea that "no risk should be taken until all its ramifications can be known." In theological terms, people afflicted with the same hobbling incapacity

are said to have a "scrupulous conscience."

The only printed warnings I can remember from childhood are BEWARE OF DOG and the cloth tag on mattresses that was never to be removed, under penalty of law. Today warnings are virtually a design feature of any product. To be sure, many cautionary announcements are essential. Hong Kong's televised "Falling Objects Kill" campaign, which portrays what can happen

when a refrigerator tossed from an apartment window lands on a schoolgirl riding a bike, is an urgent necessity in a city of high-rise congestion and laissez-faire sensibilities. At the other end of the spectrum is the warning label on those accordionlike cardboard sun-blockers that stretch above the dashboard: "Do not drive with sunshield in place."

In between are hundreds of thousands of labels, flashing various shades of alarm. Some give indications of that scrupulous conscience (or of fears of litigation). On cans of deodorant: "Do not spray in eyes." On an infant's wheeled conveyance: "Re-



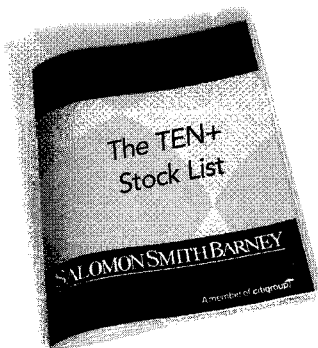
by Cullen Murphy

Illustration by Chris Sharp

Which stocks will outperform the S&P 500 over the next year?

Find out in Salomon Smith Barney's 1999 TEN+ Stock List.

Every summer, our Research Department reviews the picks of our top analysts, including the 36 analysts selected as 1999 Wall Street Journal All-Stars.* The result: a list of 15 stocks that has outperformed the S&P 500 every year for the past five years. In our latest report, you'll discover:



- The 15 stocks we believe offer superior growth and return over the next 12 months
- Key factors that make each stock so attractive
- The specific markets sectors covered by our recommendations

Call 1 800 EARN\$ IT, ext. 1255.

Call 1-800-327-6748 ext. 1255 for your free copy of
"The TEN+ Stock List."

SALOMON SMITH BARNEY
success is earnedSM

www.smithbarney.com

A member of **citigroup**

©1999 Salomon Smith Barney Inc. Member SIPC. Past performance is no guarantee of future results. Salomon Smith Barney and "success is earned" are service marks of Salomon Smith Barney Inc. *According to the All-Star Analyst Survey, June 29, 1999. The Wall Street Journal is a registered trademark of Dow Jones and Co., Inc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

move your child before folding baby stroller.” Other warnings are more understandable. On products that contain olestra: “Olestra may cause abdominal cramping and loose stools.” On Viagra: “An erection that lasts longer than four hours requires prompt medical attention.” A few labels elicit genuine surprise. On toothpaste: “If you accidentally swallow more than that used for brushing, seek professional help or contact a poison control center immediately.” Some wildlife managers foresee a need to put warning tags on deer: as an experimental population-control measure, herds in a number of places have been inoculated with contraceptives, and if the practice spreads, deer taken by hunters may no longer be fit for consumption.

Warning labels are fast venturing into fresh domains—not just things but people and relationships. In Oregon, state law requires that warning signs be placed outside the homes of sex offenders released from detention. A judge in Massachusetts has sought to compel people convicted of driving while under the influence to display a bumper sticker to

that effect. In Pennsylvania a state representative has submitted legislation that would put an anti-battery advisory on all marriage licenses: “The laws of this Commonwealth affirm your right to enter into this marriage and, at the same time, to live within the marriage free from violence and abuse.” Court documents reveal that in their evaluations of visa applicants State Department personnel abroad have employed an in-house warning-label system using a secret code—LR for “looks rough,” TP for “talks poor.” In recent years a number of lawsuits have been filed alleging malpractice by members of the clergy, which suggests that consumer advisories may soon need to be posted on vestments and pews. In this connection it will be instructive to see whether a new subsurface platform jutting into the Sea of Galilee, designed to allow tourists on millennial pilgrimages to simulate the miraculous experience of walking on water, will display any warning labels. The walking-on-water story is the one in which Jesus admonishes Peter with the words “O ye of little faith,” so a warning

label might seem a bit ironic (though lifeguards and patrol boats are already planned for the attraction).

The latest inroads made by labeling have nothing to do with safety. They’re political. The Virginia-based Christian Action Network, a lobbying group, has been urging network broadcasters to adopt an “HC” label on television programming, to alert viewers to the imminent onset of homosexual content. Anti-casino forces in Louisiana want advertisements for gaming to carry the warning “Gambling can be addictive.” In Beverly Hills last spring voters took up (and ultimately rejected) a ballot initiative that would have required the following notice to appear on all clothing or accessories featuring animal fur and valued at more than \$50: “This product is made with fur from animals that may have been killed by electrocution, gassing, neck-breaking, poisoning, clubbing, stomping, or drowning and may have been trapped in steel-jaw, leghold traps.”

■ ■ ■

As one might expect, some prominent commentators have expressed conster-

Damn the tuxedos, full speed ahead.



Black tie is optional but a 300-horsepower V-8 is standard in the world's most powerful luxury SUV.* There's room for seven in three rows of leather-trimmed seats

*models built after 12/8/98

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nation at all this labeling activity, bemoaning our thin skins, our dim wits, and our fondness for torts. My own view is that we may actually have further to go. It is hard to deny that a number of realms have so far gotten off rather easily. Susan Hewitt and Edward Subitzky, writing in *The Journal of Irreproducible Results*, have brought up one of them, arguing persuasively that our very perception of reality needs warning labels. Some of the labels they would like to see on all items offered for sale in this country include the following:

Note: The most fundamental particles in this product are held together by a "gluing" force about which little is currently known and whose adhesive power can therefore not be permanently guaranteed.

And

Please Note: Some quantum physics theories suggest that when the consumer is not directly observing this product, it may cease to exist or will exist only in a vague and undetermined state.

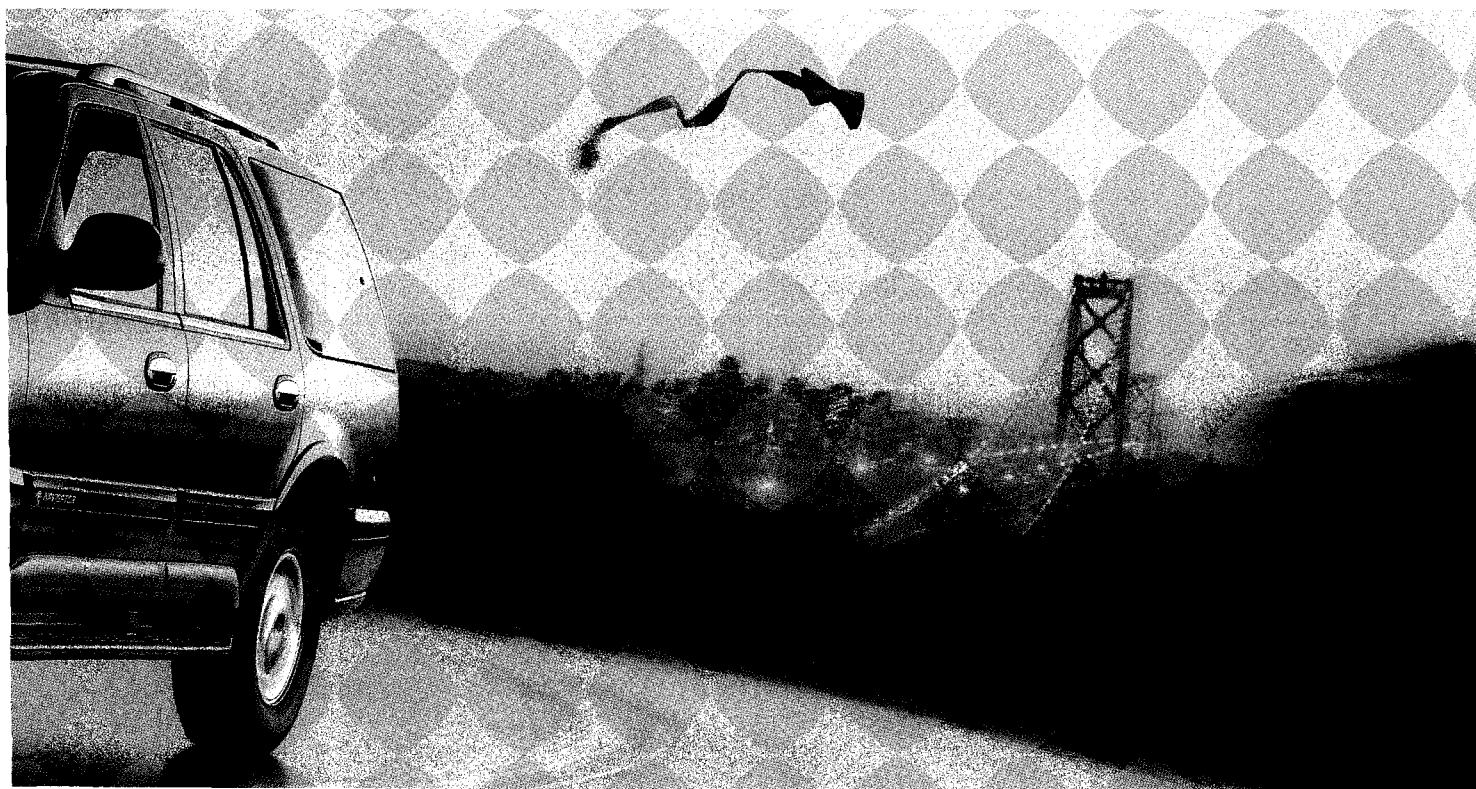
That's a start. There's one specific geographic label we might also want to consider. For decades the State Department has issued succinct travel advisories pertaining to various places around the world, warning of cholera here, guerrilla activity there. If, as seems likely, we intend to persist in the search for extraterrestrial intelligence (significantly, a new director of a revamped NASA effort has recently been named), then in all fairness Planet Earth as a whole ought to display some sort of travelers' advisory.

This lies well within our technological competence. At least one spacecraft has already been sent aloft bearing symbolic planetary artifacts, such as a sound recording of an initiation rite for Pygmy girls (provided by the anthropologist Colin Turnbull) and the original Chuck Berry version of the song "Johnny B. Goode." Some years ago the Arecibo Observatory, in Puerto Rico, transmitted an informational radio message toward the star cluster M13. The message, in the form of digitized schematic images, sought to convey basic data about our number system, our solar system, our genetic system,

and our elemental composition. A stylized figure (right) also gave a rough idea of what human beings look like.

What might a new message directed at M13 contain? It ought to note that a book called *The Gift of Fear*, about how to deal with threats to one's personal security, recently became a nationwide best seller. It could mention the trend toward constructing secret armored rooms inside houses—so-called "God Forbid" rooms—where families can take refuge in the event of a home invasion. It might record that the planet's dominant species needs a label on Silly Putty warning "Not for use as earplugs," and it could add that this label contains five more words than the one on a nuclear bomb. It should provide a slightly revised depiction (right) of what human beings look like.

Finally, it ought to prepare visitors to the planet for their own inevitable labeling. If nothing else, they should certainly brace for an LR and a TP from the State Department. ☞



And up to 8,850 pounds towing capacity. For more information, call 800 688-8898, visit www.lincolnvehicles.com or see an authorized Lincoln Navigator dealer.

 **Lincoln Navigator. American Luxury.**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



JEFFREY TAYLER

China's Wild West

In the terrible desert and desolate massif of Xinjiang, the Beijing government faces a volatile mixture of ethnic groups, some of whom are hostile to all that is Chinese

IN the Hexi Corridor, between the mountain ranges of China's arid, north-central Gansu Province, the Great Wall crumbles to an end. The wall's decayed mud-and-stone ramparts outside the town of Jiayuguan bear no resemblance to the grand other end, more than a thousand miles to the east, near Beijing. Tellingly, the territory of the People's Republic that is ethnically Han Chinese ends at the wall. Beyond it, to the west, begins a Central Asian domain that is historically Turkic and Islamic—a land of terrible desert and desolate massif that stretches to the Caspian Sea and includes the newly independent states of Uzbekistan, Kazakhstan, and Turkmenistan, as well as the Xinjiang Uighur Autonomous Region, as it is officially called, in China itself.

by Jeffrey Tayler

During a recent visit I huffed and panted my way up a walkway and from there to a watchtower overlooking the wall. I surveyed Jiayuguan, to the south; against the dun-colored Gansu barrens it looked less like a town than like an abandoned jumble of bunkers on the surface of a lifeless planet. To the west I tried to descry the beginnings of Xinjiang, where I was headed.

The region is China's westernmost and largest province, covering a sixth of the country. As a student of Russian history, I have long been fascinated by this landlocked territory, which borders what was for most of this century Soviet Central Asia. Xinjiang seemed to belong neither to China nor to Central Asia: it was not Russian, and it fell outside historically Mogul or Persian territory, beyond even the farthest reaches of the Ottoman

Empire. Xinjiang was for me remoter than remote, alluringly enigmatic.

Troubling recent events had rekindled my interest. While China has been experiencing much-vaunted economic growth and social stability over the past decade, Xinjiang has suffered increasingly frequent bouts of separatist violence, much of it provoked by the spread of Islamic fundamentalism and Turkic nationalism (roughly half the population is Turkic), and at times the army has been called in to suppress revolts.

The stakes are high for Beijing. The region contains huge coal and oil reserves—its oil reserves are believed to be three times those of the United States—that are only now being exploited. Its size and contiguousness with the new states of Central Asia make Xinjiang a vital strategic arena and a valuable trade passageway. Finally, its sparsely populated expanses are providing lebensraum for the country's burgeoning population; unfortunately, some of these expanses have also served as convenient sites for nuclear testing and prison camps. Xinjiang, in fact, has been called China's Siberia.

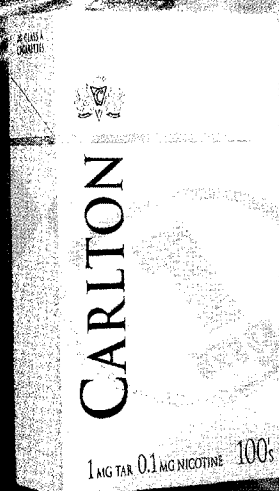
I planned to cross Xinjiang from east to west, sojourning in the places where I could learn the most about the region: Turpan, a prospering but tense oasis town wedged between two deserts; Urumchi, reputed to be the capital of prosperity in western China; Ili, the Kazakh border prefecture, where, despite China's rapid development, prehistoric nomadic life was said to flourish still. I would end my travels in Kashgar, a medieval bastion of Turkic national identity so distant that until this century reaching it from Beijing took months.

I left the watchtower, and the wind followed me back to town. For millennia travelers, exiles, and merchants have said their farewells to China in Jiayuguan, and in a sense I did too. Lone cyclists wearing surgical masks against the dust dotted Gansu Highway, the main regional east-to-west thoroughfare; otherwise there was almost no traffic. The setting sun colored the roiling dust clouds orange and rust red. But it was the wind that set the mood, howling in from the desert, recalling a struggle that for eons has pitted men against their environment.

A boran tears through Turpan

ISN'T IT TIME YOU
STARTED THINKING
ABOUT NUMBER ONE?

1
mg



THINK CARLTON.
WITH 1 MG. TAR, IT'S THE ULTRA ULTRA LIGHT.

1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method. Actual tar and nicotine deliveries will vary based on how you hold and smoke your cigarette. It is not our intention to suggest that a 1 mg. "tar" cigarette is safer than other cigarettes. For more information, contact www.bwtarnic.com

www.brownandwilliamson.com

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

XINJIANG contains some of the harshest, most isolated terrain on earth. The Takla Makan, one of the world's largest deserts, has inspired dread in merchants and travelers since the establishment of the Silk Road, more than 2,000 years ago: "Takla Makan" translates from the Turkic as "You go in and you don't come out." Temperatures hit 120°, and sandstorms can last for days; in the past they frequently caused caravans to lose their way. North of the desert, across the Tien Shan, or Heavenly Mountains, lies the Junggar Basin, a steppe of Siberian aspect where temperatures of -68° have been recorded. The Pamir, Karakoram, and Kunlun Mountains cut off the region on the west and south; to the north and east spread Siberia and the Gobi Desert.

The fortunes of Xinjiang were for centuries intimately connected to the Silk Road, which led from central China through the Hexi Corridor, and then forked around the desert and the Tien Shan to pass through oasis settlements and continue up into the Pamirs and the Karakoram. Two millennia ago the Han dynasty annexed Xinjiang and dubbed it the Western Region; possession afforded the Han a strategic advantage in resisting Hun invasions, and China profited from the Silk Road trade with the Mediterranean and Europe.

Although the Han dispatched soldier-farmers to settle the land, their hold on the Western Region remained tenuous.

The sparsely populated expanses of Xinjiang are providing lebensraum for China's growing population.

Around the eighth century Turkic Uighurs poured in from the northern steppes, ousting the Han and establishing khanates. Sometime during the first millennium, the name Turkistan—"Land of the Turks"—was coined, and Uighurs today look to that era for affirmation of their claims to sovereignty over Xinjiang. In 1762 the Western Region fell to the Manchu dynasty; a

century later it was renamed Xinjiang, or "New Frontier." Eventually the Soviets attempted to assert their influence in Xinjiang. Only in the early 1960s, after the Sino-Soviet split, did Xinjiang come completely under Chinese control.

THE train was to take me from Jiayuguan to Turpan, along a rail line that follows what was the northern branch of the Silk Road through the charred gravel at the edge of the Takla Makan Desert, where topsoil temperatures can reach 150°. By evening the sun, hanging low in a red-gray sky, was burning obliquely across salt flats and blackened rock barrens.

In the villages women scarved against the blowing dust led camels loaded with water from the wells.

Turpan is the hottest, and lowest, place in China. Its population of 200,000 is three-fourths Uighur; the majority farm wheat and raise grapes in the irrigated suburbs. Beyond the suburbs stand majestic ruins dating from the Middle

Ages, when Turpan thrived on Silk Road trade and was one of the region's most advanced centers of civilization. An awareness of past greatness enhances the Uighur sense of identity today.

Because of the heat, Turpan comes alive only at night. One evening I walked its main drag, Qingnian Street, with Yusup, a Uighur studying economics at the university in Urumchi, 115 miles away. With his square jaw, high forehead, and searching eyes, he had the relaxed mien of an aristocratic Turk and, in fact, was learning Turkish (we spoke in a combination of Turkish and English). But as we moved through the crowds, he spat at the ground after passing any Han, and he railed against the economic migrants arriving every day from the provinces to the south. In 1949 only 200,000 Han lived in Xinjiang, making up four percent of the population; now the number is approaching eight million, out of a total of 18 million.

Yusup should have been the very model of the assimilated Uighur that the state-

run media like to present as proof of China's unity; unlike most Uighurs, he speaks and writes Chinese fluently, and would thus have a good chance of finding remunerative work anywhere in China. Instead he seethes with resentment. "We have too many Chinese here—too many, and more keep coming," he said. "The Chinese have no religion; they are infidels. We look to Turkey and Iran and Arabia. We do not look to Beijing. Islam is our law."

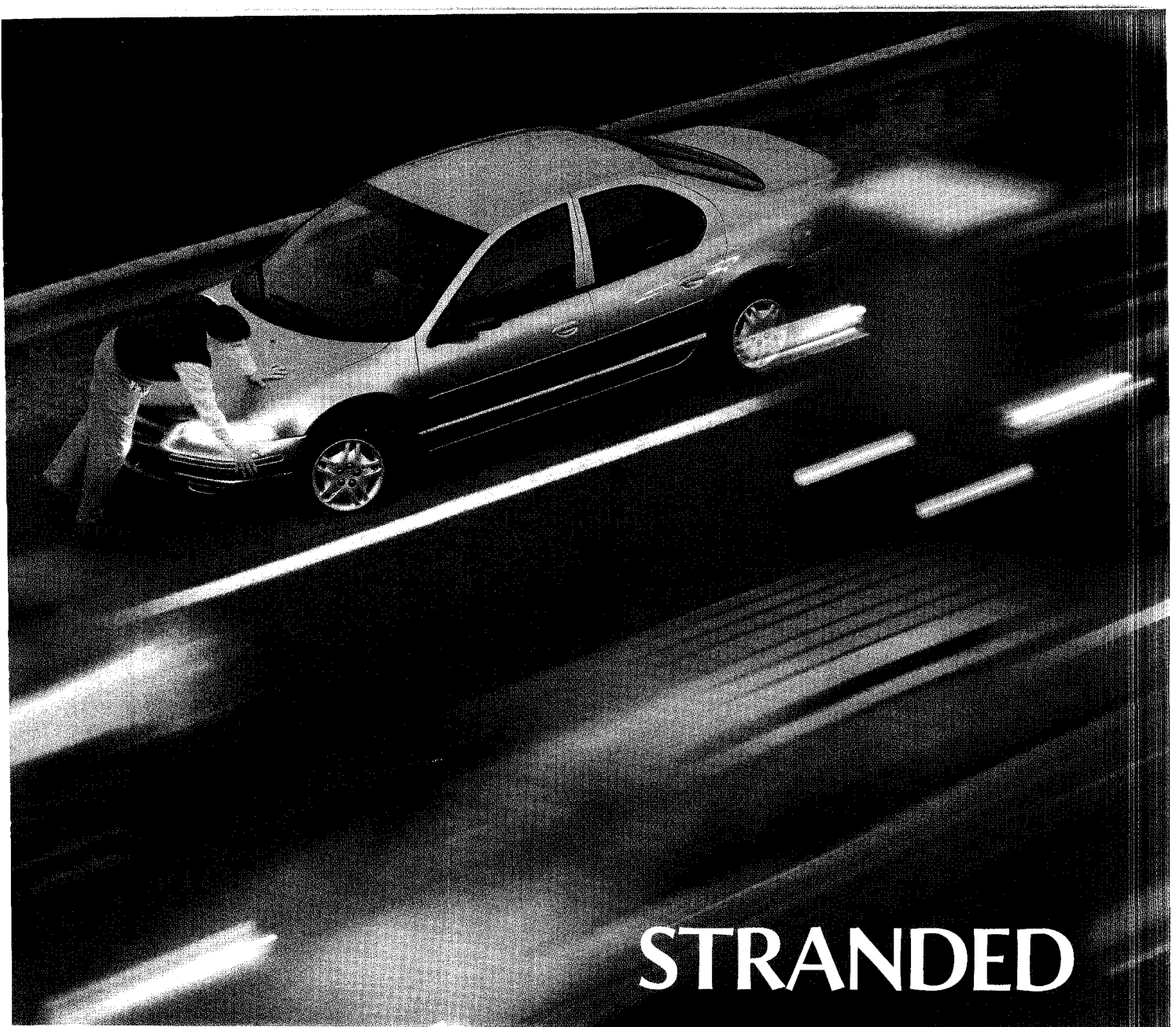
But Islam is not the law in Turpan: we soon spotted a beer garden off the central square. I wondered if I would offend Yusup by suggesting that we stop



for a soft drink, but before I could ask, he grabbed my arm and led me to a table. With an imperious snap he ordered two beers from the Chinese waiter. The place was filled, in fact, with Uighurs drinking alcohol.

"My parents are Muslims and don't drink," he said, gulping his beer. "But I drink only a little." He told me that his lifelong ambition has been to make a pilgrimage to Mecca to affirm his faith. After a moment of silence he leaned toward me, looked in both directions, and whispered, "This land is not Xinjiang, and it never was! This land is East Turkistan. But I am talking too much, and this is dangerous." He suddenly excused himself and took leave of me, though not before we had agreed to meet the next day.

Yusup was right to be cautious. For such talk—for using the term "Turkistan," laden with Islamic and separatist connotations—he could conceivably be arrested and dispatched to a labor camp without trial. The Beijing authorities have ascribed Uighur separatism to ideology born in



STRANDED

Would you know how
to protect yourself?



Count on Shell™ A flat on the highway. It's irritating and inconvenient. It can also be deadly. Each year nearly 3,000 people are killed in roadside accidents. Never attempt to change a tire on a narrow shoulder. Drive to an area safely away from the flow of traffic. You may ruin a wheel rim, but it's better than risking your life. Find a place where the ground is level and firm, then follow the procedures in your owner's manual for safely raising the car and changing a tire. Learn more roadside safety tips in the "Breakdown" book, free from Shell. Pick one up at your nearest Shell station or contact us at www.countonshell.com or in the US call 1-800-376-0200.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mosques and private Islamic schools, and have closed many of both in the past two years. They are particularly sensitive about "Turkistan," which historically referred to much of Central Asia. With the exception of two short-lived rebel republics of Eastern Turkistan, in the 1930s and 1940s, there has never been a state by this name in Xinjiang.

Yet Islamic though Yusup's rhetoric was, most of his habits appeared to be secular. The next afternoon shopkeepers were hurrying to lower their awnings and fasten their shutters as I went to meet Yusup, on Qingnian Street. A fierce wind was blowing in from the desert—lashing at political banners, rattling windows and doors, knocking people off their bicycles. The sun was sinking in a sky turned ash-gray from the dust. We walked along holding handkerchiefs in front of our mouths and noses.

"In Uighur we call this the *boran*," Yusup said—a sandstorm wind. He paused to leer at a pair of passing Chinese women. "I don't like girls," he blurted through his handkerchief.

"What?"

"I mean, I don't like girls because I am ashamed of them. Islam does not allow us to have girlfriends. I must not have contact."

By the time we reached the basement karaoke bar to which Yusup had invited me, the *boran* had worsened. Drivers had switched on their headlights, and the wind was ripping vines from their trellises. Down in the bar a few Chinese teenagers horsed around in front of a video screen, howling out the lyrics illuminated at the bottom. Yusup looked at the group; Chinese women were *biaozi*, or "sluts," he said. He asked the disc jockey to play a Uighur tune. The languid Turkic melody drove the Chinese from the floor—the desired effect. Soon, beer in hand, Yusup had struck up a conversation with a young Kazakh woman, asked her for a dance, taken her phone number, and invited her on a date.

The rest of the evening served to emphasize something I encountered throughout Xinjiang: young Uighurs, educated in Chinese institutions, were following the Han in accepting Western pop culture and mores. Islam forms the basis of Uighur identity, to be sure, but modernizing, secular layers are gradually accruing. Xinjiang's Uighurs may well come to feel as torn between East and

West as many Turks are today. Rent by the contradiction between Islamic traditions and acquired Western mores, and split along educational and generational lines, they will be more easily controllable by Beijing.

THE *boran* had abated slightly by the time I left for Urumchi, the capital of Xinjiang, but not before taking its toll. In two days it had killed three people and 5,000 farm animals, wiped out more than 66,000 acres of crops, and caused \$12 million in damage. Such losses were not considered extraordinary. *Borans* are accepted as routine in a region where the climate wreaks havoc as often now as it did a thousand years ago.

The *boran* had put a halt to all bus traffic out of Turpan, so I had to take the train to Urumchi from nearby Daheyan. I rode in a *yinzo*, or fourth-class car, like most of the approximately 300,000 Han who immigrate to Xinjiang every year. My train had originated in the central province of Shaanxi and had been creaking northwest for days, filled to capacity with Mao-jacketed proles dozing on their suitcases and thick-knuckled peasants nodding over baskets of cabbage and leaky sacks of rice. They were all on their way to Urumchi too.

In Jiayuguan I had met a young Chinese businessman named Shu, who earned a good living by buying up consumer goods in Urumchi and selling them in provincial towns. He traveled first class, wore a silk suit and gold rings, and frequently consulted his pager; he was exactly the kind of prosperous Han merchant that Uighurs love to hate. Uighurs have voiced bitter resentment that the immigrant Han benefit from China's economic reforms more than they do; envy as much as religion has sparked anti-Chinese riots across the region. Yet it was impossible not to have sympathy for the Han masses traveling in the *yinzo*. Poverty and overcrowding, not greed, were driving them from their homes to Xinjiang.

As we left the desert and climbed the slopes out of the Turpan bowl, the *boran* diminished further, and the spirits of the passengers lifted. Soon verdant mountains and pastures and flocks of sheep began to appear; the air rushing in from the open windows turned fresh and was free of dust. But a commotion arose at the end

of the car: a white-smocked attendant was shouting "Zou! Zou!" ("Clear the way!") as she shoveled a two-foot-high pile of beer cans, plastic-foam cups, plastic bags, peanut shells, and wastepaper down the aisle, displacing passengers. A second attendant opened the car door, and the sudden draft sent a tornado of rubbish whirling back onto us all; the door was slammed shut and the rubbish re-collected. Then the attendants shoveled the rubbish through the door on the other end into the pastoral idyll outside. Plastic bags blew into the cedars and caught on the branches. Cups rained onto the grazing sheep.

Minutes later there were shouts of the Chinese name for Urumchi: "Wulumuchi! Wulumuchi!" A teenager had sighted the skyscrapers and cranes of the capital. A half hour later we were rolling through shantytowns to the station.

Urumchi ("Beautiful Pastureland" in Mongolian) is now a boomtown, enriched by commerce in oil and coal and by Beijing's selection of the city as a trade zone spared normal taxes—a kind of landlocked port, and a city of dreams for the Han. Centuries after the Tang dynasty populated the Urumchi area with soldier-farmers, the Chinese state continues to sponsor immigration: the city's population has increased seventeenfold in the past fifty years, to almost 1.5 million. Han compose 80 percent of the citizenry, with Uighurs, Hui (Chinese Muslims), Kazakhs, and White Russians making up most of the rest.

With good reason Beijing has sought to anchor Urumchi firmly in China by means of immigration; if it had not done so, Urumchi might well have slipped into Soviet hands decades ago. After consolidating Soviet power in Central Asia, Stalin turned his attention to Xinjiang, where Chinese government control had never been strong. Uighur and Han warlords proved amenable to trading with and receiving military aid from the Soviet Union, until the Sino-Soviet split put an end to Soviet influence. Still, Russian signs hang from buildings in Urumchi, Russian is a common second language, and local Uighurs look back on the era of semi-Soviet rule with a moist eye, feeling more affinity with the Russians than with the Chinese.

From afar, Urumchi's construction cranes and skyscrapers dazzle the eye. Up close, one sees that the cranes are

Classical Artistry



Bartoli/Bocelli/Terfel/Chung—
A Hymn For The World 2
(DG) 270082

Dvořák: Symphony No. 9
"New World" L.A. Phil., Previn
(Telarc) 235606

Bach: Orchestral Suites
1 & 3 Academy of Ancient
Music Berlin
(Har. Mundi) 237479

"Immortal Beloved" Orig.
Sndtrk. (Music Of Beethoven)
(Sony) 114504

Verdi: Requiem;
4 Sacred Pieces Gardiner
(Philips) 123059

Enrico Caruso—
The Legendary Caruso
(EMI) 275396

Gershwin: The Complete
Orchestral Works
Erich Kunzel
(Telarc) 244137

Debussy: En Blanc Et Noir
Katia and Marielle
Labeque (Philips) 250282

Tchaikovsky: Piano
Concerto No. 1;
Saint-Saëns: Concerto No.
2, André Watts;
Yoel Levi, cond.
(Telarc) 126581

Mozart, Beethoven,
Brahms: Trios for Piano,
Clarinet & Cello
Ax. Stoltzman, Ma
(Sony) 135574

Mozart: Flute Quartets
James Galway and The
Tokyo String Quartet
(RCA) 145821

Tchaikovsky: Symphony
No. 5, 1812 Overture
Barenboim
(Teldec) 154864

Beethoven: Bagatelles
Alfred Brendel
(Philips) 250571

Taverner: The Protecting
Veil Yo-Yo Ma
(Sony) 256743

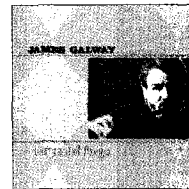
Mozart: Sonatas, Vol. 3
De Larrocha
(RCA) 163824

Herbert von Karajan—
String Serenades
(DG) 166611

Appalachia Waltz—
Ma, Meyer, O'Connor
(Sony) 166629

Eliot Fisk—
Canciones Populares
(Musicmasters) 167460

Paganini: Violin Concerto
No. 1 Shaham
(DG) 167494



James Galway—
Tango Del Fuego
(RCA Victor) 272294

Purcell: Fantazias; more.
Fretwork
(Virgin Veritas) 169904

Schubert, Boccherini:
String Quintets Stern, Lin,
Laredo, Ma, Robinson
(Sony) 172361

Brahms: A German
Requiem Gardiner
(Philips) 176362

Chopin: Cello Sonata,
more Jacqueline Dupré
(EMI) 176479

Mahler: Das Lied Von Der
Erde Ludwig, Wunderlich,
Klemperer (EMI) 176511

Paganini: Caprices
Periman (EMI) 176842

Vivaldi: The Four Seasons
Itzhak Perlman, Israel Phil.
(EMI) 176974

Purcell: Come, Ye Sons
Of Art Munrow
(Virgin) 267492



Yo-Yo Ma
With The Amsterdam
Baroque Orchestra
Ton Koopman

Handel: Water Music
Norrington
(Virgin Veritas) 213868

Herbert von Karajan—
Summer Adagio
(DG) 213918

Holst: The Planets
Leonard Slatkin
(RCA) 213942

Respighi: Fountains Of
Rome Gatti
(Conifer) 213983

Haydn: The Last 3 String
Quartets L'Archibudelli
(Vivarte/Sony) 214999

Debussy: Piano Etudes 1-
12 Uchida
(Philips) 215103

Rossini: Overtures
Atlanta Sym., Levi
(Telarc) 216465

Itzhak Perlman—
Cinema Serenade
(Sony) 217851

Puccini: Tosca Callas, di
Stefano, Gobbi, de Sabata
(EMI) 220442

Schubert: Complete
Impromptus Uchida
(London) 220822

Renée Fleming—
Signatures:
Her Greatest Opera
(London) 223149

Hildegard von Bingen:
11,000 Virgins
Anonymous 4
(Har. Mundi) 223156

Piffaro—Los Ministriles
(Archiv) 223172

Delibes: Lakme
Dessay, Kunde, Capitole Du
Toulouse Orch. & Chorus,
Plasson
(EMI) 259648

Renée Fleming—I Want
Magic Metropolitan Opera
Orch., Levine
(London) 257576

Rutter: Requiem;
Veni Sancta Spiritus
Stephen Cleobury
(EMI) 258103

Bach: Musical Offering
Ensemble Sonnerie
(Virgin) 177196

Debussy: Images,
La Mer; more.
Esa-Pekka Salonen
(Sony) 178004

Gilbert & Sullivan:
The Pirates Of
Penzance Mackerras
(Telarc) 178178

Mozart: Eine kleine
Nachtmusik; Posthorn
Serenade Mackerras
(Telarc) 178210

Copland: The Music Of
America Erich Kunzel
(Telarc) 178384

James Galway Plays
Mozart Flute Concertos
(RCA) 179721

Brahms: The String
Quintets Juilliard Quartet
(Sony) 180323

Ravel: Le Tombeau De
Couperin; more.
Kent Nagano
(Erato) 180547

Renée Fleming—
The Schubert Album
(London) 183079

Grieg: Lyric Pieces Gilels
(DG) 183095

Mozart: Piano Quartets
Ax, Stern, Laredo, Ma
(Sony) 183541

Murray Perahia Plays
Handel & Scarlatti
(Sony) 183558

Liszt: Symphonic Poems
Berlin Phil., Mehta
(Sony) 185751

Offenbach: The Tales Of
Hoffmann Domingo,
Sutherland, Bonyng
(London) 187732

Beethoven: Symphonies 2
& 5 Klemperer
(EMI) 265074

Chopin: Preludes
Maurizio Pollini
(DG) 258871

Wagner: Preludes &
Orchestral Music
Thielemann (DG) 258889

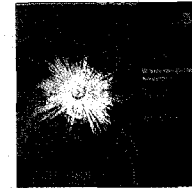
Puccini: The Girl Of The
Golden West Tebaldi
(London) 187773

Puccini: La Rondine
Gheorghiu
(EMI) 189589

Beethoven: Piano
Concertos 2 & 5 "Emperor"
Kissin, Levine
(Sony) 189605

Tchaikovsky: Piano
Concerto No. 1; Fantaisie
De Concert Douglas
(RCA Victor) 189647

Rachmaninov: Piano
Concertos 1 & 2 Lilli, BBC
National Orch., Otaka
(Nimbus) 267476



Bach: Brandenburg
Concertos, Nos. 1, 3, 5
Academy Of Ancient Music
Berlin (Har. Mundi) 271478

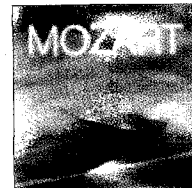
Lily Pons—
Coloratura Assoluta
(Sony) 265082

Roberto Alagna & Angela
Gheorghiu—Verdi Duets
(EMI) 265181

Paul Hillier—Bitter Ballads:
Ancient And Modern Poetry
Sung To Medieval And
Traditional Melodies
(Har. Mundi) 266106

Taliesin Orchestra—
Maiden Of Mysteries
(Intersound) 266825

Beverly Sills—
Plaisir D'amour
(Sony) 267054



Mozart For Relaxation
(RCA) 275966

Stravinsky:
The Firebird Gergiev
(Philips) 263970

Pachelbel: Canon And
Other 17th Century Music
For 3 Violins Manze,
Holloway, Ritch
(Itzhak Mundi) 264127

Bach: Motets
RIAS Chamber Choir
(Har. Mundi) 194233

Brahms: Concerto For
Violin And Cello
Itzhak Perlman
(Teldec) 210658

The Lark Ascending...The
Soft Sounds Of Vaughan
Williams (London) 211524

Brahms: Lieder
Nathalie Stutzmann
(RCA) 211763

Strauss: Capriccio
Elisabeth Schwarzkopf
(EMI) 211821

Brahms: Piano Concerto
No. 1, more Van Cliburn
(RCA Victor) 189837



Mendelssohn: Symphony
No. 4 Vienna Phil., Gardiner
(DG) 274324

12 CDs
for the
price of 1
Nothing more to buy, ever. See details.

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
FIRST-CLASS MAIL PERMIT NO 713 TERRE HAUTE IN

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY ADDRESSEE



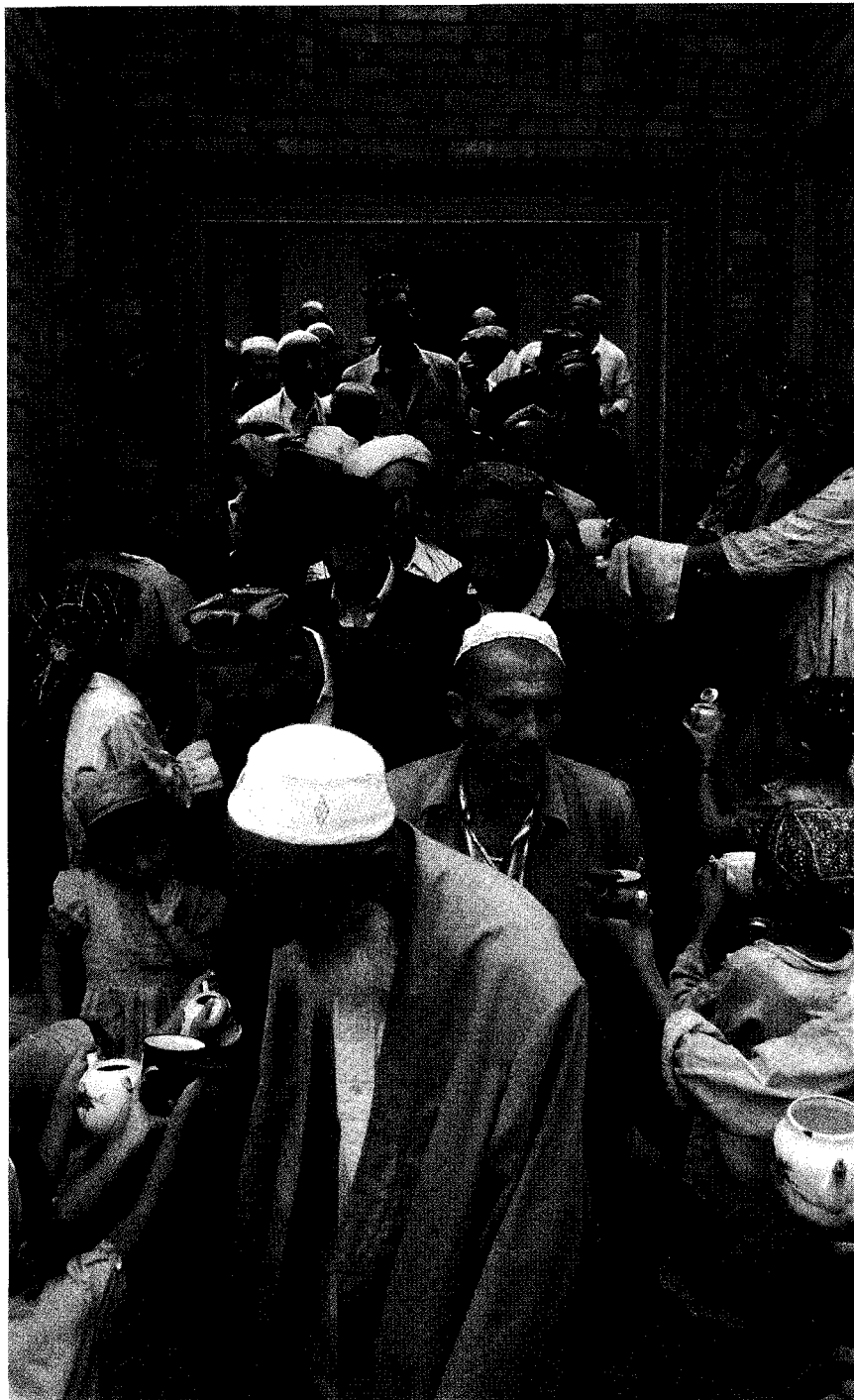
CLASSICAL CLUB

1400 NORTH FRUITRIDGE AVENUE
TERRE HAUTE IN 47812-9212

NO POSTAGE
NECESSARY
IF MAILED
IN THE
UNITED STATES

Celebrate the artistry with
Columbia House Classical

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



KIM NEWTON/WOODFIN CAMP ASSOC.

Muslim Uighurs, after Friday prayer, leaving a mosque in Kashgar

idle and the skyscrapers stand half finished in mud lots without sidewalks. Jeeps, Audis, and Mercedes bustle through the streets, but many have tied-on fenders or cracks in their windows. Stores selling authentic Rolexes and Longines glitter—but are usually empty. Within sight of the Holiday Inn and the Rock’N’Roll Cafe, on prime downtown real estate, one encounters the kind of vendors that crowd the streets of any Third World city.

The popularity of the Russian Market, near the neighborhood of Min Yuan, serves as an indicator of the true state of the economy. Crowds pick through piles of fake Omega and Russian-made McLenin watches, imitation Ray-Ban sunglasses, sturdy military binoculars, Uzbek textiles—everything that can be made or counterfeited cheaply in the former Soviet Union. The Han migrants I talked to on average earn the equivalent of just over fifty dollars a month.

Though this contrasts favorably with the twenty or thirty dollars they would earn in the poorer provinces from which they come, it is still far below workers’ salaries on the prosperous eastern coast.

I walked the Russian Market and met Xinhe, a fleshy Russian-speaking merchant in his thirties. Xinhe was born in Urumchi, a few years after his parents arrived, in 1958, on the back of a truck from Gansu. He was doing relatively well as a trader, turning a profit of \$300 or \$400 a month by shuttling between Almaty and Urumchi, taking clothes to sell in Almaty and using the money he earned to buy electric razors and tools for resale in Urumchi. He looked tired. Now more than ever, he said, he was living day to day, and recent murders by the Russian mafia of two Chinese merchants in Almaty worried him. Urumchi no longer inspired him, and he was pinning his hopes on starting up a business in Siberia. When, after glancing at the counterfeit watches in trays around us, I told him of the genuine Rolexes on sale in the city center for thousands of dollars, his jaw dropped. “I barely have enough to feed my family,” he said. “Even with [Deng Xiaoping’s free-market] reforms we just get by. I have no savings, nothing at all, and I have a daughter to feed and a wife. If one of my trips goes wrong, I’m wiped out.” Only to those raised in the poverty of the central provinces could Urumchi be a city of dreams.

WITH a population of about 900,000, the Turkic and Islamic Kazakhs are the third most numerous ethnic group in Xinjiang; they have been granted three autonomous zones within the Uighur Autonomous Region. The officially recognized status of autonomy confers upon minority peoples such as the Uighurs and the Kazakhs a number of rights, the most important of which is the right to use native languages for purposes of education and broadcasting—though Beijing imposes restrictions on content. The largest of these zones is Ili, 167,000 square miles of steppe and mountain bordering Kazakhstan. Herdsmen have been driving their sheep, goats, and yaks across this land for millennia. The Kazakhs, unlike the Uighurs and the Han, are for the most part nomadic, migrating with their flocks from season to season, living in stone huts during the winter and in felt yurts in summer. China has for decades been of-

ficially discouraging the wandering life, deeming it unproductive and backward. Statistics are unavailable on how many still lead it, but figuring in the Mongols, one may hazard a guess of about a million people on the move.

I traveled from Urumchi to Sayram Lake, in the Tien Shan, to meet a few Kazakh people; I was curious to get an idea of how they differed from the Uighurs, and to find out how they regard rule from Beijing, in view of their proximity to independent Kazakhstan. Chocolate-colored mountains streaked with snow and riddled with glaciers jugged into cloud banks; in the foothills, where the bus left me off, stone huts hunkered over dun earth. Even here Han and Uighurs had set up roadside shops and restaurants. My self-appointed and unpaid guide, Chen, was Chinese, originally from Gansu, and the owner of a small general store I had noticed when I got off the bus. Chen was in his thirties, and though he spoke only Chinese (which I could mostly understand), he had emblazoned the walls of his store with Uighur and Kazakh advertisements in Arabic script.

Chen led me up a hillside from which I surveyed the lake, which was frozen; the early-spring weather had not yet warmed, and the Kazakhs were still living in stone huts. Outside one we met Mapan, a Kazakh in his fifties. Shooing sheep out of our way, he invited us in. We sat cross-

bread crusts on the table. Chen and I sipped our tea, sour from the goat's milk, dipping crusts to render them edible. In thick-tongued Chinese, Mapan told me about the seasonal movements of his sheep and oxen and about raising his seven children. The family had no radio, no television; time seemed to be standing still. Political issues apparently did not matter to people who lived with animals and roamed the hills.

One teenage son, ruddy and silent, came in and popped a tape into an ancient cassette player. The singer was Rozymbayeva, from Kazakhstan—a rare intrusion from the world beyond China's borders. I asked Mapan and his son what kept young people in the village. What did they do for fun?

"Well," Mapan said, "we have the [annual] Feast of the Sacrifice. We slaughter a lamb and, well, we eat this lamb." A silence followed. Many of the young, not surprisingly, are settling in the town of Ili.

Later, in Chen's general store, a concrete hovel that lacked the insulation provided by the stone and the carpets of Mapan's hut, I asked Chen how he got along with the Muslim Kazakhs. He shrugged cheerfully. He socialized little with them, content just to provide them with goods (liquor, sweets, clothes—especially liquor) that they would otherwise not have. His needs were as modest as those of his customers.

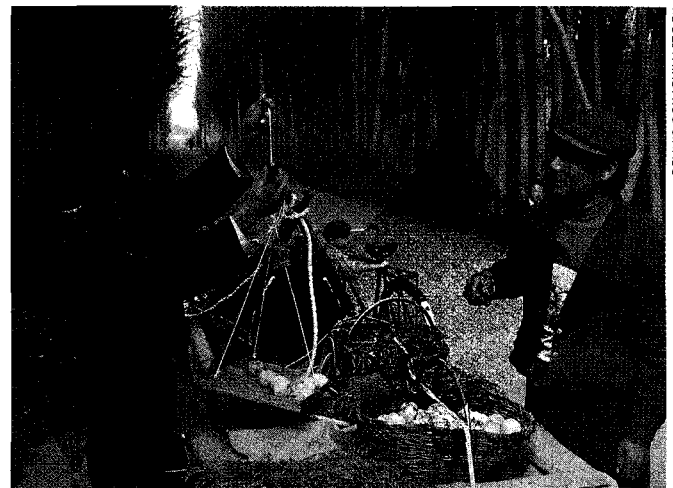
Genghis Khan once rampaged through Ili, heading west. Now, 800 years later, traveling across the great plateaus of the Tien Shan on my way to Kashgar, I saw his Mongol descendants, along with Kazakhs, still driving yaks up into the lairs of snow leopards and ibex.

I BEGAN my journey across Xinjiang at the end of the Great Wall. I finished it in Kashgar, a few hundred miles west of which stands another kind of wall—the natural barrier formed by the Pamir and Karakoram Mountains, ranges of snowbound peaks that are the end of Xinjiang and of the People's Republic

of China itself. Beyond this barrier lie the historical centers of Islamic civilization, in Central Asia, the Middle East, and North Africa.

Another *boran* whipped me along on my way to Kashgar. Clouds of dust browned out the noon sky as my bus rattled along the road bordering the Takla Makan Desert, prompting the driver to turn on his headlights and even, on occasion, to halt when the wind buried the pitted asphalt in sand. By the time we reached Kashgar, we were covered with dust and choking on it, shaking it from our pockets and wallets and hair.

Kashgar, 2,500 miles west of Beijing,



Keepers of the old economy

seems more than anywhere else in Xinjiang to belong to a different country. Though the Han controlled the city 2,000 years ago, for much of its history it has been dominated by Mongol and Turkic khans. In the nineteenth century Kashgar became a focus of the Great Game—the clandestine struggle between the British Empire and Russia for Asia. Since then Beijing's authority has been firmly established, but the Chinese have never caught up demographically: 75 percent of the 200,000 Kashgaris are Uighurs. Uighurs in Xinjiang consider Kashgar a bastion of tradition, the most Uighur of Uighur cities. Islam-inspired Uighur separatists in Kashgar have set off bombs, rioted, and murdered government officials.

KASHGAR'S main event, the Yekshenbe Bazari, or Sunday Bazaar, dates back 2,000 years. It is a gathering of medieval aspect, a hurly-burly of trade conducted by 100,000 Uighurs from surrounding villages.

Separatist violence is increasing, provoked by Islamic fundamentalism and Turkic nationalism.

legged on carpets spread over a stone floor in a raised part of the hut; on the walls hung kilims blackened with soot from the wood stove. Mapan ordered his wife to serve us. She boiled tea and spooned in goat's milk. She had only a few teeth and was sinewy and solid. Mapan himself was leather-skinned. He sat lethargic in layers of wool clothing, his eyes half-closed under a wool cap.

His wife dumped a sack of petrified

Well before I reached the bazaar grounds, by way of a bridge across the Tuman River, I could see the dust kicked up by legions of donkeys, rickshaws, and customers. Soon I came upon rows of stands where villagers were buying clothes and selling peppers, doling nuts into sacks, sampling spices. Pyramids of apples stood next to piles of figs. Men haggled over goats, women over cloth. You could find someone to break a horse or geld a stallion in the market; you could buy a sheep whole or assemble a slaughtered one from its component parts; you could have a molar pulled by a toothless dentist with iron tongs and blackened fingernails.

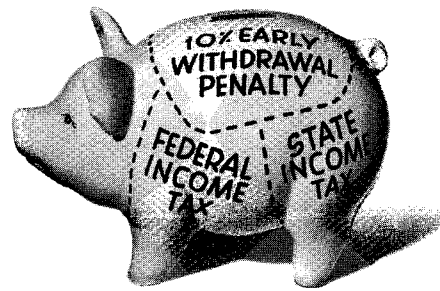
I walked farther into the melee. A boy was selling a brown drink of sorts from a bucket at his feet. An ox ambled over beside him and, sniffing a pat of dung, released a powerful stream of urine into the dust; it splattered copiously into the drink, and the young vendor scrambled to find a lid to cover the bucket. Later I watched him sell cups of the brew to villagers.

The more I saw of the market, the more I became convinced that tradition will work against the separatists. Illiteracy and fatalism render effective mass opposition unlikely. Riots and political murders cannot do the work of the sustained, sophisticated political campaign—both domestic and foreign—that would be necessary to force the Chinese to withdraw from Xinjiang. Well organized and in possession of powerful military and internal-security systems, they will do all they can to hold on to the region, and will go on creating facts on the ground by settling it with Han. There is no one to stop them.

Yet the roots of Xinjiang's trouble do not derive entirely from Chinese rule. History and geography have slighted the region, leaving it on the periphery of Islamic as well as Chinese civilization and far from the invigorating, progressive influence of the West or the developed East. Xinjiang's very remoteness—the quality that had drawn me to it—will effectively assure its continued status as China's vassal.

Later, as the call to prayer rang out above the market, I made my way back to the center. A *boran* was rising once again, and it would soon blot out the emerging stars and moon. ☉

Switching Jobs Can Have An Unfortunate Effect On Your Retirement Savings.



Don't Lose 40% Or More Of Your Retirement Plan To Taxes And Penalties.
Call For Your Free Information Kit Today.

T. Rowe Price can help. Call for our free kit on managing the payout from your former employer's retirement plan. The kit clearly explains the pros and cons of all the distribution options, so you



can decide what's best for you. Because we'd hate to see your retirement plan go all to pieces.

1-800-541-5853

Invest With Confidence
T. Rowe Price 

For more information, including fees and expenses, request a prospectus. Read it carefully before investing. T. Rowe Price Investment Services, Inc., Distributor. IRAR049502

THE NEW WAY TO FIND OLD BOOKS

Seek And We Shall Find.

Looking for a first edition of *Foundation* by Isaac Asimov? Or a signed copy of Edgar Rice Burroughs' *Tarzan*? Or even that book you loved as a child? Find it at Alibris.

Rare, used, and hard-to-find books

ALIBRIS

www.alibris.com



ERNEST WREBA

The Stuff of Myths

*The old-fashioned island of Cyprus
inspires Mediterranean idylls*

LOOK! There! Aphrodite's birth-place!

It was near midday. We were standing on a high bluff on the coast road from Limassol to Paphos, on the southern end of the island of Cyprus. I looked somewhat quizzically at my friend Andreas. He is a college pro-

fessor, an author, an expert in fluid mechanics, and a very smart man. He knows that Aphrodite, the Greek goddess of love and beauty, was not really tossed up—a piece of foam—from the Mediterranean Sea at Petra tou Romiou, yet at least for a moment he indulged himself in a childlike suspension of disbelief.

by Gene Burns

It's not difficult to understand why. On Cyprus reality and mythology are continually bumping up against each other. Cyprus is the third largest island in the Mediterranean, close to Turkey, the Middle East, and Egypt. Bartered for as it has been over the better part of 9,000 years, occupied, colonized, given as a gift from Antony to Cleopatra, Cyprus, together with its people, has learned to endure. The country today is little explored by Americans, although the British, the Germans, the Scandinavians, and lately the Russians are frequent visitors. I recently completed my fourth trip since 1989.

Cyprus is an island divided. The more southerly two thirds of it is controlled by the Republic of Cyprus; the northern third is occupied by Turkey. The division followed a Turkish invasion in 1974. The north is in a tourist sense largely undeveloped, a circumstance that has its own allure. Current regulations allow a person who is staying in the Republic of Cyprus to visit the north on a day trip, by passing through the United Nations-controlled gate in the capital, Nicosia. Because no country other than Turkey recognizes the so-called Turkish Republic of Northern Cyprus, it may be entered from outside the island only via Turkey. Anyone who does arrive this way, though, could be barred from entering the Republic of Cyprus later.

These political realities and bureaucratic contrivances may suggest to some that visiting Cyprus is dangerous. Indeed, the question of safety was raised by *The Atlantic's* editors when I proposed this piece. I dutifully consulted my Cypriot friends and government authorities. They were dumbstruck. Cyprus unsafe? Surely I was joking. Incidents occasionally occur along the cease-fire line between the two portions of the island, and it is true that several people have been killed since 1974. The last major incident involving foreign visitors occurred in 1985, when three Israelis were murdered on a boat moored at the marina in the town of Larnaca. The perpetrators proved to be foreign terrorists, and Cyprus cracked down hard, warning that tourists were welcome but violent criminals were not.

Cyprus continues to be a major Mid-

The Sanctuary of Apollo Hylates

LIFE IS TOO



You outgrew your stroller. You outgrew your first bike. You outgrew your car. It happens. Life is too big to fit in a car. That's why we don't make cars. We believe that big lives need the big cargo space of an Isuzu Trooper. And if you outgrow 85 cubic feet of cargo space, well, good luck. Isuzu. No Cars.



ISUZU

Go farther.

BIG FOR CARS



An ageless tableau near the ruins of Kourion

dle East listening post and a convenient headquarters for foreign journalists. In four trips to and around the island I have never felt uneasy, let alone frightened. During one of my visits I met with Glafcos Clerides, the President of Cyprus, at his office in Nicosia, and though security precautions were obviously in effect, they were much less intrusive than similar precautions taken here in the United States. At my two meetings with the former President George Vassiliou a single, fairly bookish administrative assistant was his only protection.

IF you wanted to train yourself to be an accomplished tourist, Cyprus would be a good classroom. The island is small, just under 3,600 square miles, with a maximum length of 150 miles and a maximum width of sixty-three miles. Renting a car is a good idea. You can choose, as I usually do, to use one of the seaside hotels in Limassol, the industrial hub of Cyprus, as a base. Or you can find comfortable accommodations in many other places on the island. Cyprus has a wide variety of options, from American-style hotels to tourist apartments to rooms. Because I find packing and unpacking one of the least attractive aspects of travel, I would rather pay for two rooms—keeping the one in Limassol while staying someplace else overnight—than pack up to move from place to place. Limassol

makes a good base in part because it is only an hour's drive from both Paphos, the ancient Roman capital, and Nicosia; in forty-five minutes you can be in the Troodos Mountains. I make my visits in summer, and though it is hot, the mountains are cool, and even at the shore the temperature is moderated by sea breezes.

Life in Cyprus is familial and simple. Cyprus feels like the 1950s in all the good ways. Although Limassol has a gaudy tourist strip where large nightclubs and dance clubs throb the night away, Cypriots bent on enjoyment prefer family barbecues, village and town festivals, and day trips to the beaches or the mountains. Many Cypriots straddle life with one foot in the professional camp, as doctor, lawyer, or engineer, and the other foot in the camp of sons and daughters of the soil, as farmer, vineyardist, or fisherman. However they earn their living, Cypriots routinely press their own olives for oil, pickle their capers and their caper vines, and grow their own produce. As they head out for picnics or weekends in the villages, the two-lane road from just above Limassol to the Troodos Mountains is choked with traffic. Some families keep summer homes in the mountains even though their city houses are only an hour away by car. This is not an act of pretension but, rather, a way to escape the summer heat.

You can see much of Cyprus in a

week—a particularly appealing idea if you'd like to combine a stop there with a visit to, say, Israel, Egypt, or Turkey. Two weeks in Cyprus is ample time to be infused with the spirit of the island, and three weeks to a month would be an unabashed luxury. I find prices reasonable for most things and downright inexpensive for others. For instance, I usually stay at the Miramare Hotel, on the Mediterranean, in Limassol. The Miramare is a medium-sized first-class hotel just off the tourist strip, with a great view, a huge and beautiful pool, and an outdoor bar. The rooms have balconies and air-conditioning, and breakfast is in-

cluded in the rate: about fifty-five Cypriot pounds, or \$98, a day.

Cyprus is a treasury of fascinating archaeological sites. Because such a range of peoples have dominated the island, it offers layers and layers of insights into earlier civilizations. So rich is this cultural heritage that it is not unusual for the winter rains, in washing away bits of soil, to reveal ancient coins and artifacts—all of which, as one might suspect, are by law the property of the people and government of Cyprus. Cyprus provides a generally uncrowded human-scale opportunity to gaze at the past and envision life in another age.

PAPHOS, in the southwest, is so archaeologically abundant that the entire town is on UNESCO's World Heritage List. Vibrantly colored, intricate mosaics dating from the fifth and sixth centuries have been beautifully preserved by many centuries of undisturbed slumber beneath the local sand. Most of these are to be found in what remains of a large villa built long ago by a wealthy family and now conserved and maintained by the Cyprus Department of Antiquities.

Even Cypriot friends of mine who have visited the mosaics countless times find new insights with each visit. If you are not conversant with Greek mythology, I would urge you to visit this site with someone who is; knowing something of

the mosaics' deeper mythological meanings will add much to your enjoyment. Since Cypriots are well schooled in matters Hellenic and also in the English language, finding someone to help with mosaic interpretation should be easy. Paphos was an important port for each of the civilizations that have inhabited Cyprus, and so it is generally conceded that archaeologists have barely begun in their search through the detritus of the city's history.

After braving the heat of the plain to view the mosaics recently, my traveling companion and I sought out a taverna high above stunning Coral Bay, where as the afternoon yielded to night we sat under a grape arbor having a snack and reviewing the splendors of the day. Below us the brilliant blue-green waters of the bay deepened in color as the sun approached the horizon.

Northwest of Paphos is the rich and varied Akamas Peninsula, home of nature trails and archaeological sites. The peninsula takes its name from the son of Theus who came to Cyprus after the Trojan War. Three thousand years of Greek history and mythology are woven into the natural beauty of the area. One spot not to be missed is the Baths of Aphrodite, a pool fed by a natural spring, where, legend has it, Adonis first saw Aphrodite, as she bathed in the crystalline waters. If you drink from the spring, which is shaded by a fig tree, you will supposedly feel younger and more loving. Unfortunately, you may also feel sick: the government warns that the water is not potable. The nature trails in the area benefit from the fact that Cyprus is situated at the crossroads of three continents of varied flora: Europe, Asia, and Africa. The Government of Cyprus Tourist Office makes available information on these and other sites of interest; in the United States call 212-683-5280.



Roman mosaic at Paphos

Also within easy driving distance of Paphos can be found Byzantine churches with beautiful frescoes, excavations of sites from the Chalcolithic period (3900–2500 B.C.), and monasteries, among them Chrysorrogia, dedicated to Our Lady of the Golden Pomegran-

ate, whose old winery produces some very good wine. Just off the road from Limassol to Larnaca is the village of Lefkara. If visits to the labyrinthine souks of the Middle East delight you, then you will be thrilled by this picturesque place. It is known for its lace and its silver, although "lace" is a bit of a misnomer: most of the work is actually beautiful hand embroidery on imported linen. Leonardo da Vinci is said to have shopped in Lefkara—a dazzling boast that cannot be historically verified. *Caveat emptor* is the watchword here. Some of the shopkeepers are honest, and some of the work is as represented.

The village of Episkopi, west of Limassol, has a new hotel and a great beach complete with a taverna run by Marinos, a personable mariner home from the sea and now purveying excellent local food specialties and cold local beer. On a hill high above the sea are the ruins of Kourion. In its day Kourion was an important city-kingdom. The Greco-Roman amphitheater, now restored, dates from the second century B.C., and it is a great treat to attend a play or a concert there, against the backdrop of the eastern Mediterranean. Episkopi has a small museum of artifacts from Kourion, and on the bluff itself can be found ancient homes, including the House of Gladiators, which has a beautiful mosaic floor. The nearby Sanctuary of Apollo Hylates

(god of the woodland and the protector of the city of Kourion) was an active religious site for well over a thousand years—from the eighth century B.C. until the fourth century A.D.

Descending from the bluff of Kourion, you can swim in the inviting waters of the Mediterranean and then have a meal in the taverna. Because I am a rock collector, usually after eating here I

head off down the beach to its western end, where high cliffs rise abruptly from the water. The cliffs have been undercut by the action of the waves, and the area provides fertile territory for hours of rock hunting, a magnificent solitary and contemplative pursuit.

Return to Sender

A service of *The Atlantic Monthly*

TURN TO
PAGE 97
TO RECEIVE
FREE
INFORMATION
ABOUT SOME OF
THE PRODUCTS
AND SERVICES OFFERED
IN OUR PAGES.
RETURN THE POSTAGE-PAID
REPLY CARD,
OR SEND
YOUR REQUESTS
TO THE
ADDRESS LISTED.

TURN TO PAGE 97

SEPTEMBER...
Birthday • Anniversary



Geese Mate For Life Symbol of Eternal Love

Eternal love is beautifully symbolized in our Geese Mate for Life pin. Finely crafted in 14K yellow gold, two geese are majestically depicted together in flight. As a gesture of your love, or the special bond between two people, it makes the perfect gift.

Comes beautifully gift wrapped with the sentiments expressed by this piece on a small card tucked inside the box. Shown actual size.

Pin with ruby eyes\$345.00

Pendant with ruby eyes.....\$445.00

For diamond eyes add \$100.00

Free UPS Overnight
shipped next business day

Absolute Satisfaction Guaranteed

1-800-433-2988

Call M–F 9am–4:30pm

www.crossjewelers.com

FREE CATALOG

Cross Jewelers

Manufacturing Jewelers Since 1908

570A Congress St., Portland, ME 04101 ©92

WHEN the almost cloudless summer sky loses its charm and the heat of the coastal plain feels more oppressive than balmy, it's time to do what Cypriots routinely do: head for the hills. The Troodos Mountains cannot be mistaken for the Rockies or the Alps, but they do contain wonderful surprises. These mountains, 6,500 feet at their highest point and carpeted with fragrant cedar and pine forests, are home to Greek Orthodox monasteries; jewels of Byzantine churches, nine of which are on UNESCO's World Heritage List; and tiny villages, each with a specialty. One, for example, produces a celebrated wine, another pottery, and a third the region's best cherries. The farther off the beaten path you wander, the more charming the find. The vistas are spectacular, as the land falls away into valleys and deep gorges and you catch an occasional glimpse of the sea below.

It was in these mountains that my friends Elektra and Neophytos Alexandrou prepared a picnic beside a cool brook in a glade that looked for all the world like a movie set. Bottles of Othello wine and a watermelon were put to chill in the brook, and local delicacies, including home-cured olives and pickled caper vines, were laid out on the table. Earlier in the day we had stumbled on the village of Trimiklini, which is little more than a bulge in the highway. There we found a roadside stand selling fresh fruits and vegetables, local sage honey, and a great jumble of stuff. Some terra-cotta pots were piled outside, most of them new. One in particular caught my eye. It had a classic rounded shape, two handles, and a pouring spout. Without thinking about how I would get it back home, I asked its price. Almost embarrassed, the shopkeeper told me that because it was a hundred years old, he would have to ask nine Cypriot pounds (\$18). Prices at this shop have gone up some since then, and I believe my gleeful enthusiasm in concluding that sale may have prompted the escalation. Kitsch would be out of place in the serenity of these mountains. Some local handicrafts come close to the line, but country artisans and the monks and nuns who dwell in the monasteries produce beautiful mementos of the island.

The monastery of Stavrovouni is a special case. Located on an isolated steep hill, a short drive off the road from Limassol to Nicosia, Stavrovouni is said to

be the oldest active religious community in Cyprus; according to legend, it was founded by Saint Helena, mother of the Roman Emperor Constantine. (Traveling around Cyprus, one bumps into Saint Helena often. Perhaps the most intriguing Saint Helena site is the Monastery of the Cats, west of Limassol, wherein four Greek Orthodox nuns live with hundreds of cats, beneficiaries of Saint Helena's concern for animals. The sisters make candy and nicely painted wooden eggs, which they offer for sale.) About twenty monks (surprisingly, most are young men) live at Stavrovouni, rotating between occupying the high monastic citadel and staying in a location on the valley floor. They observe a severe regimen of prayer, work, and sleep. The monastery has restricted visiting hours; male visitors are required to wear long pants; and women are not allowed to proceed past a tiny chapel in the parking lot. Even from the parking lot the vistas are breathtaking.

In a small studio and shop at the base of the monastery is one of Cyprus's living national treasures—the icon painter Father Kalinikos. This delightful and gifted man, now in his seventies, is acknowledged to be the foremost icon painter in the Orthodox world. His pieces are masterworks, and as such are hardly inexpensive, but the two I have bought on successive visits give me enormous pleasure. The colors are luminous and the designs classic.

A visit to Father Kalinikos involves a definite ritual. If you are browsing among the less expensive, mass-produced items, you will be greeted courteously and made to feel welcome. If, though, you are a buyer known from past visits, or you indicate that you would like to buy one of the original pieces, suddenly a hidden air-conditioner is activated, cool water appears from a back room, and cold fruit is taken out of the not-so-obvious refrigerator and set before you. I received oranges for my first purchase and sweet fresh figs for my second.

THOSE cold oranges and figs are symbolic of the hospitality that is a hallmark of this island—most of which does not come as part of a quid pro quo. It is simply impossible to visit a Cypriot home without being offered coffee or juice, pastries, cheese, olives, fresh fruit, or even a meal. The foundation of

a Cypriot meal, in a private home or a restaurant, is the collection of small plates known as the *meze*. Indeed, in some restaurants one need only indicate a choice between fish and meat, and a multi-course feast will proceed without the need to make any further choices. The *meze* may include taramasalata, which is a fish-roe dip; olives; local halloumi cheese, often served grilled; koupepia, the local version of stuffed grape leaves; tzatziki, a cucumber-and-yogurt salad; stifado, a succulent beef-and-onion stew; fish, shrimp, octopus, or other fresh seafood grilled over a wood fire; kleftiko, meat that by tradition is cooked in a covered hole in the ground; sheftalia, seasoned ground pork that has been shaped into elongated meatballs, wrapped in caul fat, and grilled; and lamb, pork, or chicken kebabs grilled alone or in combination. A salad of tomatoes, onions, cucumbers, bell peppers, shredded cabbage or lettuce, and feta cheese, with a tangy dressing of lemon juice and the island's fruity olive oil, can be added—or enjoyed with nothing but fresh baked bread as a wonderful lunch. Most Cypriots are hearty meat-eaters, but the abundance of local produce ensures that vegetarians won't go hungry.

The wines of Cyprus are lusty and largely unrefined, and the wine nomenclature and dating habits of the Cypriots could drive a connoisseur crazy. For instance, Afames 1962 may have no connection whatever to that year. Just how innocent such practices are I have been unable to deduce. The island's vintners have promised to bring some order out of the riot of colorful but misleading naming processes, but no date has been set for the fulfillment of their promise. Cypriot wines are not readily available in the United States, so if you find something you particularly enjoy, you'll do well to carry or send some home.

Cyprus. Nine thousand years of history have forged a determined and gregarious people. Home to Zenon, the founder of one of the major schools of Stoic philosophy; alleged site of the marriage of Richard Lionheart to Berengaria of Navarre; possession of the Romans, the Greeks, the Venetians, and the Byzantines; suzerainty of the British; and a vibrant living tribute to the passion of the charismatic Archbishop Makarios—Cyprus endures, the entire island a museum of the sweep of human history. ☛

You'll find the lowest term life rates in America at Quotesmith.com or we'll overnight you \$500. More pleasant surprises now include instant automobile, family medical, group medical, Medicare supplement and dental insurance quotes from over 300 insurance companies!

**\$250,000 Term Life Sampler
Guaranteed Annual Premiums/Guaranteed Level Term Period**

Female Premiums

Age	10 YEAR	15 YEAR	20 YEAR	25 YEAR	30 YEAR
35	\$ 103	\$ 125	\$ 145	\$ 183	\$ 205
40	\$ 123	\$ 158	\$ 185	\$ 238	\$ 260
45	\$ 190	\$ 215	\$ 253	\$ 330	\$ 385
50	\$ 253	\$ 290	\$ 363	\$ 490	\$ 495
55	\$ 365	\$ 413	\$ 550	\$ 835	\$ 1,015
60	\$ 503	\$ 615	\$ 845	\$ 2,135	\$ 2,400
65	\$ 775	\$ 975	\$1,593	\$ 3,900	\$ 3,900
70	\$1,338	\$ 1,600	\$2,970	\$ 7,220	\$ 7,220
75	\$2,275	\$ 4,870	\$5,820	\$10,370	\$12,420

Male Premiums

Age	10 YEAR	15 YEAR	20 YEAR	25 YEAR	30 YEAR
35	\$ 123	\$ 138	\$ 165	\$ 223	\$ 253
40	\$ 148	\$ 183	\$ 225	\$ 288	\$ 335
45	\$ 225	\$ 300	\$ 360	\$ 450	\$ 513
50	\$ 338	\$ 455	\$ 525	\$ 743	\$ 828
55	\$ 500	\$ 670	\$ 768	\$ 1,640	\$ 2,330
60	\$ 783	\$ 990	\$1,335	\$ 3,630	\$ 3,630
65	\$1,330	\$1,650	\$2,693	\$ 5,250	\$ 5,250
70	\$2,473	\$ 3,175	\$4,860	\$ 8,790	\$ 8,790
75	\$4,400	\$ 7,443	\$9,600	\$13,260	\$15,030

"Quotesmith provides a list of all insurance companies & plans that match specific needs. The first to make available this new custom search service." - *Nation's Business*

"Get quotes on the spot. New source for best buys in insurance. One way to get to know the market." - *Kiplinger's Personal Finance*

"Quotesmith.com provides rock-bottom quotes." - *Forbes*

"Quotesmith keeps a database of about 350 insurance companies." - *Good Housekeeping*

"Quotesmith offers particularly thorough searches." - *Los Angeles Times*

"Quotesmith will scan the insurers and provide a list of different policies suited to your needs." - *Money*

"This solution has value for those who value immediacy and privacy." - *U.S. News & World Report*

Quotesmith.com is the only place on earth where you can get instant insurance quotes from over 300 top-rated companies.

Search the marketplace in seconds. Every quote is guaranteed accurate. Take control of your insurance purchase decisions. View the latest claims-paying ability ratings from A.M. Best, Duff & Phelps, Moody's, Standard & Poor's and Weiss Ratings, Inc. on every term life quote. Buy from the company of your choice online when you want and without having to talk to any insurance salesmen! Avoid buying mistakes and bad advice. Use the Quotesmith.com high speed insurance price comparison service before you buy or renew any insurance policy. It's lightning fast, easy and free.



Quotesmith.com

AD CODE: TAM 9/99

Final premiums and coverage availability will vary depending upon age, sex, state availability, hazardous activities, personal and family health history. The non-tobacco use premiums shown above may include: Banner Life Ins. Co., Rockville, MD, form RT-97; Empire General Life; Birmingham, AL, form TL-06; Jackson National Life, Lansing MI, form L1665; First Penn-Pacific Life, Hoffman Estates, IL, form BT-1002AA(2-96); Control #B98-198(3/98); General Life, Edwardsville, IL, form 70006; Midland Life, Columbus, OH, form T376 & T678; Ohio National Life, Cincinnati, OH, form 92-TR-1; Old Line Life, Milwaukee, WI, form 80-RCT 79D; Old Republic Life Ins. Co., Chicago, IL, form 8-1077; Valley Forge/CNA, Chicago, IL, form V117-333-A Series; Premium rates shown are not applicable to residents of FL, NJ & NY. Policy forms vary by state. \$500 lowest price guarantee not available in SD and has specific terms and conditions detailed at www.quotesmith.com. California and Utah dba Quotesmith.com Insurance Services: CA #0827712, #0A13858; UT #90093. Some premiums shown are graded premium life policies and/or term-like universal life policies. Term life premium rates always escalate after initial rate guarantee period.



We believe companies that exploit
children will pay for it sooner or later.
Maybe not in their hearts,
but in their stock prices.

At Citizens Funds, we evaluate companies using a variety of financial, social and environmental screens. If a company violates our standards, we won't invest in it. Rather, we seek out companies that offer good and useful products and services in a way that benefits their customers, employees and the environment. We believe investments of this kind provide value to our shareholders. Why not call toll-free or visit our web site to find out more about America's largest family of socially responsible no-load mutual funds.

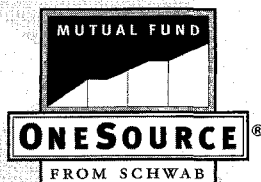
Returns For The Period Ended 6/30/99	CITIZENS INDEX FUND	S&P 500 INDEX
One Year	31.58%	22.76%
Average Annual Three Years	34.64%	29.08%
Average Annual Since Inception (3/3/95)	31.72%	29.49%

Citizens Index Fund Overall Morningstar Rating** As Of 6/30/99 Out Of 3,043 Domestic Equity Funds ★★★★★

Phone us for our free brochure about investing for children.



Call (800) 223-7010 or visit www.citizensfunds.com



1-800-5-NO-LOAD

Past performance does not guarantee future results. The value of an investment in Citizens Funds will fluctuate so that an investor's shares, when redeemed, may be worth more or less than their original cost.

Please call for a prospectus, which contains complete details of fees and expenses and should be read carefully before investing.

Although Citizens Funds are no-load, certain fees and expenses do apply to a continued investment in the Fund and are described in the prospectus. Fee waivers are currently in effect and have been instituted in the past to maintain expense limits, without which returns would have been lower. The S&P 500 Index is an unmanaged index in which direct investment cannot be made.

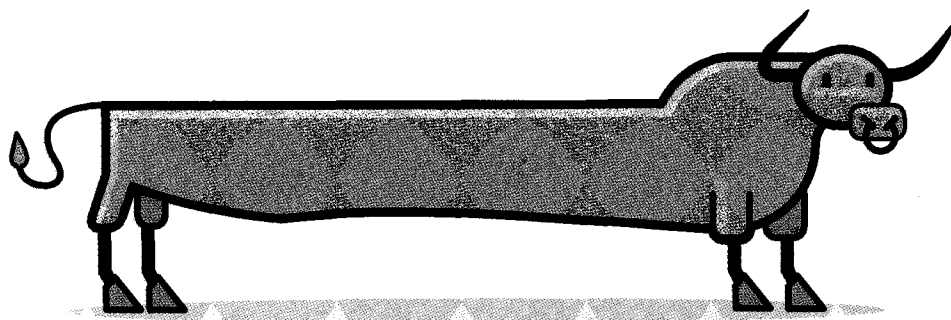
*The Citizens Index Fund (Standard Class) received a Morningstar rating of 5 stars among 3,043 domestic equity funds for the overall and three-year period ending 6/30/99. Morningstar proprietary ratings reflect historical risk-adjusted performance. The ratings are subject to change each month. Morningstar ratings are calculated from the three-year average annual returns in excess of 90-day Treasury bill returns with appropriate fee adjustments and a risk factor that reflects fund performance below 90-day T-bill returns. The top 10% of funds in a broad asset class receive five stars. Ratings are for the share class indicated; other classes may vary.

©1999 Distributed by Citizens Securities. All rights reserved.

Charles Schwab & Co., Inc. (member SIF/NYSE) provides recordkeeping and shareholder services for shares purchased through its Mutual Fund OneSource® service.

DOW 36,000

by JAMES K. GLASSMAN and KEVIN A. HASSETT



Has the long-running bull market been a contemporary version of tulipmania?

In explaining their new theory of stock valuation, the authors argue that in fact stock prices are much too low and are destined to rise dramatically in the coming years

THROUGHOUT the 1980s and 1990s, as the Dow Jones Industrial Average rose from below 800 to above 11,000. Wall Street analysts and financial journalists were warned that stocks were dangerously overvalued and that investors were caught up in an insane euphoria. They were wrong.

Stocks were undervalued in the 1980s and early 1990s, and they are undervalued now. Stock prices could double, triple, or even quadruple tomorrow and still not be too high.

Market analysts and media pundits have also persistently warned that stocks are extremely risky. About this they are wrong too. Over the long term stocks in the aggregate are actually less risky than Treasury bonds or even bank certificates of deposit. Although the experts may not be very good at predicting what the market will do, they are brilliant at scaring people—not out of malice but out of a profound misunderstanding of stock prices. Whatever their intentions, they have performed a terrible disservice to millions of investors by frightening them away from the market.

Stocks are now, we believe, in the midst of a one-time-only rise to much higher ground—to the neighborhood of 36,000 for the Dow Jones Industrial Average. After they complete

this historic ascent, owning them will still be profitable but the returns will decline. You won't be able to make as much money from them each year. We believe that in the meantime, however, astounding profits will be made.

Many small investors are already catching on. They have ignored the dire warnings from professionals that have accompanied nearly every step of the Dow's rise from 777 on August 12, 1982. They are rejecting the outdated model that Wall Street has used to assess whether stocks are overvalued—a model based largely on historical price-to-earnings, or P/E, ratios. That rejection reflects not their nuttiness but their sanity. Contrary to the famous warning from Alan Greenspan, the chairman of the Federal Reserve Board—made on December 5, 1996, with the Dow at 6,437—many investors are *rational*ly exuberant. They have bid up the prices of stocks because stocks are a great deal.

Still, even the most enthusiastic investors have doubts. They know vaguely that stocks are wonderful, but they have no real framework of analysis. They don't know why prices are going up and up. We believe that we do.

How did we come to hold our views? We began by wondering what on earth was going on in the market. Stocks had quin-

tupled in price in the dozen years up to 1994. Then, in 1995, 1996, and 1997, the Standard & Poor's 500 composite index, generally considered a good proxy for U.S. stocks as a whole, scored returns of more than 20 percent. ("Returns" means dividends plus capital appreciation, which is a fancy name for the increase in a stock's price.) Never before in modern history had the market had three years this good in a row.

Why were prices rising so quickly and consistently? We weren't satisfied with the explanations we heard in the press and on Wall Street: that investors—reflecting what Charles Mackay called "Extraordinary Popular Delusions and the Madness of Crowds" (in the title of the second edition of his 1841 book)—were acting irrationally, or that Baby Boomers all of a sudden remembered they should invest for retirement and decided to dump huge sums into stocks as protection against a penurious future. There had to be better answers.

We decided to begin with the core question. If the issue was whether the market was overvalued, we wanted to know this: What is the right value—that is, price—for a stock? The experts did not have an answer. They typically focused on the P/E ratio and other "valuation indicators." Wall Street analysts figure that if P/Es are too high, stocks are overpriced.

But the term "too high" relates only to history, not to substance. We decided to look at substance—at dollars. How many dollars does a stock put in your pocket over time? As John Burr Williams, a brilliant economist with the ability to cut through the muck, wrote in 1938, "A stock is worth only *what you can get out of it*." So we developed a method for estimating the flow of cash from a stock, and then we determined what that cash flow is worth.

A house that throws off \$1,000 a month in rental income might be worth, say, \$200,000. A restaurant that generates \$100,000 a year in profits might be worth \$1 million. What, then, is a share of IBM worth? What is the "perfectly reasonable price"—or, as we put it, the PRP—for *any* share of stock?

In our research we were surprised at how high PRPs turned out to be. But after refining our analysis for a year, and listening to the criticisms and suggestions of people we trust, we are convinced that our theory is correct, and that it explains—as no other theory does—the rise in stock prices over the past two decades. More important, we concluded that the rise will continue, at least until Dow 36,000.

THE HISTORY OF STOCKS: A NEW INTERPRETATION

THE stock market is a money machine: put dollars in at one end, get those dollars and more back at the other end. The history of these remarkable returns is vivid and undeniable, yet few investors seem to be able to make it out in the fog of hourly jabber and the haze of constant fear, and many experts seem always to draw from the past the lesson that stocks are headed for a fall. Here, instead, are the lessons that we draw from history.

LESSON 1: Stocks have been steady winners through thick and thin.

Imagine that you bought \$10,000 worth of stock on the very eve of the Great Crash, at the beginning of October, 1929. Over the next two months, if you held a portfolio similar to the modern S&P 500, you would have lost \$3,000. It would get worse: after big losses in 1930, 1931, and 1932, your \$10,000 stake would have been reduced to \$2,800.

Naturally, you would have been tempted to sell as trouble brewed in Europe. But if you had decided to hang on, you would have been rewarded: from 1933 through 1936 stocks enjoyed their best four-year period in history, tripling in value. Remember that these were some of the darkest times on the planet, with fascism infecting Europe and Asia, Stalin ruling Russia, bread lines everywhere, and Franklin Delano Roosevelt forced to remind Americans that "the only thing we have to fear is fear itself." Yet stocks rose 200 percent.

As the decade wore on, Hitler marched into Czechoslovakia and Poland, and Japan invaded China. By the end of 1939 your account would have been up to \$7,200. And because the 1930s were characterized by deflation, or falling prices, the buying power of that \$7,200 would actually be \$8,600.

As the 1940s began, the war broadened, and the United States was soon fighting both Japan and Germany. The market fell and rebounded, and by the end of 1944, fifteen years and three months after you invested your \$10,000, you would have been ahead—by \$400. Despite the worst-timed investment imaginable, the worst depression of the century, and the worst war in history, your initial investment would have grown by four percent.

Over the next sixteen years, through the hot war in Korea and the Cold War elsewhere, through nuclear threats and labor turmoil, the market continued to rise powerfully. By the time of John F. Kennedy's election as President, in 1960, your \$10,000 would have become \$92,900.

The Vietnam War began and seemed never to end. Protests disrupted U.S. campuses, and riots burned Detroit, Washington, Los Angeles, and other cities. Inflation loomed. Then came the Arab oil embargo, wage and price controls, the closing of the gold window, and the Watergate crisis. The years 1961 to 1975 were nasty and often depressing, and included the worst two back-to-back years (by far) for the market since 1930 and 1931; nevertheless, stock values more than doubled, and by 1975 your \$10,000 would have been worth \$261,800.

Inflation accelerated to nine percent in 1978 and to 13 percent in 1979. The rate on long-term Treasury bonds took off as well, breaking 15 percent in 1981. It was hardly an atmosphere accommodating to stocks. Who would want to own equities when Treasury bonds were paying significantly more than stocks had returned historically? Yet the market continued to climb, and by 1985 your \$10,000 stake would have become \$999,000.

Over the next thirteen years inflation declined, taxes were

Traditionally, market analysts have used several different measures to figure out what a stock is worth. But the old “limits” of dividend yields and price-to-earnings ratios do not apply anymore—if they ever did. Anyone who claims that the market is too high is viewing matters from an outdated and flawed perspective.

cut, the Berlin Wall fell, and U.S. businesses rejuvenated themselves. The stock market soared, and by the end of last year your investment would have been worth \$8,414,000. It would have grown by a factor of 840—or, after accounting for inflation, by a factor of 90.

The calculations for this little history come from a series developed by Ibbotson Associates, a Chicago research firm. We tried to pick the worst possible scenario, and chose dates after the initial one at random, but stock-market returns are so steady that you can pick any lengthy period you want and the results will be roughly the same.

The consistency of returns in the stock market over long periods is an important lesson. In his book *Stocks for the Long Run* (1998), Jeremy J. Siegel, a professor of finance at the Wharton School of the University of Pennsylvania, divided U.S. market history into three periods: 1802–1870, when stocks returned 7.0 percent in real (inflation-adjusted) terms; 1871–1925, when they returned 6.6 percent; and 1926–1997, when they returned 7.2 percent.

That last figure is especially convenient, because it works well with the “Rule of 72.” Divide the percentage rate of growth into 72 and you find the number of years it takes an initial investment to double. At 7.2 percent it takes ten years. This means that if stocks continue to behave as they have over the past seventy years, a woman twenty-five years old who invests \$20,000 now will have \$320,000 in today’s buying power when she reaches sixty-five. She could use that money to buy an annuity that would pay her an income she could live on until she died.

LESSON 2: Stocks are not very risky in the long run.

So why doesn’t everyone invest lots of money in stocks? The main reason is that people are naturally cautious, especially with their own money, and the return on stocks is highly volatile from day to day. This inclination toward caution is perfectly reasonable, reflecting an intuitive understanding of an important financial truth: the average return is not the only thing that matters when evaluating an investment. You must also consider the likelihood of profits and the chance of losses. In other words, remember risk.

Despite its inadequacies, history is the best source of information we have when analyzing risk, and the history of stocks is clear and consistent: in the short run they are very risky; in the long run they are not.

Let’s turn again to Jeremy Siegel, who examined U.S. stock prices going all the way back to 1802, using his own research supplemented by that of G. William Schwert, of the University of Rochester; Robert Shiller, of Yale University; the Center for Research in Security Prices; and others. Siegel found that in the worst year he studied, the inflation-adjusted return on stocks was –38.6 percent. In other words, an investment of \$100 became \$61.40 in real terms, taking into account both declines in price and income from dividends. In the best year the return was 66.6 percent. A \$100 stake became \$166.60 in real terms.

That is an enormous range. No wonder stocks scare so many people. Over the past seventy-three years, Ibbotson data show, large-company stocks have produced positive returns fifty-three times. So according to history, the chances that you will lose money in a single year are greater than one in four—not a very cheerful prospect. Worse, the chances that your losses will be in double digits are one in nine.

But the research of Siegel and others shows something else about risk, and it is striking: the longer you hold on to stocks, the less volatile your returns will be and the more likely it is that you will make money. Stocks appear to obey a kind of reversion to the mean—whatever goes down must go up.

Let’s assume that you hold a diversified portfolio of large-cap stocks—such as the S&P 500—for ten years instead of one year. Risk shrinks significantly. For the sixty-four overlapping ten-year periods from 1926 to 1998 (that is, 1926–1935, 1927–1936, and so on) the S&P stocks scored positive returns sixty-two times. For the fifty-nine periods of fifteen years they were positive every time. Over the *worst* twenty-year period, from 1929 to 1948, the total gain was 84 percent.

Siegel’s research shows declining risk over time in another way. Whereas the worst single year since 1802 showed a loss of 38.6 percent after accounting for inflation, the worst five-year period in the past two centuries produced an average annual loss of only 11.0 percent, the worst ten-year period an average annual loss of 4.1 percent, the best ten-year period an average annual gain of 16.9 percent.

Now let’s go out to a thirty-year period. The worst average annual return was 2.6 percent. In other words, an investment of \$10,000 grew to \$21,598 in inflation-adjusted dollars. Never in American history has a diversified basket of stocks failed to double in buying power over a generation. Never.

Here’s another way to express the amazing decline in risk

as time passes and you hold your stocks. Over a one-year period the standard deviation for stocks is 18 percent. This means that in two out of three years the return on a stock will vary by no more than 18 percentage points from the average—in either direction. Since the average real return is about seven percent, returns should vary two thirds of the time between 25 percent and -11 percent. That's very risky. But over ten-year holding periods the standard deviation drops to five percentage points. Over thirty-year periods it drops to about two percentage points—meaning that two thirds of the time the range is five to nine percent. That's not risky at all.

What is truly amazing about these long-term-risk figures is that they are lower than those for Treasury bonds and even Treasury bills, which mature in a year or less. If you keep your money at work for more than twenty years, stocks are actually safer than short-term T-bills rolled over annually.

Over a twenty-year period the worst inflation-adjusted return by stocks was an annual average of 1.0 percent. For bonds, however, the worst was -3.1 percent, and for T-bills -3.0 percent. Over one-year periods stocks have outperformed bonds only 61 percent of the time, but stocks beat bonds 92 percent of the time over twenty-year periods and 99 percent of the time over thirty-year periods.

LESSON 3: Traditional valuation methods have predicted catastrophe throughout the bull market of the 1990s.

The fact that stocks weren't risky in the past doesn't mean you can buy them now and be certain you will make lots of money. When you buy a stock, you are buying an asset, just like a house. If you buy in a particularly hot neighborhood, you might not feel reassured by the fact that prices there have doubled in the past three years. On the contrary, you might feel that you are in danger of buying at the top, just as a real-estate bubble is about to burst.

Is there any way to figure out what an asset—specifically, a stock—is worth? Traditionally, market analysts have used several different measures of what is called valuation, each based on hard data about a company. The most popular are the dividend yield and the stock's price-to-earnings ratio. In our view, these measures are limited, shortsighted, and anachronistic. Let's look at each.

Dividend yield. When you are thinking about whether to put your money in the bank or spend it on, say, a new television, one of the things you look at (besides the reception of your old television) is the interest rate the bank will give you. If the bank pays you 20 percent, you might be inclined to postpone buying the TV. If you put your money into a stock, you will get whatever dividends the firm pays, plus the increase in the price of the stock. Dividends are fairly predictable, whereas changes in price are not, so one calculation of value focuses on the current dividend. If a stock pays a \$5.00 annual dividend and the price of a share is \$100, analysts say that the stock yields five percent, just as a bank account that paid you

\$5.00 on a \$100 deposit would be said to yield five percent.

Drawing on a long series of data on stocks put together by Robert Shiller, of Yale, we tracked the history of dividends back to the 1870s. From 1871 to 1885 dividend yields were typically around six percent. Buy \$100 worth of stock and each year you would receive about \$6.00 in dividends. Interest rates on long-term Treasury bonds were about the same at the time. From 1886 to 1930 dividend yields stayed fairly close to the interest rate, wandering no higher than 7.5 percent and not much lower than four percent—the level just before the crash of 1929.

After stock prices plummeted, dividend yields rose—at least among the companies that survived. That stands to reason. For example, if a stock that cost \$100 before the crash paid a \$4.00 dividend, it was yielding four percent. If after the crash the firm traded at only \$50 and reduced its dividend to \$3.00, the yield rose to six percent. For the market as a whole the yield stayed in the six percent range until the 1950s. Since then a long and fairly steady decline has brought yields, as of last spring, to 1.5 percent for the thirty stocks of the Dow Jones Industrial Average and 1.2 percent for the 500 stocks of the S&P. Those yields are by far the lowest in history.

Another reason that many people use dividend yields as an indicator of value is that actual dividend payouts—in dollars—are fairly steady for a corporation. They tend to rise as earnings rise. Remember that a dividend *yield* is the payout divided by the share price. So if the price rises at the same rate as the payout, the yield will stay the same.

If dividend yields drop when stock prices rise, many Wall Street pessimists conclude that stock prices are far too high—out of whack with dividends and earnings, the measures to which they should always be tied. But dividend yields have been falling for half a century, so if you believe that the dividend yield is the true measure of a stock's value, you would conclude that stocks have been too expensive for the better part of fifty years. Around 1950 a \$100 investment bought annual dividends of \$6.00, just as it did in the 1870s. But except for a blip in the inflation-wracked 1970s and early 1980s, when bond rates soared, that \$100 has since bought less and less. In the early 1990s it bought only \$3.00 in dividends. Now it buys less than \$1.50.

Consider Boeing, which this year paid a dividend of 56 cents while trading at \$37 a share—a yield of 1.5 percent (.56 divided by 37 = 0.015). If you believe that the appropriate yield for a stock is the historical six percent, and if Boeing's dividend remains at 56 cents, then its price should be \$9.25 a share. To achieve a yield of three percent the price would have to drop to \$18.75. Since Boeing's yield is roughly the same as the S&P's, the entire market would have to fall by either three quarters (from \$37 to \$9.25) or one half (from \$37 to \$18.75) to return to its old dividend-yield levels.

As we will see, dividends and dividend growth—as opposed to dividend *yield*—are essential to our 36,000 theory. But we think it's time for those who keep pointing to low div-



THE GREATEST RICHES
OUR CHILDREN CAN INHERIT ARE
AIR THAT'S CLEAN TO BREATHE AND
WATER THAT'S SAFE TO DRINK.

The 500,000 men and women of America's Electric Utility Companies take great pride in generating electricity more cleanly and efficiently than ever before. And we're furthering partnerships and projects that promote the use of renewable energy. To learn more about our environmental programs, and new ways you can use electricity wisely, visit our website (www.eei.org/enviro/). Together, we can make our children's future that much richer.

AMERICA'S ELECTRIC UTILITY COMPANIES

©1998, by the Edison Electric Institute. All rights reserved.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

idend yields to reassess the usefulness of that indicator. Certainly, a high yield may be a signal that a particular stock is attractively underpriced. But a low yield tells us very little about whether the market is dangerously overpriced.

P/E ratio. Academic research has shown that shareholders appear to be indifferent to whether their companies pay dividends or retain earnings. If the firm you own earns \$5.00, it is your \$5.00 whether the firm formally hands you the money or not. One reason dividend yields are no longer a useful tool for valuing stocks is that companies now recognize their shareholders' indifference to quarterly payouts. In fact, owners may prefer to keep profits inside the company, because the tax liability is lower. So earnings may be even more important than dividends when it comes to valuing a company—which is why the P/E ratio has become such a closely followed indicator.

Just as you can calculate a dividend yield comparable to a bond interest rate, you can calculate an earnings yield that takes into account all the profits a company makes after taxes—whether those profits are distributed to shareholders or kept in the company. A stock that earns \$5.00 per share and costs \$100 has an earnings yield of five percent—the earnings per share divided by the current price of the share. That's the earnings-to-price, or E/P, ratio. Most analysts, however, like to talk about the inverse of the earnings yield, the P/E ratio.

The P/E has a much more interesting history than the dividend yield. Firms tend to set their dividends at a level that they can comfortably maintain or increase every year—cutting dividends is a nasty business. Earnings, however, swing down sharply in recessions and up sharply in boom years. So although from 1890 to 1900 the average dividend yield for the market was around four percent just about every year, the P/E ranged from a low of 13 to a high of 27. Such wild P/E swings have been common. From 1916 to 1921 the average annual market P/E rose from six to 25, only to fall back around 11 the next year. During the Bush Administration the P/E swung wildly between 12 and 22.

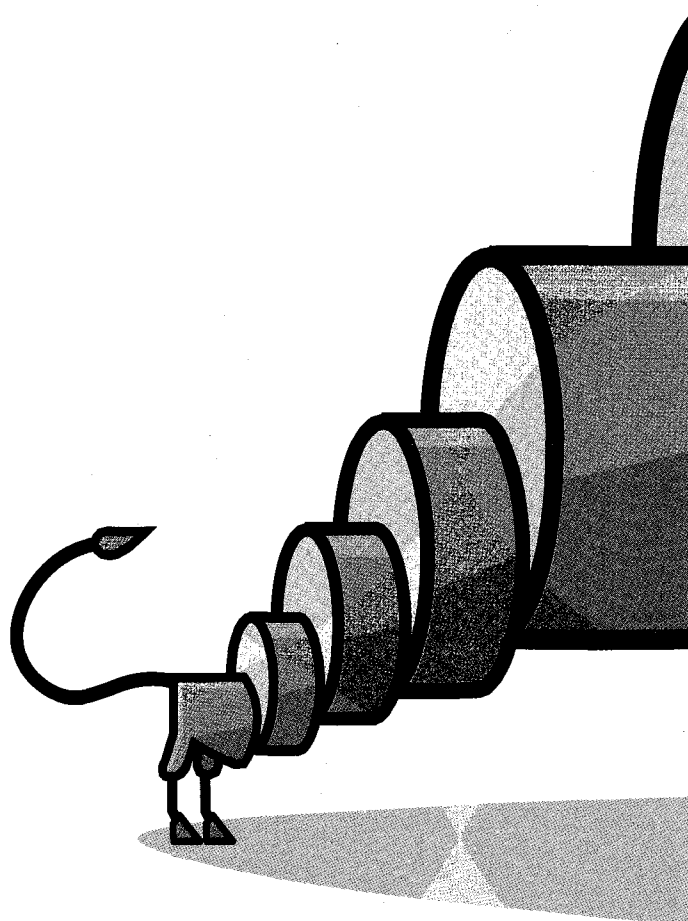
Since the P/E is so volatile, it is harder to get a handle on a "reasonable" historical ratio. The average since the 1870s is about 14 (which is the same as an E/P of seven percent). In the late 1970s the P/E dipped below that, perhaps flashing a "buy" signal to market strategists. (Buying in the 1970s was a smart thing to do—but also very brave. The decade was the worst in modern times for the stock market, with the S&P falling by 13 percent after accounting for inflation. Even in the 1930s the S&P rose by 22 percent.) In the time since Ronald Reagan took office, the P/E has climbed from below 10 to between 25 and 30.

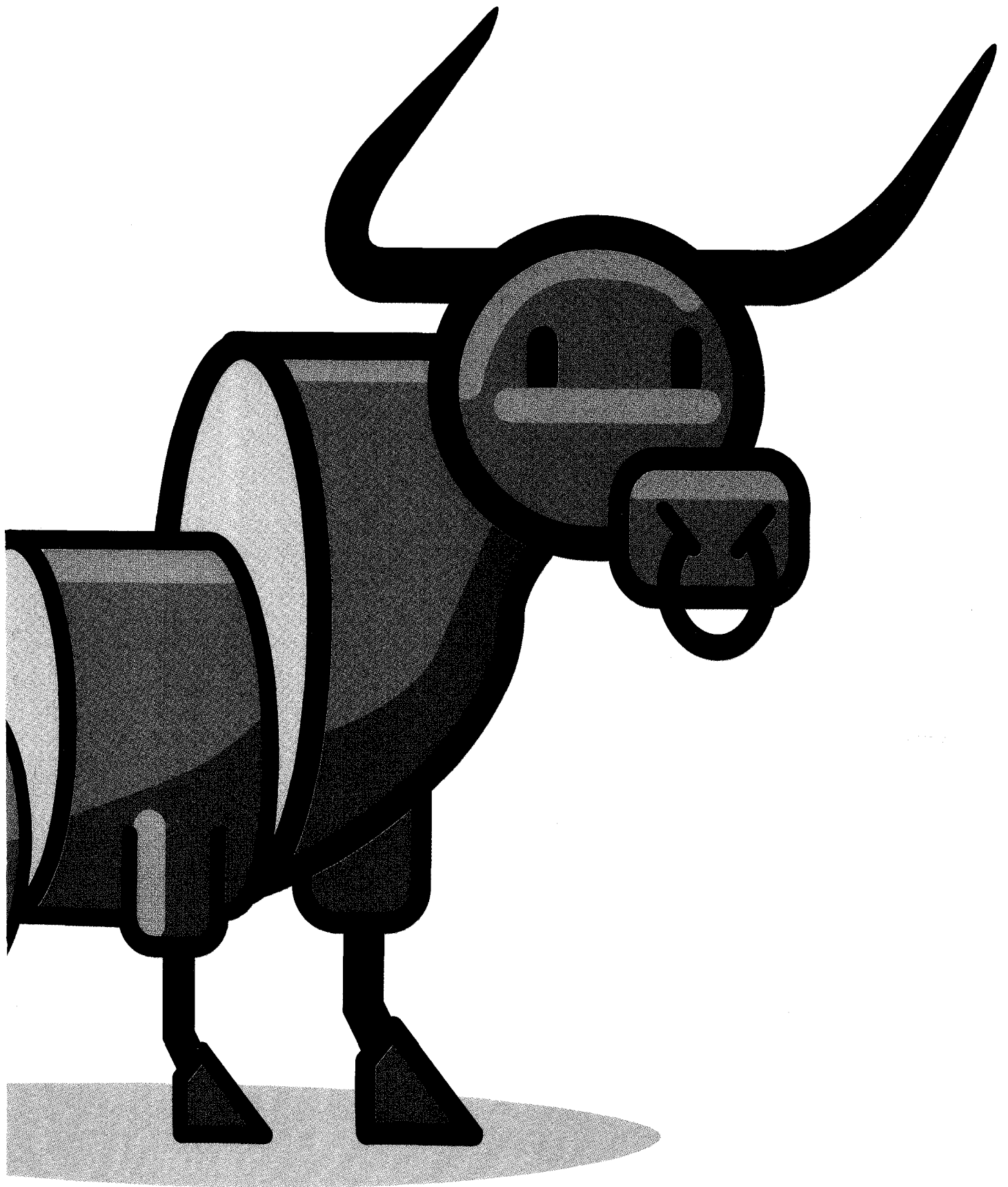
If you were adamant that the level of the late 1970s was the "correct" value for the P/E, as many analysts were, you would have stayed away from stocks through the greatest bull market in our history. Even if you took the longer-term view, and didn't bail out of stocks until the P/E climbed above its long-run average of 14, you would have sold out in the late 1980s and missed an octupling of your money.

Again, like the dividend yield, the P/E is a good sign to investors that an individual stock may be a bargain. But yields and P/Es do not indicate some kind of ceiling beyond which the market can't go. Consider Merck, the pharmaceutical house. From 1983 to 1998 its P/E averaged 19. But if investors had accepted that figure as a limit, they would have dumped their shares in early 1995. Over the past four years Merck has tripled in price. By June it was trading at a P/E of 32 and was still, according to our analysis, significantly undervalued. The stock has a dividend yield of 1.5 percent, and over the past five years its dividends have grown by an average of 13 percent.

A profound change has occurred in the attractiveness of stocks since the early 1980s, as investors have become more rational. The old "limits" of yields and P/Es do not apply anymore—if they ever did.

So the prime valuation measures that market analysts have traditionally used have been flashing "overvalued" signals for many years. For the market to return to historical valuation levels by these measures, declines of 50 to 75 percent would





PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be necessary. Yet rather than waiting for the market to revert to the historical levels, we view the measures as woefully mistaken. What are they missing?

A CONSERVATIVE LOOK AT HOW HIGH THE MARKET CAN GO

WE value stocks according to how much cash they put in your pocket. Stocks are less risky than bonds, so bonds should produce more cash. But let's be conservative and simply assume that stocks and bonds should produce the same amount of cash. In the past stocks produced more cash than bonds: stocks were too cheap. Are they still too cheap? To answer that question we need to construct a method to determine the flow of cash that stocks are likely to deliver. Then we need to put a present value on that flow—what it's worth today to own an asset that will give you, say, \$50,000 over the next fifty years. The second part is easy; we can use a simple financial formula. The first part—estimating the cash flow—is a little tougher. Ultimately we want to be able to draw conclusions about the entire market, but let's start by looking at a single firm, Wells Fargo & Company.

With antecedents in the famous stagecoach line of the Old West, the San Francisco-based bank merged last year with Norwest Corporation, which had headquarters in Minneapolis and tentacles throughout the country. The new company kept the Wells Fargo name and became the seventh largest bank-holding company in the United States, with more than 2,800 conventional branches and 3,000 mini-branches inside retail stores in twenty-one states. It finished the year with \$137 billion in deposits and \$2 billion in after-tax profits. Wells Fargo also happens to be one of the better investments of Berkshire Hathaway, the holding company chaired by the superinvestor Warren Buffett. Berkshire owns 67 million shares of Wells, worth \$2.9 billion—stock that originally cost Buffett just \$392 million. Berkshire is the largest shareholder in the bank.

In April of this year a share of Wells Fargo stock cost \$40 and paid an annual dividend of 75 cents, for a yield of 1.9 percent. If you had taken your \$40 and put it in a long-term Treasury bond at that time, it would have paid you 5.5 percent interest, or \$2.20 a year, for thirty years. The gap of \$1.45 between the interest payment of \$2.20 and the dividend payment of 75 cents seems very large. Can Wells Fargo really increase its dividends so much in the future that it will put more money in your pocket than the bond would?

The answer depends on how much the dividend grows. Let's look first at the past. Wells Fargo increased its dividend per share over the past five years at a rate of 16.5 percent annually, and over the past ten years at a rate of 14.5 percent. Those growth rates are solid, and Wells Fargo's story is not unusual. If Wells Fargo can sustain similar growth in the future, the dividend payments will become very big very fast. Growing at 16.5 percent a year, that 75-cent dividend will be

\$1.61 in five years, \$3.45 in ten years, and \$15.91 in twenty years. In thirty years it will rise to \$73.26, whereas the payment from the Treasury bond will still be \$2.20. In other words, in that thirtieth year the dividend payment to a Wells Fargo shareholder will be higher than the total of the bond's interest payments over thirty years—and almost twice as great as the bond's \$40 principal.

But, of course, growth at 16.5 percent cannot go on forever; indeed, if a firm constantly grew faster than the economy overall, the firm would ultimately swallow the whole thing up. Sooner or later a company matures, and thereafter it just keeps up with the growth of the economy (if that). Yes, 16.5 percent is unrealistic, but if we are willing to make some assumptions about the company's growth in the future, we can predict the amount of cash the company will generate in dividends—and from that figure we can compute its proper value today.

Let's divide a company's life cycle into two stages: "adolescence" and "adulthood" (we won't try to analyze companies that are now fast-growing infants, like so many Internet companies). During adolescence a company grows at a rate higher than that of the economy as a whole. Once it becomes an adult, it grows at a rate that is a bit slower than that of the economy as a whole.

The value of a company's stock depends on its current dividend, together with how fast the company will grow during adolescence, how long adolescence will last, and how fast the company will grow during adulthood. (The best firms, like the best people, are those that keep their adolescent energy even as they reach an advanced age.)

Wells Fargo is hardly an adolescent, but a reinvigorated management and the merger with Norwest give it teenage vitality. So let's start by assuming that Wells will maintain the 16.5 percent growth rate of its dividends of the past five years for another five years. Then let's assume that it will abruptly mature and after that will grow at a rate about 0.5 percent slower than nominal GDP growth, or about 4.5 percent a year. Let's also assume that the prevailing Treasury-bond rate is 5.5 percent, as it was in the spring of this year. This rate is really not so vital, as we will see.

Under these assumptions we can easily total all the bank's future dividends and calculate what those dividends are worth today—their discounted present value. The answer is \$128 a share. Let's call that our first estimate of the perfectly reasonable price, or PRP, for Wells Fargo. If last April the market had smartened up and correctly priced the stock immediately, the share price would have risen from \$40 to \$128. The P/E ratio, which at the time was 33, would have increased to 105.

But this is just one scenario. Let's try some others. If we assume that the company can stay adolescent for ten years instead of five—that is, maintain the 16.5 percent growth rate for a full decade before trailing off—then the PRP becomes \$214.

On the other hand, slower growth can lower the numbers—although not enough to make the company look like a bad investment. Say that the company grows at a rate of only 14.5

Every day we are working to develop advanced technologies: Fiber Optic Data Transmission

(systems that speed electronic information throughout your vehicle)

Mobile Multi-Media Communication

(systems that will bring space age communications, the Internet, movies, games and more into a vehicle)

Adaptive Cruise Control

(systems that can electronically adjust speed to maintain a preset distance from another vehicle)

Advanced Energen™ Energy Systems

(systems that will generate power and even help propel a vehicle)

Advanced Safety Interiors

(systems that will tailor airbag deployment based on individual occupant and collision characteristics)

Electronic Drive-By-Wire Systems

(systems that use sensors and electrical impulses instead of conventional mechanical components for functions like steering, braking and more)

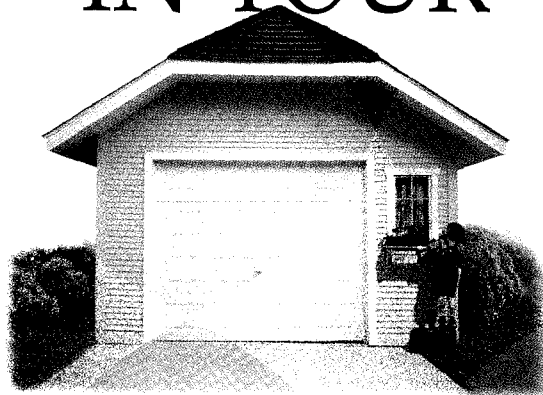
TRAXXAR™ Vehicle Stability Systems

(systems that will help give you greater control of your vehicle)

Advanced Thermal Management Systems

(systems that keep you and your engine cool and comfortable).

SOME OF WHICH WILL END UP IN YOUR



DELPHI

Automotive Systems

Driving Tomorrow's Technology

Delphi Automotive Systems, now under the stock symbol **DPH** and at www.delphiauto.com.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Stock prices that held in the past reflected an irrationally high aversion to risk.

Stocks are now, we believe, in the midst of a one-time-only rise to much higher ground. After they complete this historic ascent, owning them will still be profitable but returns will decline. In the meantime, astounding profits will be made.

percent during adolescence. If the high-growth period lasts five years before the company reverts to low-growth adulthood, the PRP is \$117. If adolescence lasts ten years, the PRP is \$181.

Now assume that the company's dividends in adulthood rise only with the level of inflation—say, 2.5 percent—rather than at a rate slightly below the rate of GDP growth. In that case, with a five-year adolescence at a growth rate of 16.5 percent the PRP is \$42, with a ten-year adolescence \$67.

Which is the most likely scenario? The choice is yours—which is why you should study the stock. Our guess would be a ten-year adolescence at a growth rate of 14.5 percent followed by a reversion to growth that is 0.5 percent slower than the GDP's. That would cause the price of Wells to quadruple, and the P/E to rise to 149.

Is Wells Fargo special? Not at all. The stock market universe is filled with companies that have stories at least as compelling.

A VALUE FOR THE WHOLE MARKET

In order to value the whole market, we need first to go back to the yardstick against which stock prices are measured: the U.S. Treasury bond, the main alternative for many investors who are thinking about buying stocks.

A bond is an IOU, a piece of paper indicating that the borrower promises to pay the lender back, with interest. The longest maturity of any Treasury bond you can buy today is thirty years. At the end of last year thirty-year Treasury bonds were paying interest of about five percent. In other words, if you lend the U.S. government \$1,000, it will send you checks of \$50 a year for the next thirty years, and then hand back the \$1,000. In the past bonds with even longer maturities have been issued—by companies, not by the U.S. government. The Walt Disney Company, the Coca-Cola Company, and IBM have all sold 100-year bonds.

If you are considering a long-term bond, you are probably thinking more about how much interest it will pay than about the money you will get back thirty years from now. That is perfectly reasonable. A claim today on \$1,000 in thirty years is not worth very much. By the time you get the \$1,000, its purchasing power will be reduced significantly. At an inflation rate of 2.5 percent \$1,000 loses more than half its value in thirty

years and about nine tenths of its value in a hundred years.

A stock has no definite maturity, and certainly comes with no promise to repay your original investment down the road. Sure, if a company is bought out or dissolved, the shareholders might be paid off, but if the company is successful, that event could be decades, or even a century, away. General Electric, for example, traces its beginnings to the Edison Electric Light Company in 1878 and continues to increase its profits at a rapid clip. GE's earnings were \$9 billion last year, up from \$4 billion in 1993.

So one way to think of a stock is as a bond with a really, really long maturity. Although no stock will last forever, a strategy of keeping your funds in the market as a whole through a mutual fund could be sustained for quite a long time. Extending the maturity toward a far-off horizon actually makes our analysis easier, because we can ignore the repayment of your original investment and focus on the cash flow. That, after all, is the key question in investing: How much money goes into your pocket?

Now suppose the government decided to offer a bond that lasted forever—something called a perpetuity. If the interest rate on this bond were constant over time, it would be easy to price—just like current long-term Treasuries.

Let's say that the rate on comparable investments, such as insured bank certificates of deposit, is 10 percent. Then a bond that paid \$1.00 a year forever would cost \$10—because that is how much you would have to invest elsewhere to get the same cash flow. If the interest rate on comparable investments was five percent, the perpetuity that paid \$1 a year forever would cost \$20, because that is how much you'd have to invest elsewhere to get that dollar.

Now suppose that in addition to the five percent "normal" bond, the government introduced a second kind of perpetuity, on which annual payments increased every year at some fixed rate—say, two percent. Let's call this a growth bond. What interest rate should the growth bond pay today in order to pay exactly as much over its lifetime as the normal five percent bond would? Clearly, the initial rate on the growth bond should be lower than five percent—because growth would make payments higher in the future. But how much lower?

That seems like a difficult math problem, but actually the solution is simple—and it's treated in nearly every finance textbook. A normal bond and a growth bond are equivalent in present value if the sum of the growth bond's interest rate plus

its growth rate is equal to the normal bond's interest rate. So if the normal bond is paying five percent and the growth bond's payments will rise by two percent a year, then the growth bond should start off paying three percent. It's that easy.

Of course, the timing of the payments is different. In the first year a \$1,000 normal bond will pay \$50 in interest, whereas the growth bond will pay \$30. In the second year the growth bond will pay \$30.60, and in the tenth year \$35.85. And so on. If the sum of the growth bond's interest rate and growth rate is bigger than the interest rate of the normal bond, then the growth bond is paying its holders too much money. What does "paying too much" mean? Simply that the growth bond is underpriced.

Let's bring these mathematical calculations back to the world of stocks.

- First, think of a stock as being the same thing as a growth bond.
- Second, think of a stock's dividend yield as being the same thing as the growth bond's interest rate.
- Third, think of the growth rate of the stock's annual dividend as the same thing as the growth rate of the growth bond's annual interest payment.
- And remember that we want the stock to provide the same flow of cash as a normal long-term Treasury bond.

The stock will provide that cash flow if the sum of its dividend yield and the growth rate of its dividends (how much they increase, on average, per year) is equal to the interest rate on that normal Treasury bond. If the sum is greater than the Treasury rate, then the stock is paying too much.

Just like a growth bond, a stock that pays too much is underpriced. Again, think of bonds. If one bond that costs \$1,000 is paying interest of \$100 a year while all other bonds that cost \$1,000 are paying interest of \$50 a year, then, obviously, the bond that is paying \$100 a year is too cheap at \$1,000. Its price should rise to \$2,000, making its return the same five percent.

Think of the stock market, as represented by the S&P 500. When the sum of the S&P's dividend yield plus the growth rate of its dividends exceeds the rate on a normal Treasury bond, then the market has not reached the perfectly reasonable price. The market is too cheap. It needs to rise some more.

Let's get down to the real numbers. We need look at only three things: the interest rate on long-term Treasury bonds, the dividend yield on stocks, and the expected long-term growth rate of stock dividends.

The first two numbers are easy to find in any newspaper. Earlier this year the rate on a thirty-year T-bond was roughly 5.5 percent, and the dividend yield for the typical stock in the Dow Jones Industrial Average was 1.5 percent—both rates low by traditional standards. The third rate—the growth of dividends per share—is not listed in newspapers, but its history is easy to discover, using statistics developed by the Yale economist Robert Shiller. (If you would like to see the data yourself, they are available on the Web at www.econ.yale.edu/~shiller/chapt26.html/.)

The figures are compelling. From 1977 to 1997 the growth rate for dividends was 6.1 percent. From 1946 to 1997 the rate was 6.2 percent. So the past two decades have not really been much different from the rest of the postwar period. The consistency of these numbers is important. There are two possible explanations for the apparent undervaluation of stocks back in the late 1970s. Either dividends grew far more than could possibly have been expected or people were too cautious about the risks of stocks. Since dividend growth over the past twenty years is almost precisely the same as over the past fifty years, the growth should have come as no big surprise.

But back to our calculations.

To start, let's assume that dividends will grow in the future at the same fairly steady rate as they have over the past half century—by about 6.2 percent. You can see that stocks are paying too much when you add the yield of dividends (about 1.5 percent in 1998) to the growth rate (6.2 percent) and you get 7.7 percent, or 2.2 percentage points more than the T-bond rate (5.5 percent). Thus stocks put more money in your pocket than bonds, even though stocks are actually less risky than bonds over long periods.

Of course, applying the simple formula here is a problem, because the growth rate is bigger than the current interest rate. If firms grew that fast forever and the interest rate did not change, then the present value of future dividends would be infinite. One way to solve this problem is to rely on the simple model we used for Wells Fargo—breaking up a firm's life into adolescence and adulthood.

Suppose, for example, that all the companies in the market will grow at six percent a year for the next ten years and then grow at 0.5 percent below the GDP growth rate after that. In that case the present value of future dividends that you buy when you buy \$100 worth of a portfolio representing the entire S&P 500 is \$172. In other words, the market would have to rise immediately by 72 percent under these extremely modest assumptions to reach the PRP.

If the growth rate that has prevailed since 1946 continues for another fifty years before tailing off, then buying \$100 worth of stock today will get you dividends worth \$270 in present value. But dividends have grown faster than GDP for some time. Perhaps we should be more aggressive. If dividends just keep up with GDP (rather than falling behind by half a point) after ten more years of six percent growth, then their present value climbs to \$329. If the six percent growth lasts twenty years, the present value climbs to \$360; if fifty years, to \$460.

After weighing the historical evidence, we support an estimate based on one of the last two numbers. The PRP for the market overall should be 260 to 360 percent higher than it is now—three and a half to four and a half times as high. Since the dividend yield for the Dow was around 1.5 percent earlier this year, the market should rise until the yield is about 0.4 percent.

It is easy to pull the same answer out of the growth-bond

relationship. If the dividend yield is 0.4 percent and the Treasury bond yield is 5.5 percent, then the equation (cash returns from bonds = cash returns from stocks, or cash returns from bonds = dividend yield plus the growth rate of dividends) balances if that growth rate equals 5.1 percent: $5.5 = 0.4 + 5.1$. This number is more than one percentage point below the average growth rate of dividends since 1946, so it seems to us perfectly reasonable.

But wait. These calculations have been based on numbers that don't allow for inflation. Inflation makes saving for tomorrow less attractive, because one dollar tomorrow can't buy as much as one dollar today. Although your dividends will be higher ten years from now, a new car or a trip to Europe will cost more, so shouldn't we take inflation into account?

Fine. Let's correct for inflation. Since the interest payment on a T-bond is the same every year, the bond's future payments are worth less and less as inflation erodes the value of the dollar. To account for this degradation, economists talk about the "real yield" of a bond, which is the nominal, or stated, interest rate minus the inflation rate.

So let's look at some numbers that correct for inflation. In its forecast at the beginning of this year the Congressional Budget Office predicted that inflation will rise at an average of about 2.6 percent a year through 2009. That means that the real yield on long-term Treasuries paying 5.5 percent is about 2.9 percent. For stocks the dividend yield is 1.5 percent. We don't need to adjust it for inflation, so long as we adjust the growth rate for inflation.

And how do we get the real growth rate for dividends? One source is the data developed by Robert Shiller. From 1946 to 1997 dividends per share grew at a real annual rate of 2.2 percent. From 1977 to 1997 the rate was 2.3 percent. From 1987 to 1997 it was 3.0 percent.

Add the middle real-growth rate to the dividend yield of 1.5 percent and you get a total of 3.8 percent, or 0.9 percent more than the real interest rate on bonds. Use the more recent figure for real growth and the difference is even larger.

If we assume that the real growth of dividends will continue at two to three percent, then we find, again, that stocks are paying too much. The only way this imbalance can be corrected is for stocks to rise in price.

But there is a serious problem with these numbers. The dividend payouts are far, far too low. Why?

Two reasons. First, when a firm pays out dividends to its shareholders, the shareholders are forced to pay tax immediately on the dividends. When the firm retains its earnings, the shareholders pay no tax. As we pointed out above, firms have been gradually learning that shareholders prefer not to pay taxes, and the fraction of earnings that is paid out in dividends has dropped dramatically—from above 70 percent in the 1930s to less than 40 percent today. This downward trend absolutely does not reflect a decline in firms' ability to pay dividends.

Second, the data we have used so far are based on the dividends of the S&P 500. One intriguing characteristic of the re-

cent bull market is that many of the firms that have soared are computer and Internet companies that pay no dividends. This change in the composition of the S&P 500 means that dividend statistics are currently biased downward. (Our assumption is that a firm like Microsoft, with \$20 billion in cash, will put money in shareholders' pockets in the future.) A better measure might correct for this big-firm low-dividend bias by looking at the market as a whole.

To do this, we constructed an aggregate measure of dividend yield and growth rate of dividends for all companies from the Federal Reserve's Flow of Funds tables. These numbers make the market look even better. The dividend yield for U.S. companies last year, according to calculations from the Fed data, was 2.0 percent, and the growth rate of dividends averaged 9.4 percent over the preceding twenty years. Adding those two numbers, we get 11.4 percent, as against the six percent we have been using in our conservative calculations.

How much will prices have to rise? Until they reach our PRP, or perfectly reasonable price. And what, precisely, is that?

Let's step back. If a stock's dividend payout in dollars stays the same but the stock rises in price, its yield will decline. Take AT&T. Suppose it pays a dividend of \$1.50 a share while shares are trading at \$100. Its yield is 1.5 percent. Now assume that AT&T triples in price but its dividend stays the same; its yield becomes 0.5 percent.

Let's suppose that the entire market is represented by that single share of AT&T. After all, at the start of this year the stocks in the Dow Jones Industrial Average were offering a dividend yield of about 1.5 percent. If the entire market triples in price and the market's dividend payout in dollars stays the same, the yield will drop to 0.5 percent.

Add that yield to our conservative real growth rate of dividends (2.3 percent) and you get 2.8 percent—approximately equal to the real T-bond interest rate. The equation balances.

At the start of this year, the Dow Jones Industrial Average was about 9,000. If the Dow, representing the entire market, tripled, then dividend yields would decline to their "perfectly reasonable" level—the level at which stocks put the same amount into your pocket as bonds. If we use the dividend yield from the Fed data as our starting point, the market needs to quadruple to reach the PRP.

Recognize that our assumptions are modest. First, we are looking just at dividends. Second, we are using a conservative estimate for real dividend growth. It could easily be three percent or higher.

Give this powerful idea some time to sink in: By our simple, logical calculation, stocks may be undervalued by as much as three quarters. They need to triple or quadruple to get to where they should be: the PRP.

But firms earn far more than they pay out in dividends, and those earnings, too, count in figuring out how much money ends up in an investor's pocket. How much do they count? A lot.

Our Index fund...

beat the S&P 500,
received Morningstar's highest overall rating,TM
outperformed 90% of all domestic equity funds*
...and that's only half the story.

At Domini Social Investments delivering competitive returns is important, but we believe there is more to investing. Today's social investors are shaping tomorrow's world. By investing responsibly, considering environmental and social factors, we're redefining corporate America's bottom line.

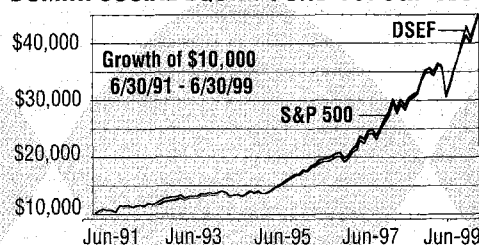
Our performance speaks for itself, but let us tell you more about the other half of the story.

Call 800-225-FUND (3863) or visit us at www.domini.com to learn more about the Domini Social Equity Fund, the nation's first socially and environmentally screened index fund.

★★★★★ Morningstar Overall Rating

Among 3,043 and 1,878 domestic equity funds for the 3-year and 5-year periods ended 6/30/99, respectively.¹

DOMINI SOCIAL EQUITY FUND VS. S&P 500²



Avg. Annual Total Returns as of 6/30/99 ²	DSEF	S&P 500 Index
1 year	25.28%	22.76%
5 year	28.14%	27.85%
Since 6/3/91 (Inception)	19.73%	19.65%

Past performance is no guarantee of future results. Investment return and principal value will vary, and you may have a gain or loss when you sell shares.

*Morningstar ranked our Fund in the top 10% of all domestic equity funds for the 3-year (104 out of 3,043) and 5-year periods (90 out of 1,878) ended 6/30/99, and in the top 15% for the one-year period (645 out of 4,761) ended 6/30/99.

No-Load

Available for IRAs



Domini 
SOCIAL INVESTMENTS

The Responsible Index FundSM

1-800-225-FUND

www.domini.com

For more information including fees and expenses, call for a free prospectus. Please read it carefully before you invest. ¹ MorningstarTM proprietary ratings are subject to change monthly and reflect historical risk-adjusted performance as of 6/30/99. They are calculated from the fund's 3- and 5-year average annual returns in excess of 90-day T-bill returns with appropriate fee adjustments, and a risk factor that reflects fund performance below 90-day T-bill returns. The top 10% of funds in their broad asset class receive five stars. ² Total return figures are historical and include changes in share price, reinvestment of dividends and capital gains. The Fund waived certain fees during the period, without which returns would have been lower. The Standard & Poor's 500 Index is an unmanaged index in which direct investment cannot be made.

Although the Fund is no-load, certain fees and expenses apply to a continued investment. Signature Broker-Dealer Services, Inc., Distributor. 7/99
©1999 Domini Social Investments LLC. ADAM003-03

A MORE REASONABLE LOOK AT HOW HIGH THE MARKET CAN GO

If you own a restaurant or a dry-cleaning shop, you aren't picky about what the profits are called. What's important is that your cash flow in is greater than your cash flow out, and that you have actual money to put into your bank account. This positive flow of cash is the reason for investments.

But so far we have been using just one kind of cash flow—dividends—as the measure for all cash flow. This is a very conservative approach, because in recent years the total profits (official after-tax earnings, as reported to the Securities and Exchange Commission) of the average company have been nearly three times the dividends it pays to shareholders.

Earnings are much higher than dividends because many firms keep part (or all) of that money to make investments, which they expect will deliver more profits in the future. In addition, businesses recognize that there's a tax advantage to retaining earnings, because the tax rates that shareholders pay on dividends are higher than the rates they pay on capital gains, or increases in the value of their stock—in the case of rich shareholders, roughly twice as high.

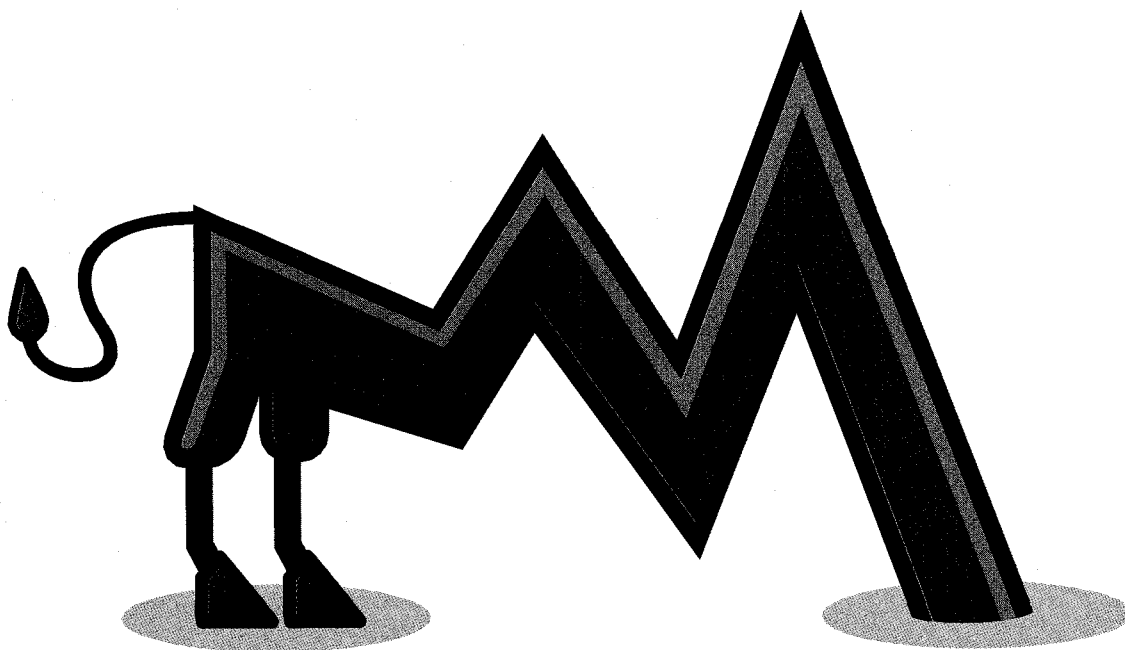
Certainly earnings are real money, but it would be an egregious error to apply the analysis we just used for dividends to all earnings for all companies. In the case of most com-

investor, explaining to shareholders at the 1998 annual meeting of Berkshire Hathaway why not all earnings are created equal. He defined what he called a “wonderful business”: “The business is wonderful if it gives you more and more money every year without [your] putting up anything—or [with your putting up] very little. And we have some businesses like that. . . . The worst business of all is the one that grows a lot, where you're forced to grow just to stay in the game at all, and where you're reinvesting the capital at a very low rate of return. And sometimes people are in those businesses without knowing it.”

In other words, the fact that a company's earnings are rising every year doesn't mean that its long-run prospects are improving. Those rising earnings may have to go straight back into the business to pay for vital capital investments just to stay on an even keel.

Consider, for example, a limousine company that has to use all its profits each year to buy new cars to keep up with the competition. If it does not buy new cars and its rivals do, the company will lose customers and eventually go bankrupt. So even if its profits are rising at 10 percent a year, they never go into the pockets of the owners. They are sunk into new cars. In the end the limo company is an asset with no value, because it has no cash flow.

Now consider a company that owns a seaside hotel that requires almost no upkeep. As people get richer, demand



panies, however, some of the earnings beyond dividends will flow to shareholders. Now we will calculate how much—and, from that, make a less cautious but more reasonable estimate of how stocks should be priced than we did in our dividend-based estimate. We will also explain why a P/E ratio as high as 100 is justified for the market as a whole, and P/E's even higher are justified for some stocks.

But first listen to Warren Buffett, America's most successful

for rooms increases, so the hotel raises its rates. But very little money has to go back into the hotel. If the hotel distributes the money that's left over to its shareholders, then we can do our usual calculations—dividend rate plus growth rate of dividends should equal or exceed the T-bond rate—and everything is fine. But if the hotel decides to retain all those earnings and stash the cash in, say, a savings account paying five percent interest, we have a problem. Earnings will be inflated

in subsequent years by the interest from the bank—interest that the shareholders could have earned if the hotel had paid the dividends to them.

These are the two reasons that cash flow to shareholders is rarely equal to reported earnings: 1) huge reinvestments may be necessary just to maintain a firm's competitive position in the future, and 2) there's the potential for double-counting.

The reported earnings of most companies, very clearly, are greater than the cash that flows into your pocket over the time you own a stock. But just as clearly, quarterly dividends are *less* than that cash flow. After all, many of today's greatest success stories—Microsoft, Amgen, Dell Computer, to name a few—do not pay conventional dividends at all. Yet their stock prices have risen sharply—a sign that investors believe that they will see cash in the future.

paying dividends, and will increase them at a low rate. Back before tax considerations became an important determinant of payouts, mature firms paid out about 70 percent of earnings as dividends, so we will use that figure. Let's see how much cash can be expected to go into your pocket if you put your money in a popular firm, Cisco Systems, that had very high P/Es last spring but that doesn't pay dividends.

Founded in 1984 by a small group including Leonard



Is there any way we can value a company when all we have is reported earnings?

Actually, there are several. One way is to use the two stages we introduced earlier—adolescence and adulthood—but with a subtle change. Assume that during adolescence, as a company pours its earnings back into the firm rather than handing them out to shareholders as dividends, the company will increase its earnings at a high rate. At maturity the firm will start

Bosack and Sandra Lerner, a husband-wife team from Stanford University, who mortgaged their house to raise money and built prototypes in their garage, Cisco Systems has become the largest manufacturer of networking products in the world. Specifically, Cisco controls 85 percent of the market for switches and routers. It also makes the dial-up servers that give computer users access to the Internet.

Cisco's sales rose from \$27.7 million in 1989 to \$8.5 billion

in 1998. Over those ten years Cisco increased its earnings by an annual average of 115 percent. Growth has slowed recently, but not much. Over the five years ending in 1998 average annual earnings increases were 59 percent. The company has a fabulous balance sheet, with no debt, \$1.7 billion in cash and marketable securities, and another \$1.3 billion in notes due from others. Cisco puts much of its profits back into the business, but not all.

Last June, Cisco was selling at \$64, and with earnings per share of 74 cents had a P/E of 86. Pretty expensive stock? Not really. If Cisco's earnings increase at the same rate over the next five years as they have over the past five, they will increase by a factor of 10, to about \$7.50 a share. Suppose that Cisco's price doubles over that five years. Its P/E at that time will be 17—hardly outrageous.

Now suppose that Cisco has five years of adolescence and then, hitting maturity, starts paying 70 percent of earnings out as dividends. Let's use our assumption that dividends per share will grow at about 0.5 percent below the GDP growth rate after the firm reaches maturity.

Using the standard formula for calculating a stock's present value according to the flow of cash it generates over time, we find that Cisco's PRP should be \$399 a share. In other words, Cisco's price last June would need to sextuple. Its P/E would rise to 539 (no, that's not a misprint).

But even with the Internet boom, it may be stretching credulity to project a 59 percent growth rate for Cisco. Value Line's analysts project a 25.5 percent growth in earnings for the company over the next five years, so let's use that figure—and again assume that when adolescence ends, dividend payouts of 70 percent of earnings will begin, with dividends growing slightly more slowly than the U.S. economy. In that case, with a five-year adolescence the PRP for Cisco should be \$122, for a P/E of 165. If growth continues at 25.5 percent for ten years, the PRP is \$291 (about five times this year's price for the stock), and if it continues for twenty years, \$1,652.

The point is that at its current levels Cisco is not an overvalued stock. Whether it should rise by a factor of two or by a factor of 30 to reach its PRP depends on your assumptions. We think a factor of four or five is reasonable.

A PRP FOR THE DOW

It is not difficult to find firms that logically should have prices and P/E ratios well above the historical averages. But what about the market as a whole? Let's look more closely at cash flow and at the relationship between earnings and dividends.

Using earnings to calculate the cash that flows into shareholders' pockets can be very complicated; a good reference is the book *Valuation: Measuring and Managing the Value of Companies*, by Tom Copeland, Tim Koller, and Jack Murrin. The authors suggest several complementary approaches, of which we like the financial-flows technique best, because it is

easy to compute using national statistics. The technique adds repurchases to dividends, but penalizes firms if they finance those dividends with debt.

When we do the arithmetic, using data from the Federal Reserve Board, we find that for the market as a whole since the Second World War, the correct measure of cash flow that shareholders could expect to take out of firms is about 68 percent of earnings. This is a useful fact, because it allows you to look at earnings and make a quick guess at the PRP without doing any further digging.

Growth in cash flow has been even greater than earnings growth by the measure that we have been using. The earnings measure came from Robert Shiller's data, which looked only at the S&P 500, the usual proxy for the market as a whole. But lately go-go stocks like America Online and Qualcomm are gaining more importance on that index. When an Internet company with minuscule current earnings but a large market capitalization and great promise replaces a manufacturer on the S&P, earnings for the index as a whole can drop significantly. But in our examination of the aggregate cash-flow figures we look at the Fed data for all firms, and there's a big difference.

The "cash yield" from these numbers is much higher than the dividend yield for the market as a whole, confirming the intuition that our dividends-only calculations were extremely cautious.

For the market as a whole, the nominal growth rate for cash flow has been about 10 percent annually since the Second World War, as against a 7.3 percent growth in earnings (using the Shiller data) over this period; for the past twenty years cash flow has grown at 12.5 percent, and earnings have grown at 6.7 percent.

More impressive, for all corporations the average cash-flow yield last year was 3.3 percent, as compared with the 1.5 percent dividend yield we found above.

The cash flow from owning stocks, then, may be more than double the lowly dividends of today, and it has grown faster than dividends as well. If we use this alternative measure to evaluate how high the market needs to go to reach the PRP, then our conclusions become even more optimistic. When we used dividends, it looked like the market would have to triple. By this measure, which gives firms credit for money earned on behalf of shareholders but not paid out in dividends, the market would have to grow by a factor of six, even if we assume that cash flow will grow at about the same rate as dividends have grown in the past. If we assume that the recent spurt in cash flow will continue, the PRP is even higher.

Our circumspect assumptions show that the PRP is much higher than the market valuation is today, but it cannot be calculated precisely. For that reason we like to think of the perfectly reasonable price as defining the upper boundary of a "comfort zone." As long as you are a long-term investor with a diversified portfolio, you should not be concerned about warnings of overvaluation or manias or bubbles—provided that P/Es are under 100 and the Dow is below 36,000.

MOST PEOPLE SEE A KID WHO'S BOUND TO MAKE TROUBLE.

Beneath the baggy clothes is usually just a kid who loves challenging gravity. And rather than causing problems, he may be creating solutions—by working with city officials to develop a municipal skate park.

Monitor readers know this thanks to a recent story in our Wednesday "Homefront" section.

In typical fashion, we looked beneath the surface views to present a bigger picture, without the cynicism so common in today's reporting. As we do on everything from kids to Kosovo.

If you'd like to sample an insightful alternative to the mainstream media, call us toll-free at 1-877-FREETRY. And see why we've won six Pulitzers and many thousands of devoted readers.



www.csmonitor.com

MONITOR READERS KNOW BETTER.

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR

A GUIDE TO
HOME, FAMILY,
AND COMMUNITY.

Home front

Going with the grain
Award-winning furniture-
maker John Hein turns
exotic woods into
masterpieces.
Page 13



An Irish 'fry-up'
A hearty stick-to-your-ribs
breakfast in Dublin is a
true test of what Irish
cuisine is all about.
Page 16

Neighbor to Neighbor

By David Clark Scott

Calculus of chores

Call it the new math of chores. Optimum household harmony won't be achieved by working couples if they divide the chores in half.

Rather, each spouse should do 45.8 percent of the laundry, cleaning, shopping, and dishwashing, says Chloe Bird, a Brown University sociologist. The last 8.4 percent should be handed off to the kids, hired out, or let slide.

The key question: Am I under or over the 45.8 percent mark? (Don't feel compelled to answer, My Dearest.)

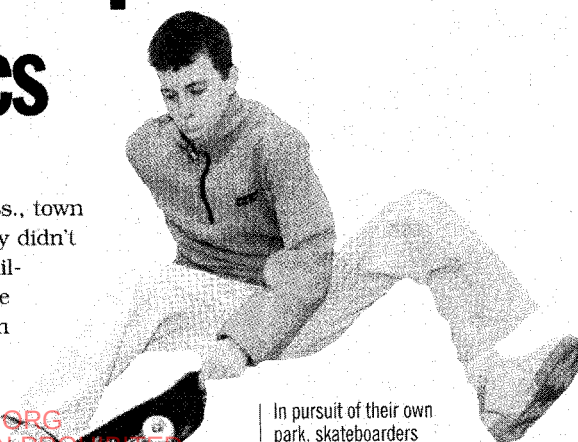
Professor Bird says that in dual-income US homes, wives estimate they do about 67 of the

A half-pipe leap into local politics

By Ross Atkin
Staff writer of The Christian Science Monitor

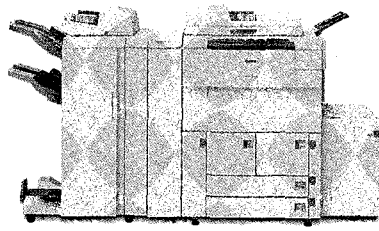
Two years ago, Plymouth, Mass., town meeting member Russ Shirley didn't know a "half pipe" from a "rail-slide." And Adam Drexler, like most teenagers, had never set foot in a town meeting.

But the unlikely union of two worlds — the youthful freewheel-



In pursuit of their own park, skateboarders

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



imageRUNNER

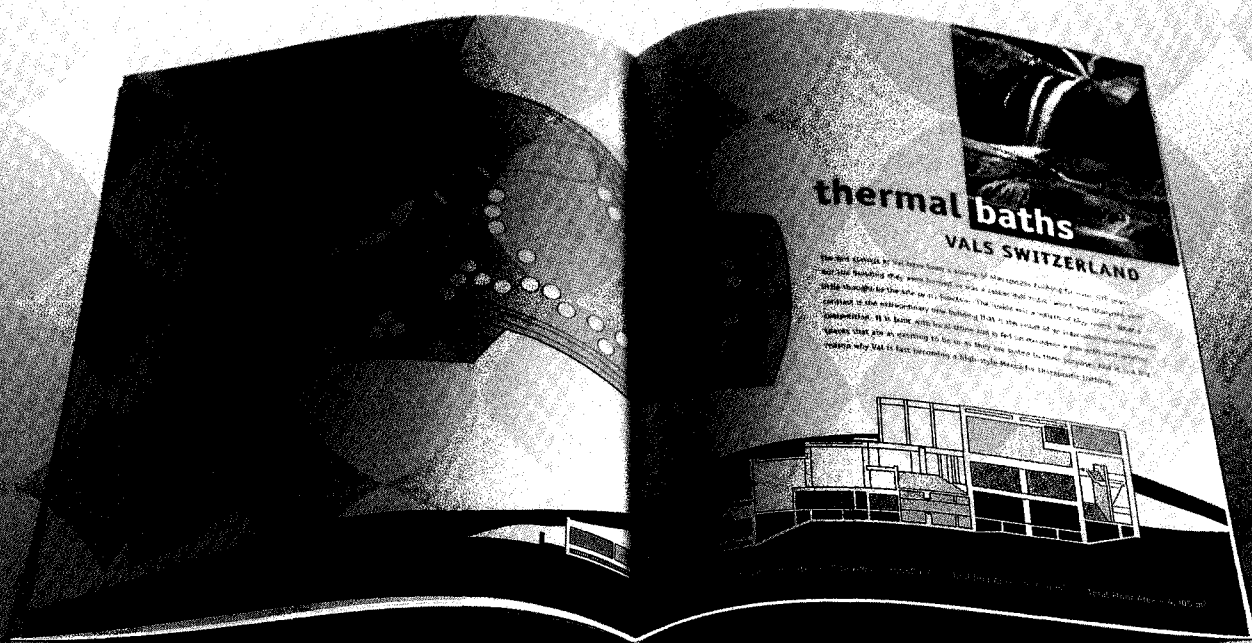
finishes documents

others can't

even start.

imageRUNNER™
600

Call 1-800-OK-CANON, or
visit us at www.imagerunner.com



Imagine creating 200-page, three-hole-punch documents right from your desktop. The Canon imageRUNNER 600 Digital Production System lets you do just that. With ingeniously easy-to-

operate Canon document finishing software -- and the touch of a mouse -- the imageRUNNER 600

enables you to saddle-stitch booklets, side-staple reports, plus z-fold as you see fit. So look into the Canon

imageRUNNER 600. Then, look out. **HERE'S THE FUTURE. LET'S GET TO WORK.™**



How many dollars does a stock put in your pocket over time? We developed a method for estimating the flow of cash from a stock, and then we determined what that cash flow is worth—the “perfectly reasonable price,” or PRP, for a share of stock. The market as a whole would have to at least triple to reach its PRP.

One common warning is that stocks will fall as interest rates rise. But unless the rate increase is dramatic and long-lasting, we are not greatly concerned. The reason is that our theory depends on the level of real interest rates, which have been steady throughout modern U.S. history. For example, if the nominal interest rate on Treasury bonds shoots up to eight percent, the reason for the rise will almost certainly be that investors are worried about higher inflation and are demanding extra compensation for lending their money to the government. But higher inflation would also push up revenues, earnings, and dividends for corporations, so the increase would not change our bullish story. If, however, inflation stays in check but interest rates climb to, say, 10 percent, then real rates will have reached a point where stocks are no longer cheap compared with bonds. That is very much a long shot.

We can't know whether the PRP for the Dow is really 27,000 or 54,000. However, we are sure of two things: thinking about stocks in the way we have described forces investors to ask the right questions, and anyone who claims that the market is too high today is viewing matters from an outdated and flawed perspective.

THE DECLINE OF THE RISK PREMIUM

INVESTORS aren't familiar with our PRP calculations, and they've been warned constantly that they are overvaluing the market, yet they have bid stock prices up dramatically. Why?

Earlier we presented evidence that stocks are less risky than bonds in the long run. We decided to make the cautious assumption that stocks and bonds are equally risky; then the PRP of a stock is the one that produces a flow of cash over time that equals the flow of cash from a Treasury bond.

But we have also shown that in the past investors who have owned stocks have put much more cash in their pockets than those who have owned bonds.

Remember that to find out the returns you can expect from a stock, you simply add the dividend yield to the anticipated growth rate of dividends. That number has typically been much higher than the yield on a Treasury bond, whose interest payments don't rise over time.

For example, early this year the stock of AlliedSignal, Inc., a diversified manufacturer that makes aerospace and auto-

motive products, was paying a dividend of 68 cents a year and trading at \$45 a share, for a yield of about 1.5 percent. The growth rate of the company's dividends was projected at 11.5 percent. Add 1.5 percent and 11.5 percent and you get the expected cash return from the stock—13 percent. Meanwhile, a long-term Treasury bond was yielding 5.5 percent.

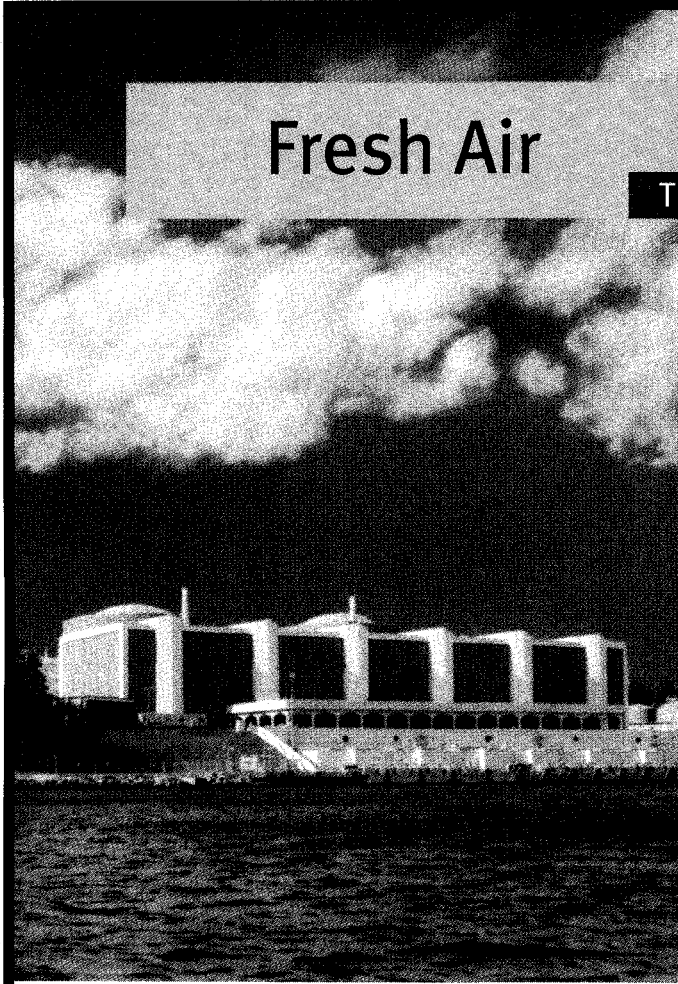
Think of the 13 percent cash return on AlliedSignal stock as exactly comparable to the payments from a risky bond paying a fixed rate of 13 percent. For a risky bond, that extra 7.5 points over the Treasury rate is called the risk premium, and so it is for the risky stock. It is the extra cash flow that investors demand to compensate them for the extra risk of owning stocks instead of Treasury bonds.

But wait. In truth there is no extra risk in stocks. On average, stocks are actually less risky than bonds over long horizons. But investors have historically not believed this. They have perceived that stocks were riskier, so they have demanded higher returns. How much higher?

No official risk-premium figure is reported every year, but by making some assumptions we can construct a series—a historical record. Once again using the raw data compiled by Robert Shiller, we can go all the way back to the 1870s. The risk premium is the number of percentage points you have to add to the Treasury-bond rate in order to make the total equal to the dividend yield for stocks plus the growth rate of dividends. It is easy to find the bond rate and the dividend yield, but we have to guess what people expected that the growth rate of dividends would be each year. For simplicity we made the assumption that the expected growth rate was a consistent six percent—about the average for the entire postwar period.

Take a year when the dividend yield was three percent and the bond rate was five percent. Yield (three percent) plus the growth rate of dividends (six percent) equals nine percent. Subtract the bond rate (five percent) from nine percent and you get an estimate of the risk premium: four percent.

Now look at the actual results. From 1872 to 1929 the risk premium averaged 6.5 percent a year. The 1929 crash scared investors so badly that they boosted the premium even higher. From 1933 to 1950 it hovered around 11 percent. As the Second World War ended and the economy picked up, fears began to diminish, and during the 1950s the average premium dropped to about 9.5 percent. In the 1960s it continued to fall. The rate then fluctuated wildly as Paul Volcker, the chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, launched a war against inflation by hiking in-



Fresh Air

TO



Fresh Food

Nuclear makes it happen.

Chances are you know nuclear power generates about 20 percent of America's electricity without emitting greenhouse gases, but nuclear technology contributes to our lives in countless other ways. Through food irradiation, for example, harmful microbes such as E. coli can be virtually eliminated in meats, fruits, and vegetables. That means more peace of mind at the dinner table.

From medical miracles to space exploration, nuclear technology enhances our lives in many ways. It's the same technology that enables more than 100 nuclear power plants to produce valuable electricity and help keep our air clean. That's one reason why the majority of Americans believe nuclear power—one of our cleanest sources of electricity—should continue to play an important role in our energy future.

NUCLEAR. MORE THAN YOU EVER IMAGINED.



NUCLEAR ENERGY INSTITUTE

1776 I STREET, NW • WASHINGTON, DC 20006 • 202-739-8000
VISIT OUR WEBSITE AT WWW.NEI.ORG

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

terest rates and creating enormous uncertainties. But the premium fell all the way down to about 2.5 percent in the late 1990s.

What happened as investors wised up to reality? They gradually bid down the irrationally high risk premium.

What does this do to stock prices? Say you own a house in northern California in a neighborhood that everyone believes is an earthquake zone. You rent out the house for \$500 a month, or \$6,000 a year—the going rate in that part of the country. The market value of the house is \$60,000—a relatively low figure, because of the threat of quakes and the risk of losing the entire investment. Therefore the annual return on your investment, if the investment is the value of the house, is 10 percent (\$6,000 divided by \$60,000).

Suddenly a new seismological study is released showing that in fact the neighborhood is *not* in an earthquake zone, so the risk of losing your house in a catastrophe plummets to practically zero. The value of the house soars to \$100,000. The income from the tenant, however, remains the same: it was set by the market, because the tenant could always move to another neighborhood. Therefore your annual return is now six percent (\$6,000 divided by \$100,000).

This is a good illustration of what happens to the risk premium after a shift of perception. The risk-free rate of return on the house turned out to be six percent, but you were getting a return of 10 percent when it appeared that you were in an earthquake zone. So you were receiving a risk premium of four percentage points. As the risk was unmasked as illusion, the premium vanished. The value (or price) of the house rose, and the return fell.

This is exactly what has been happening in the stock market. On average the risk premium has historically been about seven percent, and its sharp decline is what has been propelling stocks higher in the bull market of the late twentieth century. Changes in other elements in the equation have been slight. Although many analysts talk about the growth in corporate profits, the truth is that dividend increases have been remarkably steady. Earnings growth has been fairly regular as well, and though nominal bond rates have gone up and down, the real rate has been notably consistent. No, it is the declining risk premium that explains the market's boom.

The historically high risk premium has posed a major intellectual challenge to financial scholars for a long time. Hundreds of academic papers have offered explanations, but none has received wide acceptance. Why has the risk premium now dropped? Scholars are again at a loss.

Without a theory, the experts have to fall back on the argument that the 458 percent return that was produced by the market from June of 1989 to June of this year reflected a temporary euphoria over stocks, and that the historical risk premium accurately reflects people's preferences, as irrational as they may appear. Investors are naturally scared to death of stocks, according to this view, and a huge correction is coming, in which the risk premium will revert to its historical norm.

If the risk premium did return to normal, the carnage would

be devastating. Add a seven percent risk premium to a 5.5 percent Treasury yield and you get a 12.5 percent target for the sum of the dividend yield and the growth rate of dividends. Assume that growth is 6.5 percent—the yield would have to quadruple, from 1.5 percent to six percent. For that to happen, stock prices would have to fall by 75 percent. A \$100 stock paying a \$1.50 dividend would drop to \$25 a share.

We aren't worried about a return to an absurdly high risk premium, however, because we have a different explanation for what has happened over the past few decades. We see the decline in the risk premium as reasonable and long-lasting, not as insane and transitory. Investors have gradually learned about stocks and how their prices move over time. The prices that held in the past reflected an irrationally high aversion to risk as we measure it today, but in the past our understanding of risk and its calculation was in its infancy.

As stock ownership expands, so does education by mutual funds, banks, brokerage firms, journalists, and scholars. Research is far better today than it was in the past, and it is easily disseminated on the Internet. Seventy years ago few investors understood that excessive trading undermines profits, that stock-price fluctuations tend to cancel themselves out over time, making stocks less risky than they might appear at first glance, and that it is extremely difficult to outperform the market averages. American investors have learned to buy and hold.

Over the past few decades investors have entered the stock market the way a cautious child enters cool water. First he puts in a toe and pulls back. Then he tentatively submerges his foot and leaves it there. Then he wades in up to his knees, to his waist. At last he dives in. Americans are now diving into the stock market, having found that the water's fine. Having survived a 508-point drop in the Dow in a single day in 1987, a 554-point drop in a single day in 1997, and an 1,800-point drop in just six weeks in 1998, they feel that the risks are not nearly so great as they feared. They are using their resources and energy to learn about stocks and the best strategies for owning them. It makes good sense that such efforts would push the price of stocks toward the PRP. As the information has arrived, investors have brought their beliefs up to date and become more willing to hold on to stocks.

To believe that the market is overvalued, you have to believe that the risk premium, once irrationally so large and getting rationally small, will become irrationally large again. It is our strong belief that the risk premium will continue to shrink, and for good reasons. The best reason is the one that has prevailed for the past 200 years: stocks are actually less risky, in the aggregate and over the long term, than bonds.

Every time an analyst says that P/E ratios are too high today in the light of historical experience, she is implicitly saying that the risk premium is too low. In other words, she expects investors to go back to the days of being irrationally risk-averse. Maybe they will—but we strongly doubt that the profitable lessons of the contemporary stock market, once learned, will quickly be unlearned. ♣

Patient Choice

If you ignore it,
maybe it will go away.

Today, most of us can choose the physicians who will provide our medical care, including, importantly, the surgeon who will perform any operation we may need. It's one way we can ensure that we'll have the best possible result from any medical procedure. But Americans may not have this choice much longer. Change is coming to our nation's health care system, and changes now under consideration could limit your right to consult with the qualified specialist of your choice.

At the American College of Surgeons, we support initiatives to improve health care. We believe maintaining patient choice is crucial to maintaining high standards of care.

That's why we think you should be fully informed about *all* the implications these proposed changes could have on the care provided to you and your family.

While you may not have thought about patient choice before today, we know that the

next time you or someone in your family needs an operation, you'll want to be able to choose a surgeon who has the best skills and experience to perform the procedure. Don't let your freedom to choose get away from you. Get the facts. Be informed.

I'm concerned about retaining the right of patient choice and want to learn more about this issue. Please send me a free copy of your brochure on patient choice and important information on surgical care.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP _____

Return to:

American College of Surgeons

Dept. AM-9, 633 N. Saint Clair St., Chicago, IL 60611-3211

Visit our site on the Internet: www.facs.org



LINCOLN'S GREATEST SPEECH?

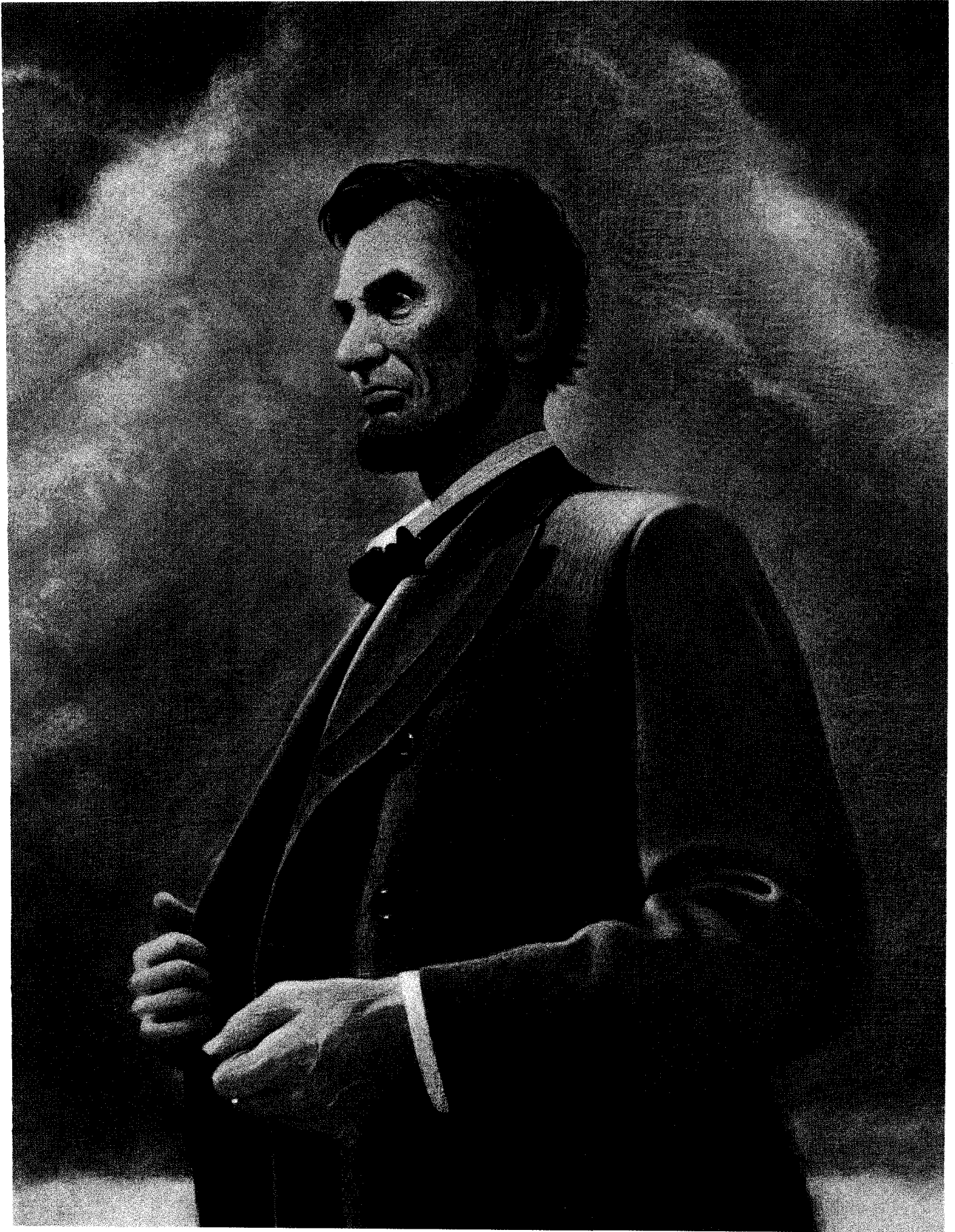
by GARRY WILLS

*Frederick Douglass
called it "a sacred effort," and
Lincoln himself thought
that his Second Inaugural, which
offered a theodicy of the
Civil War, was better than the
Gettysburg Address*

MARCH 4, 1865, the day of Lincoln's second inauguration as President, began in a driving rain that raddled Washington's famously muddy thoroughfares—women would wear the mud caked to their long dresses throughout the day's ceremonies. Walt Whitman saw Lincoln's carriage dash through the rain "on sharp trot" from the White House to the Capitol, scene of the swearing-in. He thought Lincoln might have preceded the tacky parade in order to avoid association with a muslin Temple of Liberty or a pasteboard model of the ironclad *Monitor*. Though Whitman was a close observer of the President, and would shadow him throughout this day, there was no way for Lincoln to recognize him in the crowd.

It was otherwise with Frederick Douglass. After the parade had arrived at the Capitol's east portico and the presidential company had come out, Lincoln recognized the civil-rights leader from Douglass's earlier visits to the White House. He pointed him out to Andrew Johnson, who had just been sworn in as Vice President in the Senate chamber. Douglass thought Johnson looked drunk, but did not know what a fool the Tennessean had made of himself after taking the oath. After John-





son had given a rambling and slurred speech attacking privilege, he melodramatically waved the Bible in the air and passionately kissed it. Benjamin Butler, of Massachusetts, who later led the impeachment effort against Johnson, said in a public speech that the Vice President "slobbered the Holy Book with a drunken kiss." Lincoln, who studiously avoided looking up during Johnson's odd performance in the Senate, quietly told the parade marshal, "Do not let Johnson speak outside." Perhaps Lincoln was trying to be compensatorily reassuring when he made conversation with Johnson by pointing out Douglass. But Johnson's disoriented sullenness came out as pure hate when this former slave owner looked at the escaped slave who was now a celebrity. Douglass recorded the instant.

The first expression which came to his face, and which I think was the true index of his heart, was one of bitter contempt and aversion. Seeing that I observed him, he tried to assume a more friendly appearance, but it was too late; it is useless to close the door when all within has been seen.

Much of future tragedy could be glimpsed in that silent exchange of glances—and much of the problem Lincoln faced in framing a speech for this occasion. Johnson, who had served

With the end in sight, Lincoln did not voice the expectable emotion that most leaders would in such a situation—a declaration that the rightful cause had triumphed.

as governor of the border state of Tennessee, was just one of the many compromises Lincoln had been forced to make in his attempt to shorten the war and make reintegration of the nation possible. It is easy for us to think of reconstructing the nation as a task that came after the war. But Lincoln faced problems of reconstruction soon after the war began. He had to govern sectors recaptured from the South, to keep border states from joining the rebellion, and to woo wavering parts of the southern coalition. All this involved the use of carrots as well as sticks—promises of amnesty, discussion of gradual emancipation, bargaining over things like black suffrage. These in turn alienated the radical Republicans, who wanted no compromise on the question of slavery or black civil rights.

This was a fight that could not be delayed until the war was over, and it flared up most bitterly after the occupation of New Orleans, in May of 1862. Lincoln hoped to make Louisiana, with its high percentage of educated freemen, a showcase of the way the South could be reunited with the North on the basis of a free black work force. But when congressmen were elected by Louisiana's provisional government, which seemed too conservative to Congress, they were not initially seated, and Congress continued with its own plan of reconstruction,

entertaining such notions as that southern state lines should be erased and the conquered area territorialized. Lincoln feared that such congressional initiatives would reduce his flexibility in trying to bargain with the South. He placated the radicals with his Emancipation Proclamations (provisional on September 22, 1862, final on January 1, 1863) enough to be able to make his Proclamation of Amnesty and Reconstruction on December 8, 1863. It readmitted any state that could form a government of at least 10 percent of the electorate which was willing to take an oath of allegiance to the Union and to accept the Emancipation Proclamation. Lincoln's proposal failed to affect the nettlesome problems in Louisiana (the Emancipation Proclamation did not apply to those parts of Louisiana that were not formally out of the Union when it was issued). In December of 1864 Lincoln was still protesting to critics that his approach to Louisiana was merely a temporary expedient for putting the state back in operation, and that "we can never finish this, if we never begin it."

People were laboring through all these controversies as they labored through the mud to Lincoln's inaugural ceremony. The end of the war was in sight—Lee would surrender at Appomattox a mere five weeks after the inauguration.

But what would be done with that victory? Lincoln's appeal for latitude in the use of executive power, on the grounds that it was needed for waging the war, would lose all force when the guns fell silent. What new authority would he argue for to reach new goals? This was as thorny a situation, in its own

way, as that which Lincoln had addressed in his lengthy First Inaugural. Then he had had to explain what terms he would accept for maintaining peace (including a promise to leave slavery perpetually undisturbed where it already existed) and what terms he would not accept (secession). That was a legal argument, involving constitutional philosophy, with many fine distinctions to be sharply drawn. If anything, the legal problems were even more complex in 1865. Would the Confederacy be a conquered nation? Or would it be a continuing part of America, in which some had committed crimes and others were innocent? How could the guilty be distinguished from the innocent, for assigning proper punishments or rewards? On what timetable? Under whose supervision? Using what instruments of discipline or reform (trials, oaths of allegiance, perpetual disqualification for office)? And what of the former slaves? Were they to be allowed suffrage, indemnified for losses, given lands forfeited by the rebels, guaranteed work and workers' rights? The problems were endless, and the very norms for discussing them were still to be agreed on. Lincoln had his work cut out for him, and his audience could reasonably expect a serious engagement with matters that were haunting everyone on the eve of victory.

MANY-LAYERED MEANING

ONLY against the backdrop of such concerns can we appreciate the daring, almost the effrontery, of the Second Inaugural's most obvious characteristic—its extreme brevity. It is true that the Gettysburg Address is even briefer (272 words to the Inaugural's 703), but that was given at a ceremonial occasion for which Lincoln was not even the principal speaker. No one expected serious discussion of national imperatives when the business of the day was honoring fallen soldiers. It is a different matter when a presidential address is given during a war that is collapsing into a potentially more divisive peace. Yet Lincoln almost breezily dismissed questions of both war and peace, saying that nothing in either called for lengthy treatment. Was he not able to appreciate the scale of the difficulties facing him? Did he think he could reduce them to manageable size by ignoring or belittling them?

That this bold defiance of expectation was deliberate is clear from the pride Lincoln took in this speech. Some have wondered if he realized what a masterpiece he had created at Gettysburg. He clearly knew that he had done well; but he expected to do even better in the years ahead—years he would not be given. He believed he had already equaled or surpassed the Gettysburg Address at least once—in his Second Inaugural. Eleven days after delivering it he wrote to Thurlow Weed, the Republican organizer in New York, that he expected it to “wear as well as—perhaps better than—any thing I have produced.”

Yet if this later speech was better than the earlier one, that was because it built on the earlier one. At Gettysburg, Lincoln had proved to himself and others the virtues of economy in the use of words. He had put many-layered meaning in lapidary form. He aspired to the same thing in his inaugural speech. This is the more surprising when we consider the full-blown nature of most nineteenth-century oratory, and the fact that Presidents had so few opportunities for making speeches at that time. They did not deliver their annual messages to Congress in person. They did not address the conventions that nominated them. They could address groups that came to visit them in Washington, but Lincoln tried to avoid impromptu statements. All the words of a man in his position had to be well considered. He had denied himself the chance to make campaign speeches in both his presidential races, for fear of saying something divisive. All this must have been frustrating to Lincoln, who knew well the power of his oratory—what it had accomplished in the “House Divided” speech and the Douglas debates of 1858, and the Cooper Union speech in 1860, and at Gettysburg in 1863. The temptation must have been strong to load his inaugural address with everything he had been wanting to say. Here, at last, was his opportunity, too good to be wasted, and at just the moment when major issues were being hotly debated and an intervention by the President was desired.

The first thing to admire, then, is the discipline that kept him from saying anything more than what he considered essential, just as at Gettysburg. The earlier speech was a model for more

than its brevity. He used the same rhetorical ploy to begin the two addresses. At Gettysburg he would not dedicate the battlefield, though he admitted that that was “altogether fitting and proper.” In the Second Inaugural he would not make an extended speech, though he conceded that doing so had been “fitting and proper” at his first inauguration. (The phrase “fitting and proper,” occurring in these two short addresses, thus ends up being repeated in the inscriptions on the Lincoln Memorial.) Familiarity with both speeches has made us appreciate too little how unexpected this approach was at the time.

We most easily read Lincoln's refusal to dedicate the battlefield as acting like a *praeteritio* in rhetoric: “I will not mention . . .” But it has been mentioned in the very statement that refuses mention, and that device draws more attention, after all, to the “unmentioned” thing. So we expect Lincoln to say that he will not dedicate in some sense or other, leaving the impression of dedication at a deeper level. But Lincoln was not doing anything so tame. He did not distinguish different kinds of dedication. He turned the whole subject upside down: We cannot dedicate the field. The field must dedicate us.

BEYOND CONTROL

THE defiance of expectation is not so obvious in the Second Inaugural, but it is clearly there, and is carefully stated in order to exclude things that people wanted Lincoln to say. He said that he would not speak at length, as he did in the First Inaugural (when he was “loth to close”), when there were important things to discuss. Now, in contrast (and this had to be a shocker to some people), there was nothing useful to say about the war. It took its course, and he did not even pretend to be steering it anymore, much less to predict the time of its conclusion.

The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself; and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured.

That impersonal last sentence, with its dangling prepositional phrase, reflects the nonassertiveness that Lincoln wanted to recommend at this point. To show that predictions were worthless, he pointed out how little the war's development had been, or could have been, predicted.

Neither party expected for the war, the magnitude, or the duration, which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the *cause* of the conflict might cease with, or even before, the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding.

With the end in sight, Lincoln did not voice the expectable, even forgivable, emotion that most leaders would in such a situation—a declaration that the rightful cause had triumphed, as it must. “The prayers of both [sides] could not be answered;

that of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has His own purposes." To Lincoln, as he looked back, even his First Inaugural seemed to have been an exercise in futility.

On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil-war. All dreaded it—all sought to avert it. While the inaugural [sic] address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to *saving* the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to *destroy* it without war—seeking to dissolve the Union, and divide effects, by negotiation. Both parties deprecated war; but one of them would *make* war rather than let the nation survive; and the other would *accept* war rather than let it perish. And the war came.

Events were beyond anyone's control. War came of itself, the personified process overriding personal agents.

What was going on here? His audience had a right to think Lincoln disingenuous when he said there were no thorny policy problems to be addressed now, as there had been in the First Inaugural. His words sound almost eerily "above it all." As the historian David Donald says, "It was a remarkably impersonal address. After the opening paragraph, Lincoln did not use the first-person-singular pronoun, nor did he refer to anything he had said or done during the previous four years." Lincoln was hardly the one to say that no great issues were resolved by the war, or that high ideals should not be used for guidance in the waging of peace. His Gettysburg Address had been sweeping in its claims—that the war would demonstrate whether all men are created equal, and would determine whether popular government could long endure. Now he was expressing an agnosticism about human purpose in general, and a submission to inscrutable providence. This resigned mood seems inappropriate for bracing people to the task of rebuilding a nation—a nation bloodily wrenched from all normal politics and facing problems without precedent.

"PRACTICAL RELATIONS"

BUT it was precisely because he saw the staggering size of the problems that had to be addressed that he was setting a mood of pragmatic accommodation to each challenge as it came up. Doctrinaire approaches, he was sure, would lead to fighting the war over again in peacetime—which is what happened during Reconstruction under Andrew Johnson. Some people argued that the South had committed treason, had withdrawn from the Union, and should be treated like any conquered nation. Others felt that the southern states were never out of the Union, and that their citizens' rights should be respected even as criminal acts were punished (mainly by the defeat itself). Though Lincoln believed that the states had not seceded because legally they could not, he did not want to let the discussion reach for grand theories or ultimate principles, since that would make the problems of living together again irresolvable. The Second Inaugural was meant,

with great daring, to spell out a principle of not acting on principle. In the nation's murky situation all principles—except this one of forgoing principle—were compromised. He was giving a basis for the pragmatic position he had taken in the Proclamation of Amnesty, which was deliberately short-sighted, looking only a step at a time down the long, hard road ahead. He defended that proclamation again in the last speech he gave, a month after the Second Inaugural. Speaking from a White House window to a crowd celebrating the war's end, he read carefully written words.

I have been shown a letter on this subject [Reconstruction], supposed to be an able one, in which the writer expresses regret that my mind has not seemed to be definitely fixed on the question whether the seceded States, so called, are in the Union or out of it. It would perhaps, add astonishment to his regret, were he to learn that since I have found professed Union men endeavoring to make that question, I have *purposely* forborne any public expression upon it. As [it] appears to me that question has not been, nor yet is, a practically material one, and that any discussion of it, while it thus remains practically immaterial, could have no effect other than the mischievous one of dividing our friends. As yet, whatever it may hereafter become, that question is bad, as the basis for controversy, and good for nothing at all—a merely pernicious abstraction.

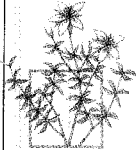
To steer around theoretical claims that would carry people too far in one or another direction, Lincoln chose a resolutely nontheoretical statement of Reconstruction's goal—to restore the "proper practical relations" between the states. That phrase is emphatically repeated five times in his final speech. If restoring practical relations be accepted as the immediate goal, then

I believe it is not only possible, but in fact, easier, to do this, without deciding, or even considering, whether these states have even been out of the Union, than with it. Finding themselves safely at home, it would be utterly immaterial whether they had ever been abroad. Let us all join in doing the acts necessary to restoring the proper practical relations between these States and the Union; and each forever after, innocently indulge his own opinion whether, in doing the acts, he brought the States from without, into the Union, or only gave them proper assistance, they never having been out of it.

The key theme in Lincoln's discussions of Reconstruction was flexibility. Over and over he stressed that his Proclamation of Amnesty was just one plan to be tried as a practical experiment, to be altered or abandoned as better arrangements became possible. This was a first attempt to reintegrate the parts of the South reclaimed by force. "But, as bad promises are better broken than kept, I shall treat this as a bad promise, and break it, whenever I shall be convinced that keeping it is adverse to the public interest." Those who have claimed that Andrew Johnson simply carried out Lincoln's plan for Reconstruction miss the main point of Lincoln's plan—its flexibility, which Johnson's plan lacked.

The Desert That Glistened With Water.

Southeastern New Mexico is
home to mesquite and chaparral,
mesas and horizons that shimmer



with heat. For animals
of this parched land,
survival comes with

water. So people who work
nearby helped design and build
a system of dozens of unique
watering units that gather, store
and distribute water to bobcats,
antelopes, hawks and more.

Quenching nature's thirst and
giving it a chance to survive.



People Do.

www.peopledo.com



©1999 Chevron Corporation

W NELSON

GOD'S HAND

THE problem with compromise on this scale is that it seems morally neutral, open even to injustices if they work. Answering that objection was the task Lincoln set himself in the Second Inaugural. Everything said there was meant to prove that pragmatism was, in this situation, not only moral but pious. Men could not pretend to have God's adjudicating powers. People had acted for mixed motives on all sides of the civil conflict just past. The perfectly calibrated punishment or reward for each leader, each soldier, each state, could not be incorporated into a single political disposition of the problems. As he put it on April 11,

And yet so great peculiarities pertain to each state; and such important and sudden changes occur in the same state; and, withal, so new and unprecedented is the whole case, that no exclusive, and inflexible plan can safely be prescribed as to details and collaterals [sic]. Such [an] exclusive, and inflexible plan, would surely become a new entanglement.

Abstract principle can lead to the attitude *Fiat iustitia, ruat coelum*—"Justice be done, though it bring down the cosmos." Lincoln had learned to have a modest view of his ability to know what ultimate justice was, and to hesitate before bringing down the whole nation in its pursuit. He asked others to recognize in the intractability of events the disposing hand of a God with darker, more compelling purposes than any man or group of men could foresee.

This lesson, learned from the war, he meant to apply to the equally intractable problems of the peace. In fact, the whole Second Inaugural was already present, in germ, in his letter of April 4, 1864, to Albert G. Hodges, a newspaper editor in Kentucky.

I claim not to have controlled events, but confess plainly that events have controlled me. Now, at the end of three years struggle the nation's condition is not what either party, or any man devised, or expected. God alone can claim it. Whither it is tending seems plain. If God now wills the removal of a great wrong, and wills also that we of the North as well as you of the South, shall pay fairly for our complicity in that wrong, impartial history will find therein new cause to attest and revere the justice and goodness of God.

These were reflections very important to him. At the Sanitary Fair (an early form of Red Cross activity), in Baltimore, on April 18, 1864, he said,

When the war began, three years ago, neither party, nor any man, expected it would last till now. Each looked for the end, in some way, long ere to-day. Neither did any anticipate that domestic slavery would be much affected by the war. But here we are; the war has not ended, and slavery has been much affected—how much needs not now to be recounted. So true is it that man proposes, and God disposes.

To the Quaker Eliza Gurney he wrote, on September 4, 1864,

The purposes of the Almighty are perfect, and must prevail, though we erring mortals may fail to accurately perceive them in advance. We hoped for a happy termination of this terrible war long before this; but God knows best, and has ruled otherwise. We shall yet acknowledge His wisdom and our own error therein. Meanwhile we must work earnestly in the best light He gives us, trusting that so working still conduces to the great ends He ordains. Surely He intends some great good to follow this mighty convulsion, which no mortal could make, and no mortal could stay.

Along with the agnosticism about God's purposes in advance goes the recognition of some, at least, of God's plan, as seen in retrospect—such as the train of necessities leading to the abolition of slavery (the Thirteenth Amendment was in process as he delivered the Second Inaugural). He did not begin the war with abolition as a goal. It was necessary for military purposes by the time of his limited and conditional Emancipation Proclamation, and then in the opportunity given Congress for initiating the Thirteenth Amendment. The force that led him was, he came to believe, divine. As he wrote to Mrs. Horace Mann, when she asked for an immediate emancipation of all slave children in the spring of 1864, "I have not the power to grant all they ask, I trust they will remember that God has, and that, as it seems, He wills to do it." So flexibility about Reconstruction should not deny the divine purpose of eliminating slavery (whatever practical steps might be called for in that elimination). Lincoln put this matter more starkly and vividly in the Second Inaugural by invoking the *lex talionis* ("an eye for an eye").

"EVERY DROP OF BLOOD"

PEOPLE who stress only Lincoln's final words about charity for all, about the healing of wounds, may think that Lincoln was calling for a fairly indiscriminate forgiveness toward the South, especially since he referred to the North's share in the guilt for slavery. But the appeal to "Gospel forgiveness" is preceded by a submission to "Torah judgment" and divine wrath—an odd vehicle for a message of forgiveness. How seriously Lincoln took the *lex talionis* principle of punishment comes out in his Order of Retaliation, from July of 1863.

It is therefore ordered that for every soldier of the United States killed in violation of the laws of war, a rebel soldier should be executed; and for every one enslaved by the enemy or sold into slavery, a rebel soldier shall be placed at hard labor on the public works and continued at such labor until the other shall be released and receive the treatment due to a prisoner of war.

Corpse for corpse would be the rule, and slave for slave. In the Second Inaugural, Lincoln imagined God performing the kind of harsh wartime act that he was driven to. Blood for blood is

rendered in strict accountant's language: the verb "sunk" comes from the scheduling of sinking debts.

Yet, if God wills that it [war] continue, until all the wealth piled by the bond-man's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash, shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as [it] was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said "the judgments of the Lord, are true and righteous altogether."

If anyone thought that Lincoln's principle of compromise must lead to moral relativism, this came as a strict reminder

that justice must be done even in the partial and fumbling ways available to mankind. Otherwise divine punishment would be duly exacted.

FLEXIBLE STEEL

NO one can pretend to know what Reconstruction would have been like if Lincoln had lived, since he did not know himself, and he was open to experiment, reversal, and practical maneuvering. But the whole process would have been conducted in light of the Second Inaugural's recognition that slavery was the great national sin—a view that Andrew

MAN LISTENING TO DISC

This is not bad—
ambling along 44th Street
with Sonny Rollins for company,
his music flowing through the soft calipers
of these earphones,

as if he were right beside me
on this clear day in March,
the pavement sparkling with sunlight,
pigeons fluttering off the curb,
nodding over a profusion of bread crumbs.

In fact, I would say
my delight at being suffused
with phrases from his saxophone—
some like honey, some like vinegar—
is surpassed only by my gratitude

to Tommy Potter for taking the time
to join us on this breezy afternoon
with his most unwieldy bass
and to the esteemed Arthur Taylor
who is somehow managing to navigate

this crowd with his cumbersome drums.
And I bow deeply to Thelonious Monk
for figuring out a way
to motorize—or whatever—his huge piano
so he could be with us today.

This music is loud yet so confidential.
I cannot help feeling even more
like the center of the universe
than usual as I walk along to a rapid
little version of "The Way You Look Tonight,"

and all I can say to my fellow pedestrians,
to the woman in the white sweater,
the man in the tan raincoat and the heavy glasses,
who mistake themselves for the center of the universe—
all I can say is watch your step,

because the five of us, instruments and all,
are about to angle over
to the south side of the street
and then, in our own tightly knit way,
turn the corner at Sixth Avenue.

And if any of you are curious
about where this aggregation,
this whole battery-powered crew,
is headed, let us just say
that the real center of the universe,

the only true point of view,
is full of hope that he,
the hub of the cosmos
with his hair blown sideways,
will eventually make it all the way downtown.

—BILLY COLLINS

Johnson did not share. Paying the cost of slavery was not something that would end with the war. It would be paid in the agony of defeated men deprived of the slave labor on which their prosperity depended. It would be paid in the effort to defend the freed blacks from white hostility and persecution. Lincoln asked for charity, but he knew that the healing of the nation's wounds would be a complex and demanding process, and no one could be smug about it. All sides would have to question their own moral credentials. They could not get an easy and overall answer to particular problems by saying that traitors deserved whatever they got, or that southerners, as erring citizens, should simply resume their former political status. If God's purposes were to be discerned, they would not be manifest at the outset, any more than they had been when the war began. They would have to be read, slowly and patiently, in the moral complexities of a developing situation.

It was a very delicate task that Lincoln had assigned himself in this speech. He performed something like the somersault of the Gettysburg Address. There he had said that his audience must not dedicate but *be* dedicated. Here he said that his audience must not judge but *be* judged. This entailed a very subtle appeal to the national psyche (which may be why

Lincoln did not want to let the discussion reach for ultimate principles. The Second Inaugural was meant, with great daring, to spell out a principle of not acting on principle.

he thought this speech perhaps superior to the earlier one). Americans must *be* judged in a comprehensive judgment binding on all—God's judgment on slavery, which was to be worked out of the system with pains still counted in the nation's "sinking debt" of guilt. There was no "easy grace" of all-round good will in the message. The speech was flexible, but it was flexible steel.

When we see what objects Lincoln had in mind for this speech, we recognize how skillfully he orchestrated his effects, moving to the goal of a *moral* flexibility—with emphasis on morality—to counter the suspicion that pragmatism meant the nation would settle for anything workable. The speech's first paragraph refuses to go into a basic discussion of the sort Lincoln had circumvented with his Proclamation of Amnesty. The second paragraph shows the futility of prior dogmatism with regard to the war. This is a beautifully rounded paragraph, its very symmetry showing the lack of effective action. It begins with a statement of the agreed-on goal of avoiding war, and ends with four dread monosyllables that mark that goal as unattainable: "And the war came."

Between the opening and the closing of the paragraph Lincoln stated again what all dreaded, all sought to avert—only to

describe how the two sides (while still holding that their acts should be "without war . . . without war") diverged. The penultimate sentence recurs to the shared starting point (*both* still deprecated war), to show how even the limited agreement of the preceding sentence crumbled, one side making and the other accepting war. The effect of the passage is almost comic, a comedy of errors whose scurrying urgency undoes itself. Lincoln looked down from a great height on antlike efforts, establishing what the whole sequence might look like from God's vantage point, to which he had climbed by the end of the speech. Only at the end of the paragraph does the comedy of errors yield to tragedy in the lapidary last sentence. (I underline *twice* the shared hopes and *once* the diverging actions, to show how neatly they are balanced in this orderly presentation of disorder.)

On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil-war. All dreaded it—all sought to avert it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to saving the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to destroy it without war—seeking to dissolve the Union, and divide effects, by negotiation.

Both parties deprecated war; but one of them would make war rather than let the nation survive; and the other would accept war rather than let it perish. And the war came.

Having established that the war defeated all expectation, Lincoln mentioned the most unexpected turn of events—the

drastic change in the condition of slaves. Admittedly, "All knew that this interest was, *somehow*, the cause of the war" (emphasis added). But as the war ground on, the effect on slavery became its most far-reaching social result. Here Lincoln reversed the order of the preceding paragraph, in which he had moved from what all agreed on to what sundered them from one another. Here he began with the two sides' divergence ("to . . . extend this interest" on the one side; "to restrict the territorial enlargement" on the other) and moved to the shared bafflement of hopes. This is a union of the two sides different from the first one—different from the shared hope of avoiding war by action. Activity divided men. The passivity of suffering would rejoin them.

Neither party expected for the war, the magnitude, or the duration, which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the *cause* of the conflict might cease with, or even before [according to the progress of the Thirteenth Amendment], the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding.

Both sides felt that their basic values would not be disturbed, because both had come to terms with slavery—as either unre-

stricted or merely restricted—and thought that God had no stake in the matter.

Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God; and each invokes His aid against the other. . . . The prayers of both could not be answered; that of neither has been answered fully.

“AMERICAN SLAVERY”

BETWEEN these two sentences of shared frustration Lincoln introduced a note of partial divergence. It is odd that people could think God wanted some people to steal the labor of others—but he drew back from a total separation from the other side even here: “But let us judge not that we be not judged.” He put the same thought, before deepening it, by quoting the gospel of Matthew (18:7)—evil must, in God’s mysterious providence, come into the world, but “woe to that man by whom the offense cometh.” Here the guilt of the South is clear, but Lincoln’s next sentence shows that the guilt is for *American* slavery. Both North and South countenanced it—in the Constitution, in the limited goal of restricting rather than eliminating such an injustice. This sentence is the first of three long ones that give his conclusion monumental scale, even in the short temporal space of this address. By its scale and weight, by an easy pace of magisterial utterance, it comes to us like a judgment handed down on the whole course of American history. The structure is marked out by grammatical parallels (*which/but which* and *to both/to those*).

If we shall suppose
that American Slavery is one of those offences
which, in the providence of God,
must needs come,
but which, having continued through His appointed
time,
He now wills to remove,
and that He gives
to both North and South,
this terrible war, as the woe due
to those by whom the offence came,
shall we discern therein
any departure from those divine attributes
which the believers in a Living God
always ascribe to Him?

This whole sentence is a meditation on the text of Matthew—and the next long sentence will climb to an almost ecstatic citation of the Psalmist (19:9): “The judgments of the Lord, are true and righteous altogether.” This is the same Psalm that Lincoln alluded to in his letter to the Quaker Mrs. Gurney (“The law of the Lord is perfect,” 19:7), showing its deep connection, for him, with this line of thought. Between Matthew above and the Psalmist below, Lincoln gave to his thought the sanction of both Old and New Testaments, both of them speaking here with minatory, not exculpatory,

finality. But between these two great sentences he interjected a brief prayer, one marked by a modest recognition that what was prayed for might not correspond to God’s will—a note that marks this prayer off from the empty certitudes of the earlier prayers (by which both sides prayed to the same God).

Fondly do we hope—
fervently do we pray—
that this mighty scourge of war
may speedily pass away.

Resignation to God’s supervening will fills the next sentence, whose connections are made with tight internal parallels, as if riveting the judgment inexorably into place: *until all/until every . . . piled by/drawn with/drawn with . . . shall be sunk/shall be paid . . . as was said/so still it must be said*.

Yet, if God wills that it continue,
until all the wealth
piled by the bond-man’s two hundred and fifty years
of unrequited toil
shall be sunk,
and until every drop of blood
drawn with the lash,
shall be paid by another
drawn with the sword,
as was said three thousand years ago,
so still it must be said
“the judgments of the Lord, are true
and righteous altogether.”

The symmetries of retributive justice could not be better imaged than in this sentence’s careful balancing of payments due. The war was winding down; but Lincoln summoned no giddy feelings of victory. A chastened sense of man’s limits was the only proper attitude to bring to the rebuilding of the nation, looking to God for guidance but not aspiring to replace him as the arbiter of national fate.

The Gettysburg Address called people to be dedicated to “the great task remaining before us.” The last sentence of the Second Inaugural supplied the moral music, as it were, with which the nation must “finish the work we are in.”

With malice toward none;
with charity for all;
with firmness in the right,
as God gives us to see the right,
let us strive on
to finish the work we are in;
to bind up the nation’s wounds;
to care for him who shall have borne the battle,
and for his widow,
and his orphan—
to do all which may achieve and cherish
a just, and a lasting peace,
among ourselves,
and with all nations.

Long as this sentence is, it is simple in structure, gliding down from the heights of the preceding period. Instead of the complex interconnections of the other long sentences, which have an internal dialectic, this one begins with simple anaphora in the three opening phrases (*with/with/with*), and then lines up four infinitives (*to finish/to bind/to care/to do*), the last one expanded into a coda. The tone is supplicating, like the sighing replications of a litany.

WHAT WE LOST

WHEN he had finished the speech, to somewhat puzzled cheers and applause, Lincoln took the oath of office. There was a solemnity here that had been lacking in the slobbery performance of Johnson's oath. The day's storm had yielded to dramatic meteorological effects during the speech. A peephole in the dark clouds let some see a bright star in midday. Sun slanted through the lattice of clouds with spotlighting effects. Whitman saw a "curious little white cloud . . . like a hovering bird, right over him." Despite this breaking of the storm, Lincoln seemed "very much worn and tired" when Whitman saw his carriage returning, with only Lincoln and his ten-year-old son sitting in it. Later that evening, at the White House reception, Whitman noticed the same sad weariness in the expression of the President (which inhibited Whitman from going up to shake his hand).

Lincoln no doubt wondered how many, if any, understood the profound message he had crafted. The response of the crowd was proper, but the religious tone of the speech hardly called for jubilation. His tone puzzled the reporter from the *New York Herald* (Lincoln's grudging ally).

It was not strictly an inaugural address. . . . It was more like a valedictory. . . . Negroes ejaculated "bress de Lord" in a low murmur at the end of almost every sentence. Beyond this there was no cheering of any consequence. Even the soldiers did not hurrah much.

The *Herald* deplored the lack of specifics about peace terms and urgent problems. Harsher critics found, in the speech's paradoxes and subtlety, mere incoherence.

Lincoln expected some to dislike the address, not because they did not understand it but because they understood it too well. In the letter to Thurlow Weed in which he called it as good as anything he had written, he continued,

I believe it is not immediately popular. Men are not flattered by being shown that there has been a difference of purpose between the Almighty and them. To deny it, however, in this case, is to deny that there is a God governing the world. It is a truth which I thought needed to be told; and as whatever of humiliation there is in it, falls most directly on myself, I thought others might afford [an occasion?] for me to tell it.

Before Inauguration Day was over, Lincoln was cheered by the realization that one man at least had understood his message. But that comfort was almost denied him, when guards at the White House tried first to turn Frederick Douglass away from the reception, and then to conduct him rapidly through before he could see the President. But Douglass caught the attention of another guest, and the guards let him alone. He went to the East Room, where Lincoln was receiving the guests.

Recognizing me, even before I reached him, he exclaimed, so that all around could hear him, "Here comes my friend Douglass." Taking me by the hand, he said, "I am glad to see you. I saw you in the crowd to-day, listening to my inaugural address; how did you like it?" I said, "Mr. Lincoln, I must not detain you with my poor opinion, when there are thousands waiting to shake hands with you." "No, no," he said, "you must stop a little, Douglass; there is no man in the country whose opinion I value more than yours. I want to know what you think of it?" I replied, "Mr. Lincoln, that was a sacred effort." "I am glad you liked it!" he said; and I passed on, feeling that any man, however distinguished, might well regard himself honored by such expressions, from such a man.

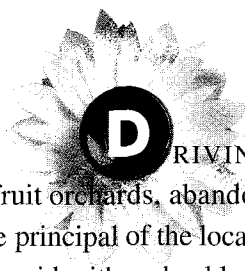
Douglass obviously did not see moral relativism or unprincipled pragmatism in the address. It laid the basis for a continuing exposition of the national purpose, an exposition interrupted by the assassin's bullet. That was, among other things, a blow to American literature. Lincoln had been growing as a writer and deepening as a thinker under the pressure of the war, which made him weight every word with the fateful events impending on it. He was at the peak of his creativity when he wrote the Second Inaugural Address, fired in the crucible of his and the nation's ordeal.

But tragedy was shadowing things more important than our literary annals. The loss of Lincoln would scar our politics for decades. The sad pendant to the scene of Douglass's Inauguration Day meeting with Lincoln is the very next appearance Douglass made at the White House, as part of a black delegation that protested Johnson's opposition to suffrage for blacks in the District of Columbia. Johnson lectured the visitors on blacks' oppression of poor whites (whom Johnson considered his people). After Douglass left, Johnson exploded before his private secretary, who passed on his reaction to a sympathetic reporter. Johnson said, "Those damned sons of bitches thought they had me in a trap. I know that damned Douglass; he's just like any nigger, and he would sooner cut a white man's throat than not." It is clear that Lincoln's inaugural address did not reach the befuddled Vice President who sat behind him as he delivered it, though he was the man who most needed its message. The executive mansion was a darker place in every way when Lincoln was removed from it, and from us. The Second Inaugural is the towering measure of our loss. ☞

Schooling the Imagination

by TODD OPPENHEIMER

Waldorf schools, which began in the esoteric mind of the Austrian philosopher Rudolf Steiner, have forged a unique blend of progressive and traditional teaching methods that seem to achieve impressive results—intellectual, social, even moral



DRIVING down out of the foothills of Yuba County, California, at dawn recently, past wide, flat fruit orchards, abandoned stony gold mines, and endless river levees, I asked my escort, Ruth Mikkelsen, the principal of the local school for juvenile offenders, what the area's main industry was. "Methamphetamine," she said with a chuckle. Yuba County lives with some of California's most dismal demographic statistics. Its unemployment rate is 12.8 percent, twice the state average. Teen pregnancy rates and the proportion of children on welfare are among the state's highest. The county sends a larger percentage of its adults to prison than any other county in the state. It also has the highest proportion of children classified as low-income (68 percent), and the state's stingiest dads when it comes to child-support payments.

As we entered Marysville, the county seat, we passed a scattering of burnt-out storefronts bandaged with dry, broken boards—reminders that until the 1950s this town was locally famous for its rich economy of bars, brothels, opium dens, and gambling houses. Descendants of those days now fill Ruth Mikkelsen's classrooms at Thomas E. Mathews Community School. "If you take all the kids who are being thrown out of school and put them in one room, those are the kids we have," Mikkelsen said. "One of those kids in a normal class will pretty much destroy that class."

It was easy to see what she meant. When we pulled up to the school, a group of boys playing basketball on a crumbling court out front were guarding each other with real hostility. Inside, a dozen boys and girls, dressed in the school's official uniform of blue jeans and white T-shirts, jostled and sassed each other in the tiny common room. One hulking skinhead leaned against the wall, alone, slump-shouldered, quiet, angry.

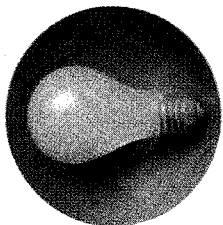
Underneath this toughness, one could see signs of softness and hope. Before I'd even started exploring, Gary, a skinny fourteen-year-old, spontaneously grabbed me for a quick tour of what I had come to watch: how the Waldorf-school movement, an old, Austria-bred system of private education, is working in a new venue—a hard-boiled public institution for troublemakers. After introducing me to each of his teachers, Gary walked me past the primary tools of the Waldorf day:

the recorders every student learns to play, the numerous paintings and art projects, and a pile of "main lesson books"—lengthy creative reports by students on their studies in each academic subject, which they must generate every few weeks.

Later, during an English class, I noticed a fifteen-year-old I'll call Robert waving his hand desperately. A small boy with an angelic walnut-brown face, Robert had been expelled from his previous school for smoking marijuana; soon after his arrival at Mathews, he jumped out the probation officer's window and ran away. On the day I visited, Robert sat attentive throughout a two-hour class. When the teacher finally called on him, he flawlessly recited six lines memorized from *The Merchant of Venice*. In the early days, Evelyn Arcuri, the teacher, said later, when she asked the students to return their materials, "they would just toss stuff at me. Now there's better control. They're more engaged." I noticed something similar. One twelve-year-old boy sat with me after school, regaling me, in enthusiastic detail, with a creative mixture of Greek and Roman history. The boy could barely read, but he'd been inspired by the oral storytelling that Waldorf teachers emphasize. These roughnecks even like Waldorf's focus on art. Thomas, an outgoing and restless seventeen-year-old, had found that when he was forced to draw pictures of stories he had read or heard, "you get more visual ideas of what you're doing." Arcuri believes she can see that the students are learn-

ing more from what they draw. "This year kids are saying, 'Can I take this home?' We never had that happen before."

Mikkelsen and her teachers attribute these changes to the battery of skills they learned at Rudolf Steiner College, a small private school near Sacramento that serves as the West Coast teacher-training center for Waldorf schools. Much of what teachers learn there is how to reach children through all their senses. Child-development experts have long advocated a multisensory approach to learning—as a way both to deeply imprint lessons in a youngster and to accommodate the different learning styles that are bound to exist among



**In the past decade
a dozen public
schools have adopted
Waldorf methods, in
an effort to enliven
classrooms that many
educators see as
having become
sterile job factories.**

diverse students, particularly those with learning difficulties. Yet few education systems in this country have the history with these methods that Waldorf schools do. "I now have a way to give it to them many times, in different ways," Arcuri told me. "We had tried everything with these kids," Mikkelsen recalls. "Nothing worked. You can't lecture to them. Independent study doesn't work. They need constant support and a lot of socializing." During Mikkelsen's discussions with teachers at the Steiner College, "I said to them, 'If this is so good, if Rudolf Steiner is as hot as you say, then this will work for our kids. Otherwise, it's another bunch of elitist B.S.'"

Several years later an outside evaluator dropped by the Mathews School. After his visit he told Mikkelsen that the effectiveness of her program for juvenile offenders couldn't be fairly judged, because it was clear that she did not have truly problem kids. "I suddenly realized it was working," Mikkelsen recalls. John Cobb, the local probation manager, has a similar impression. "Kids who can't make it anywhere else can make it here," he told me.

The main lesson books at Mathews and other Waldorf schools illustrate Waldorf's unusual mixture of teaching techniques. The books are filled with students' careful records of field trips and classroom experiments; impressions of the teachers' regular oral presentations; and, in more advanced classes, syntheses of what the students have read in primary sources. (Waldorf teachers avoid textbooks, considering their digested information a poor substitute for original material.)

The texts were neatly handwritten, with fountain pens. They were also often accompanied by detailed drawings and poetry, some of which the students had written themselves. Playfulness is encouraged in these books, because Waldorf teachers believe that imaginative wonderings can be just as educational as objective facts and conclusions, if not more so.

This notion, that imagination is the heart of learning, animates the entire arc of Waldorf teaching. When that concept is coupled with the schools' other fundamental goal, to give youngsters a sense of ethics, the result is a pedagogy that stands even further apart from today's system of education, with its growing emphasis on national performance standards in subjects such as mathematics, science, and reading and its increasing rigor in standardized testing—to say nothing of the campaign to fill classrooms with computers. This is not to suggest that Waldorf schools have a monopoly on contrarian ideas; Quaker and other religious schools teach ethics too. And various alternative private schools have been practicing innovative approaches to learning for years. Obviously, some Waldorf practices will resemble those in many of these schools. But that makes the Waldorf method all the more intriguing, because the daily experiences of one creative education system ought to tell us something about the challenges and possibilities for other schools, both alternative and traditional.

It is odd, actually, that the public knows so little about Waldorf schools, because they've been operating in this country since 1928 and have collected quite a few famous followers (Waldorf parents have included Paul Newman, Joe Namath, John DeLorean, and Mikhail Baryshnikov; graduates include Victor Navasky, the publisher of *The Nation*, and Ken Chenault, the president of American Express). During the past twenty-five years in particular, Waldorf schools have proliferated vigorously; roughly 130 now operate in the United States, and 700 worldwide. Waldorf schools are quite possibly the world's fastest-growing independent school system; David Alsop, the chairman of the Association of Waldorf Schools of North America, calls them the world's "best-kept education secret."

The secret is getting out. In the past decade a dozen public schools have adopted Waldorf methods, in an effort to enliven classrooms that many educators see as having become sterile job factories. Unfortunately, some of the Waldorf methods have caused trouble of their own, both in public schools and in private Waldorf classrooms. There has been controversy and a lawsuit, stemming largely from the attention that Waldorf teachers pay to an unorthodox form of spirituality. (To some critics, this threatens the prevailing taboo against teaching religion in a public school.) Running through these bumps, however, is a substantial record of achievement—one that has earned the respect of a number of leading figures, from Howard Gardner, the prominent Harvard professor of education and psychology, to the well-known education reformer TheodoreSizer, to Saul Bellow, whose hero in the novel *Humboldt's Gift* is fascinated by the philosophy of Waldorf's creator.

Proletarian Beginnings

WALDORF education was born one spring day in 1919, when Rudolf Steiner, a maverick Austrian philosopher and scientist, visited the Waldorf-Astoria cigarette factory in Stuttgart, Germany, to give a speech to its workers. The First World War had ended just five months earlier, and Steiner talked about the need for a new social order, a new sense of ethics, and a less damaging way of resolving conflict. After the lecture Emil Molt, the factory owner, asked Steiner if he would consider starting a school for the workers' children. Steiner agreed, insisting on some conditions, including that his school be run by the teachers. (That rule has spawned occasionally chaotic but cooperative styles of Waldorf-school management today. And it prefigured the modern-day theory, popularized by the Yale psychiatrist and school reformer James Comer, that for education to work, teachers and parents must be involved in school decisions.) Steiner also insisted on a highly ambitious curriculum. "The need for imagination, a sense of truth and a feeling of responsibility—these are the three forces which are the very nerve of education," he once said. Twenty years after the Stuttgart school opened, the Nazis shut it down, along with six other Waldorf schools that had sprung up by then. The reason, according to the state press at the time, was that Germany had no room for two kinds of education—one that educated citizens for the state and another that taught children to think for themselves.

By then seven other Waldorf schools had been started around the world—three in Switzerland, and one each in London, Budapest, Oslo, and New York City. (The Waldorf schools in Germany reopened after the Nazi regime collapsed, and the German contingent now numbers approximately 140.) Today, although the schools' Old World academic philosophy runs counter to some academic trends, it may dovetail with others. "All the things you read about public schools," Mikkelsen told me, "that you need to do this, you need to do that—hell, they've been doing it for eighty years."

Mikkelsen was referring to myriad reforms that policymakers incessantly propose to reverse a range of problems besetting American youngsters: gradually weakening morality and family structure; students' shrinking capacity for creativity and self-discipline, and their increasing turns to violence; diminishing appreciation for the nuances of language in reading, writing, and conversation; and graduates' spotty preparation for the professional world. When pressed on such issues, school administrators often grumble that they're being asked to handle problems better solved outside school—at home or, later, in the workplace. That may miss the main piece in the education puzzle. Steve Grineski, the interim dean of the College of Education and Human Services at Moorhead State University, in Minnesota, said, speaking before the Littleton, Colorado, horror, "The most serious problem in schools is kids not getting along. The reason people get fired isn't their lack of job skills, it's their lack of social skills." That

is precisely why Mikkelsen was attracted to Waldorf. "It's like learning to be a really good parent, plus tapping into every creative thing you ever thought of," she says. Ben Kloczek, a high school senior at the Sacramento Waldorf School, whose family has been involved in Waldorf for years, says, "Have you ever heard of that thing about emotional intelligence?" He is referring to Daniel Goleman's provocative book *Emotional Intelligence* (1995), which suggested that IQ isn't nearly as important as personal traits such as self-awareness, confidence, and flexibility. "Waldorf," Kloczek says, "gives you very high emotional intelligence."

Although the Mathews School has embraced Waldorf teaching techniques with enthusiasm, it has chosen to forgo parts of the Waldorf curriculum, which can be too involved for a thinly educated student body that comes and goes as this one does. I was eager, therefore, to visit some of the private Waldorf schools elsewhere in California and on the East Coast, where the full program has been practiced for decades. There, I hoped, I would see how both teachers and students have fared in their attempts to realize Steiner's dreams of enriching people's imaginations and ethical sensibilities, and putting them to work in modern daily life.

The Primacy of Imagination

WALDORF teachers offer roughly the same subjects other teachers do. Before introducing facts, however, they take a few steps back, and sideways.

Rudolf Steiner believed that people actually have twelve senses—the accepted five plus thought, language, warmth, balance, movement, life, and the individuality of the other. Vague as some of these additional "senses" sound, most of them have been roughly confirmed by modern research. John Bloom, who was the administrator of the San Francisco Waldorf School at the time of my visit, said, "We try to engage and connect the thinking and feeling realms. When you separate those, therapists get [students] as adult patients." On my visits to Waldorf schools I felt as if I were watching sensory foundations being built in each class, almost in layers.

Walking into the kindergarten class at the San Francisco Waldorf School one morning, I felt my stomach relax. The lights were dim, the colors soft pastel. Intriguing materials for play were everywhere. The children had organized them into a half dozen distinctly different fantasy worlds—there was a make-believe woodshop in one corner; in another, reminiscent of a farmhouse bedroom, two girls were putting a curiously bland doll to bed in a cradle. This doll, I learned, is standard issue in Waldorf kindergartens. It's the old-fashioned sort, simple stuffed cotton, with almost no facial features. "The only thing an intelligent child can do with a complete toy is take it apart," a kindergarten teacher told me. "An incomplete toy lets children use their imaginations." There were also wild hats and capes, pinecones and driftwood, bowls of nuts and other items from the natural world. John Bloom explained that

the raw materials are meant not to celebrate nature but to challenge children's spatial creativity.

Most adults think it's cute when children imitate whatever they see. Waldorf teachers take it seriously. Susan Kotansky, a kindergarten teacher at the recently closed Westside Community School, in Manhattan, which used the Waldorf methods for several years, said that at first her students imitated superheroes they'd seen on television. In time, after they had cooked with their teachers, worked with them on other projects, and listened to fables and fairy tales with their moral lessons (a staple in Waldorf primary grades), "their play changed and got more purposeful." Learning through practical experience is a concept long advocated by progressive education leaders, particularly the turn-of-the-century reformer John Dewey. In recent years the idea has been gaining popularity, though it is still rarely put into practice.

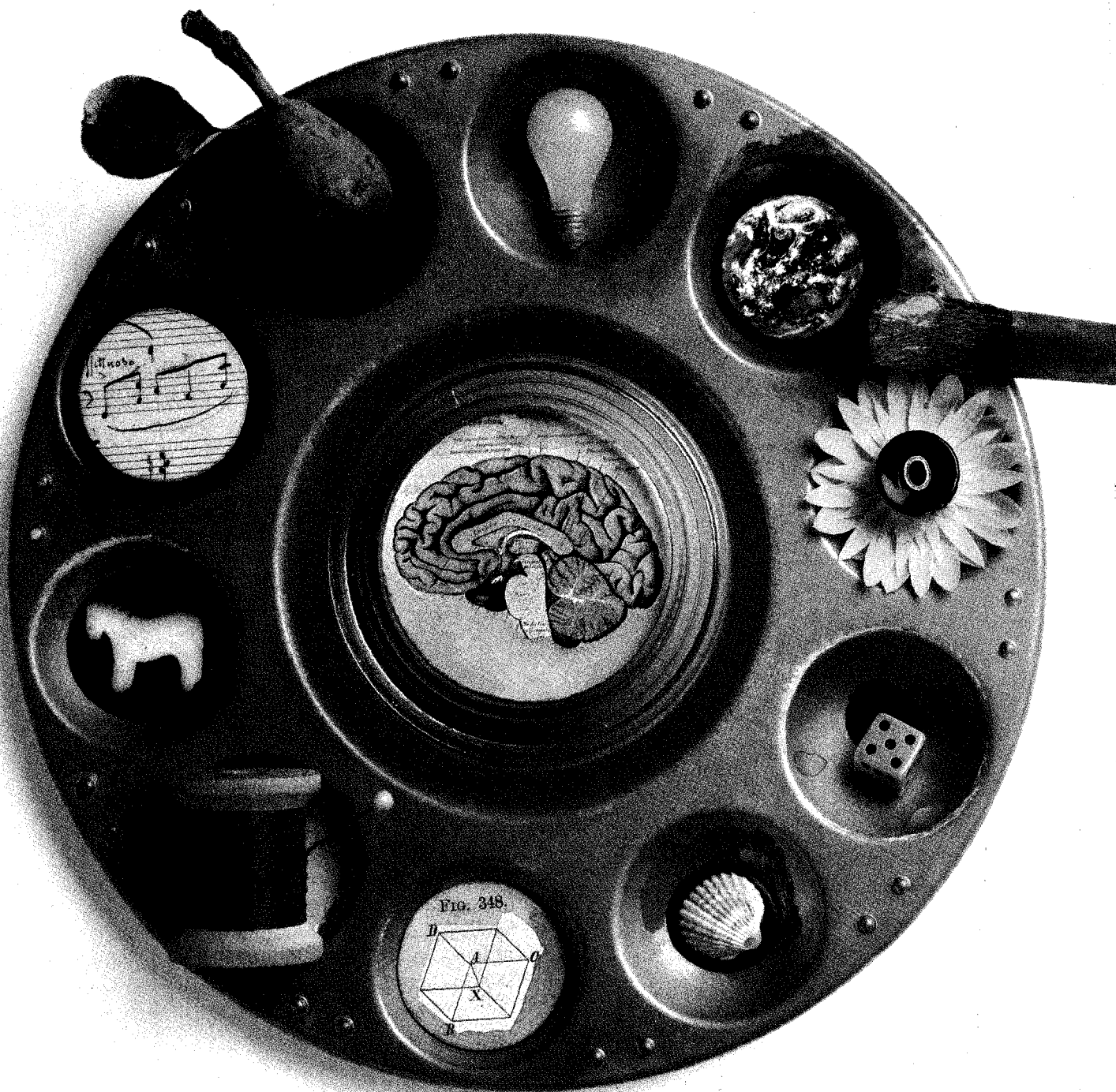
To my surprise, young Waldorf children seemed to understand the principles embedded in their exercises—so well, in fact, that they could comfortably explain Steiner's methodology themselves. At the original U.S. Waldorf school, the Rudolf Steiner School, housed in two limestone townhouses on Manhattan's Upper East Side, I fell into a provocative discussion one morning with a dozen fourth-graders. The class was finishing a year-long project: making mallets for wood carving out of stubborn pieces of hardwood, which they were patiently filing and sanding by hand. One boy, who had finished his mallet, was making a knife out of teak, and regularly paused to feel its smoothness on his cheek. Waldorf students work on some kind of art project virtually every day. Recalling her early years, Eliana Raviv, a ten-year-old, told me, "We never had green or purple. We make it out of vermilion, red, yellow, and blue, *two* kinds of blue. It's important to get forms out of your own painting. That way you learn how to develop forms." Waldorf students aren't graded on their work until around the seventh grade; Eliana's classmate, Maisie Weir, told me about a friend in a traditional public school in Atlanta. "All they think about is tests," she said. "They don't even have recess anymore." In the early grades students also do quite a bit of drawing with crayons—not the standard paraffin Crayolas but thick chunks of beeswax imported from Germany. Beeswax that can be molded after warming in the hand is also used to teach sculpting. There is an almost bland conformity to most student artwork in the early grades—an oddity that repels more than a few parents. But the purpose is to build a foundation of technique. Sure enough, in the work of older students one sees plenty of refinement and individuality.

But why learn an archaic art like wood carving moments before we enter the twenty-first century? "You almost need it as a balance for the high-tech world," Tove Elfstrom, the woodshop teacher at the Washington Waldorf School, in Bethesda, Maryland, explained to me during my visit. "So they can make something. To give them an innate sense of material." Various studies have found that engagement with

physical tasks—those requiring great dexterity but also surprisingly simple activities—helps to build other skills, both intellectual and psychological. Or, as Elfstrom put it, "Your finger sense develops your overall brain capacity." Waldorf teachers believe that one of their primary jobs is to help youngsters develop a strong will. To do that, they argue, students must learn that the rewards they reap from an experience require a commensurate amount of effort—mental, physical, even emotional. Many Waldorf loyalists lay the blame for some of the troubles of today's youth on cultural forces that tilt the balance—technology being chief among them. As Douglas Gerwin, a Waldorf high school teacher, puts it, technology "promises an experience by which we don't have to do anything to make it happen." This is why teachers discourage younger students from watching television and don't generally expose them to computers until the eighth grade or later. The delay doesn't seem to do much harm. Peter Nitze, who graduated from the Rudolf Steiner School, Harvard, and Stanford, is now a global-operations director at AlliedSignal, which manufactures aerospace and automotive products. At a recent open house at the Steiner School, Nitze told the audience, "If you've had the experience of binding a book, knitting a sock, playing a recorder, then you feel that you can build a rocket ship—or learn a software program you've never touched. It's not a bravado, just a quiet confidence. There is nothing you can't do. Why couldn't you? Why couldn't anybody?"

Emphasis on the creative also guides the aspect of a Waldorf education that probably frightens parents more than any other: the relaxed way that children learn to read. Whereas students at more-competitive schools are mastering texts in first grade, sometimes even in kindergarten, most Waldorf students aren't reading fully until the third grade. And if they're still struggling at that point, many Waldorf teachers don't worry. In combination with another Waldorf oddity—sending children to first grade a year later than usual—this means that students may not be reading until age nine or ten, several years after many of their peers. In earlier times the idea that children might come to reading later, at their own pace, was considered appropriate. David Elkind, a noted child psychologist at Tufts University, cites prodigious evidence, particularly from other countries, that late readers ultimately fare better at reading and other subjects than early readers. A number of prominent figures, including Winston Churchill and Albert Einstein, were very late readers. But in today's competitive frenzy the drive in this country is to get children to learn as much as they can, about reading or anything else, as early as possible.

It's no surprise, then, that Waldorf parents occasionally panic. Others may distrust Waldorf education because they have heard tales of parents who pulled their children out of a Waldorf school in the third grade when the kids still couldn't read. "That's like a standing joke," Toba Winer, the mother of two graduates of the Rudolf Steiner School, told me.



"People say, 'Oh, can your kids read?' There was no concerted effort to drum certain words into the kids. And that was the point." Before teaching sound and word recognition, Waldorf teachers concentrate on exercises to build up a child's love of language. The technique seems to work, even in public schools. Barbara Warren, a teacher at John Morse, a public school near Sacramento, says that two years after Waldorf methods were introduced in her fourth-grade class of mostly minority children, the number of students who read at grade level doubled, rising from 45 to 85 percent. "I didn't start by making them read more," Warren says. "I

started telling stories, and getting them to recite poetry that they learned by listening, not by reading. They became incredible listeners." Many Waldorf parents recall that their children were behind their friends in non-Waldorf schools but somehow caught up in the third or fourth grade, and then suddenly read with unusual fervor.

Still, the system isn't fail-safe. Although Waldorf teachers learn techniques, phonic and otherwise, that can pinpoint reading troubles, some have such faith in the Waldorf way that they overlook children with real disabilities—a problem that school leaders consider the teacher's failing, not the system's.

Nonetheless, I spoke to several disgruntled parents whose children were later found through outside testing to have dyslexia or other reading difficulties. Such accounts obviously inflame the worries of some reading experts; others are less concerned. Lucy Calkins, a well-known reading specialist at the Teachers College of Columbia University, says that in most public schools children who start reading later tend to do worse, and Waldorf students might benefit slightly from starting earlier. But, she says, "I would not necessarily be worried in a Waldorf school. The foundation of literacy is talk and play."

Music's Power

MUSIC is as central as art in the Waldorf curriculum. Practice begins in first grade, with recorders that are stored in cases the students knit themselves; in fourth grade they each choose an orchestral instrument. A typical Waldorf school offers several different music classes—at least one choir, an orchestra, and a jazz ensemble in which students

learn to improvise and sometimes make their instruments.

In the past decade a half dozen scientific studies have supported the notion that the study of music enriches a youngster's thinking capacities. Some of those studies are tentative, but a few suggest powerful associations. In one study, for example, Swiss and Austrian researchers increased students' music lessons from one or two to five a week while cutting back on math and language studies. After three years the students were as good at math as students who had stuck with the standard curriculum, and even better at languages. Researchers found the music students to be more cooperative with one another as well.

What's going on here? The answer may lie in a German study, by Gottfried Schlaug, now at Beth Israel Deaconess Medical Center, in Boston. Schlaug determined through MRI scans that intense exposure to music actually expands brain mass. Musicians he studied who had perfect pitch also had an unusually large planum temporale in the left hemisphere of the brain. When comparing nonmusicians with those who had started playing music as young children, Schlaug found that the musicians also had a larger mass of nerve fibers connecting the brain's two hemispheres. The implications of this last finding are significant. A person's creativity and analytical skills depend greatly on the ability to think with both hemispheres of the brain; yet many of us lack this agility.

Ambitious as these assertions seem, I sometimes felt as if I were experiencing their genesis myself in Waldorf's musical exercises. On one occasion, when I joined a Waldorf teacher-training class, I started the day by learning a complex singing round. As I struggled to keep up, I could feel my thinking being pushed. The process exhausted and stretched me in unfamiliar ways, and made me envious of Waldorf students. My envy peaked one evening in New York City, at a parents' night for the Steiner School. As part of a fundraiser, several faculty members had arranged to sing cabaret songs; when they finished, some of the eighth-graders, who were helping to serve food, decided that they would sing something too. Moments later the adults sat transfixed as half a dozen teenagers performed James Taylor's "That Lonesome Road" a cappella, in slow, layered parts, with the polished harmony of a professional chorus. "All I could think," Chris Huson, a banker and the parent of a Waldorf second-grader told me later, "is that when my kids grow up, I want them to be just like those guys."

This Is Math?

A CENTRAL objective of Waldorf teaching is to create a sense of wonder about each subject, even math. Sixth-graders study geometric progression by doing graphic-art projects. In San Francisco, I observed second-graders studying arithmetic by creating concentric circles of times tables and musing about their similarity to planetary patterns; later they sang out complex multiplication drills while clapping and hopping across an exercise room in syncopated

WIND FROM A WATERFALL

*The air around a waterfall
is thrilling. Gusts and downdrafts prowl
from out of mist, and rainbow air
will seem to pour right off the roar.
But take one step and feel the breeze
reverse and veer away in craze
of air around the plunge, perform
a theater of tumbling foam
in knots, a hundred whips and currents,
as tons of milk and spray condense
in atmospheres pushed down that must
escape across the bottom forced
to circulate as eddies, spin
of backwash, pocket, conflagration.
And as above a witch's cauldron
the air goes wild and darts, is torn
by fits and swoops of jubilation,
then whispers, barks, in Pentecost
and song, of families long lost
from far upstream and still stirred up
by heavy tongue from river's lip.*

—ROBERT MORGAN

The Atlantic Monthly

invites submissions of poetry, fiction, and personal or journalistic essays for its 1999 Student Writers' Competition. Entrants must be full-time undergraduate or graduate students currently enrolled in an accredited, degree-granting U.S. institution.

Writing Contest

Submissions should be original, unpublished work (they may have appeared in student periodicals) demonstrating superior quality of expression and craftsmanship.

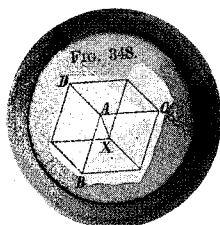
Categories: Poetry, fiction, and personal or journalistic essays. *Prizes:* 1st \$1,000, 2nd \$500, 3rd \$250, and one-year subscriptions to *The Atlantic Monthly* for honorable mentions in each category. Manuscripts should be typewritten (one side only, please), double-spaced, and accompanied by a cover sheet with the following information: title, category, word count, and author's name, address, phone number, e-mail address (if available), and academic institution. Of this information only the title should appear on the manuscript itself.

Submissions should not exceed three poems or 7,500 words of prose. No entrant may send more than one submission per category. Please provide a stamped, self-addressed postcard for acknowledgment of receipt. We cannot provide information on the status of any particular manuscript until winners are announced, in the May, 2000, issue. Winners will receive notification in early spring.

Submissions should be postmarked by December 1, 1999, and sent to: Student Writers' Competition, The Atlantic Monthly, 77 North Washington Street, Boston, MA 02114

rhythm—a display of mental and physical dexterity that would be beyond most adults. “Their numbers are in their bodies,” John Bloom, the school administrator, explained.

A standard exercise in Waldorf classes is a riveting game called “mental math.” One day at the Mathews School, when students were particularly disruptive, Evelyn Arcuri, the teacher, clapped her hands and said, “Okay, I’m thinking of a number.” The students quickly turned quiet. “If you add twelve,” she said, “subtract twenty, multiply by nine, and subtract six, the answer is thirty. What’s the number?” Within moments—before I could recall the arithmetic steps of the



“Waldorf kids aren’t the ones out the door when the bell rings,” says one teacher. “They’re the ones who tend to linger, who want to carry on a conversation.”

exercise or even the numbers—several students were pumping their hands in the air, promising answers, often the correct one. (The answer, by the way, is twelve.) As students get older, the formulas get more complex and are recited more quickly.

Beau Leonhart, who has taught math for twenty-two years at the Marin Academy, a non-Waldorf high school in California, and her husband, James Shipman, also a long-time teacher at Marin, have found that Waldorf graduates tend to exhibit unusually long attention spans. Shipman says, “Waldorf kids aren’t the ones out the door when the bell rings. They’re the ones who tend to linger, who want to carry on a conversation. If anything, they’re a little slower,

because they’re thinking about it.” Leonhart adds, “If they can’t do it one way, they’ll go at it from another angle.” Shipman, who teaches aikido, among other subjects, told me, “In thirteen years I’ve had two black belts, both Waldorf kids. They know the meaning of focus and discipline. They have a depth, there’s no way around it. They’re very present.” It may be no coincidence that Waldorf schools concentrate on building athletic foundations in children’s early years—balance, coordination, agility—before introducing competitive sports in the upper grades. It seems to pay off. School news clips are full of accounts of victories over teams from schools two or three times their size.

Waldorf students’ capacity for concentration may be stimulated by an old-fashioned but increasingly rare practice: allowing time for reflection. Science classes are an example. In

the average school, teachers introduce a concept first and then do a demonstration or an experiment to illustrate it. “It takes the kid out of it,” Mikko Bojarsky, the science teacher at the Sacramento Waldorf School, told me. Waldorf teachers turn this process around, doing an experiment before giving the concept much discussion. “Then you let it go to bed for the night,” Bojarsky said. “They literally sleep on it. A lot happens in their sleep life.” The next day, he said, students generally come in with many more questions than they had the day of the experiment, often including some the teacher never considered. “Nowadays we always push people to think so fast, instead of letting them reflect,” Bojarsky continued. The process institutionalizes an important principle that evades many a teacher—to let students struggle toward their answers and individual understanding. “One of the things I had to learn,” Bojarsky said, “was to not answer their questions, especially in the twelfth grade. If you give them answers, they’ll just shut down. It’s amazing what they’ll come up with if you wait long enough.”

A Sense of Ethics

EACH morning when Waldorf students in the elementary grades first get to class, they find their teacher standing in the doorway, waiting to look them in the eye and shake their hands. “You can tell so much by how they shake hands, who’s a little off,” Lynda Smith, at the time a San Francisco teacher, told me. Moments later, after the students have taken their seats, they rise for another Waldorf tradition: recitation of the morning verse.

This is a short poem, written by Steiner, that aims to inspire students about nature and good work. (The verse for the first through fourth grades, for example, says in part, “I revere, Oh God, the strength of humankind, which Thou so graciously has planted in my soul, that I with all my might, may love to work and learn.”) When possible, classes may go for a walk to recite these verses on a riverbank in Sacramento, say, or in New York’s Central Park. Cloying as this ritual may seem, many graduates remember the verses fondly. One admits that he still says his morning verse while shaving.

The solemnity of the verses sets the tone for the morning “main lesson,” an intense two-hour class. (Coincidentally, carving out large blocks of study time like this has become a popular reform today.) Teachers are supposed to avoid reading from books when presenting their lesson material, and to prepare original oral presentations virtually every day. The emphasis placed on these presentations occasionally fills class time with more droning lectures than engaging student projects—a borrowing from traditional education’s more oppressive side. But there are other features that can make classes lively. Teachers are taught to present lessons as topics for open discussion, and to create a dramatic atmosphere in which the moral principles involved in a given subject can be not only pondered but felt. First-graders, for example, will pretend that

RESTORE YOUR SPIRIT



At Camberley it's simply not enough to renovate the bricks and mortar without a generous measure of attention to the restoration of the memory and spirit. Whether through the thoughtful and inspired dialogue of The Spoken Word literary programs every Monday evening at The Algonquin, the sponsorship of plays at the Barter Theater in Abingdon, the commission of bronze statuary in Louisville to recognize citizens who made a difference or recreating the timeless witicisms of Parker, Woollcott and Benchley at the famed Round Table, we remain committed to more than the simple delivery of food, beverage and accommodations in beautifully restored properties. Do come.



The
CAMBERLEY
Hotel Company

Call your travel professional or Camberley Hotels 800-555-8000

Visit our web site at www.camberleyhotels.com

The Martha Washington Inn
Abingdon, VA

The Brown
Louisville, KY

The Algonquin
New York, NY

The Drake Oak Brook
Oak Brook, IL

The Jefferson
Washington, DC

they are gnomes in a fairy tale that poses concepts of good and evil. Fourth-graders may act out Nordic myths, fiercely stomping their way through a poem's iambic and dactylic rhythms. The poems also talk about Norse gods who symbolize pride, loss of innocence, and the power of the intellect—issues that Waldorf teachers believe are just beginning to dawn on fourth-graders.

Waldorf's assorted lessons in goodness (the schools also ask students to do regular community service) seem to have their effect. "A lot of optimists come out of here," says Damon Saykally, a recent Sacramento Waldorf senior who entered the program as a sophomore and describes himself as a nihilist. "When I first came here, I was shocked at how much they think they can help the world. I think it's great."

Waldorf's philosophy of teaching through living out stories may be unusual, but it comes out of a long tradition, from the folkways of ancient cultures to the modern-day theories of child psychologists such as Bruno Bettelheim and Robert Coles. In his well-known books on the development of a moral and spiritual intelligence in children, Coles stresses an immersion in moral stories. Waldorf teachers go even further. They believe that when students go through school without such stories, their ability to develop a sense of empathy is inhibited, and that limits their capacity to find meaning in life. Pointing to the psychologist Jean Piaget's famous theories about a youngster's gradual stages of development, Waldorf teachers argue that traditional schools aggravate this problem by imposing intellectual demands on students before they're ready for them. This only discourages youngsters, they say, leaving them prone to become unfeeling but clever cynics or, worse, simply apathetic.

One big plank in Waldorf's platform that is a bit difficult to get a grip on is the exhaustive references to the "soul." The word comes up, Saykally told me, "*all* the time." ("Soul" occurs no fewer than four times in the nineteen lines of the upper-school morning verse.) I was perplexed by the ubiquity of this term and by the apparent lack of discussion of its meaning, so I began asking students what it meant to them. "Regardless of what you do, it's who you are," a San Francisco eighth-grader said. "What you believe and think," one of her classmates said. "How you act with that in the world," another said. Pretty good answers, I thought. An hour or so later David Weber, the head teacher of their school, abruptly pulled me aside. "Don't interview them about that!" he said. "They're not at that level yet. It's too analytical. That's for the eleventh grade. Now they're just feeling it. It's just an experience. That's where it should stay." Later, when he had cooled down, Weber explained his concern more fully: questions from a reporter might encourage eighth-graders' tendency to be judgmental, a trait that Waldorf teachers try hard to temper. "How healthy is it for children to make judgments at this age?" he asked me. Eighth-graders want to see everything as "black and white," he said. "It's cool or it sucks. Some never get beyond that. We're trying not to dignify this kind of self-absorbed judgment."

Though aspects of Weber's goal sound laudable in theory, they can prove elusive in practice. During my visits I saw many seventh- and eighth-graders roll their eyes at various exercises meant to feed the soul (a puppet show of a fairy tale in a school assembly; the relentless morning verses; and, once, a seventh-grade science lesson wrapped in a fable, in which a king ordered an alchemist to get the dirt out of his salt). When I asked students about these exercises, I got mixed but mostly respectful reactions. Some outsiders, however, are considerably more distrustful, having sensed a huge piece of Waldorf philosophy that teachers keep largely hidden from their students.

Covert Spirituality

IN early 1998 Dan Dugan, a disenchanted Waldorf parent in San Francisco, sued the Sacramento school district and another nearby for introducing the Waldorf philosophy in two public schools in the mid-1990s. Dugan argued that the movement has a secret agenda that violates the Constitution's First and Fourteenth Amendments: the indoctrination of children into Waldorf's "religious doctrines of anthroposophy." Anthroposophy is the name Rudolf Steiner gave to his theories about the evolution of human consciousness, drawn from a multiplicity of disciplines—anthropology, philosophy, psychology, science, and various religions, particularly Christianity. As Steiner wove these disciplines together with his own research, he created his own brand of spirituality, some of which complements the New Age movement. A number of Steiner's beliefs are now somewhat accepted—for example, the notion that virtually all fields of study, from the humanities to the sciences, share a foundation of explanation. Yet many of his theories remain suspect—in large part, no doubt, because of the dreamy way in which Steiner expressed them. In a typical essay, "The Roots of Education," he argued, "If you observe man's development with the means of inner vision of which I have already spoken—with the eyes and ears of the soul—then you will see that man does not consist only of a physical body . . . but that he also has supersensible members of his being."

These notions make Dugan, who is a sound engineer, smile and shake his head. "I'm opposed to magical thinking; I'm a secular humanist," he told me as we chatted recently in an office stuffed with electronic equipment on one side and dozens of anthroposophy books on the other, all of which he claims to have read. In Dugan's view, Steiner's theories are simply "cult pseudo-science." After Waldorf began spreading into public school classrooms, Dugan formed a group called PLANS (People for Legal and Non-Sectarian Schools) to declare what he calmly calls "epistemological warfare." His goal, he says, is to sort out two questions: "What is reliable knowledge? How is it obtained?"

Waldorf teachers counter that they don't formally teach anthroposophy. This is true; in fact, their own rules prohibit

Just think.

For provocative ideas about the forces that shape our lives, turn to the authors of remarkable new books from W.H. Freeman

Photo© Holly Freedman

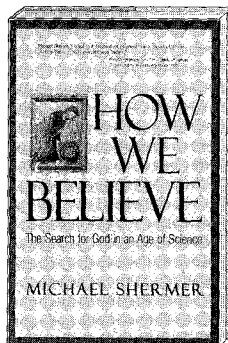


Michael Shermer

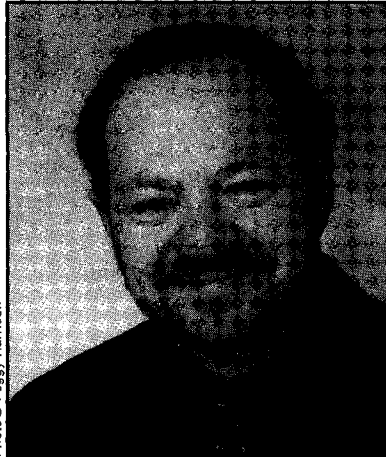
"Why People Believe Weird Things splendidly exhibited the rational mind, sporting through irrational country. Now, in this new tour de force, Michael Shermer turns his penetrating gaze on something even more worthy of his characteristic style of civilized but uncompromising investigation.

***How We Believe* will convince and delight."**

— Richard Dawkins, author of *Unweaving the Rainbow*



Photo© Peggy Harrison

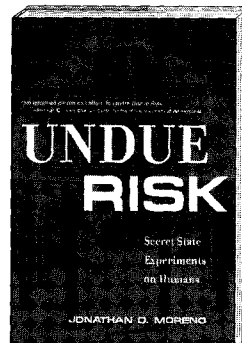


Jonathan Moreno

"Moreno has written a thoughtful, balanced and much-needed account..."

Undue Risk should be mandatory reading for all those concerned with not only the protection of human subjects but the appropriate moral underpinnings of government action in a liberal democracy."

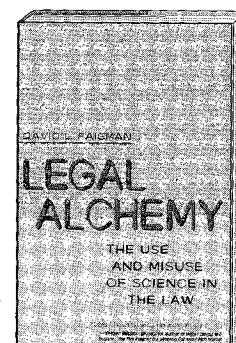
—Harold T. Shapiro, President, Princeton University, Chairman, National Bioethics Advisory Commission



David Faigman

"Legal Alchemy shows us what can go wrong and how justice can be frustrated when lawmakers and our legal system don't understand the scientific basis for many of our laws. **David Faigman has written an important book."**

—Vincent Bugliosi, prosecutor, author of *Helter Skelter* and *Outrage: The Five Reasons O.J. Simpson Got Away With Murder*



At bookstores everywhere

W.H. FREEMAN
www.whfreeman.com



them from doing so. They do study it, however—most intensively at the Steiner College, where virtually every class text was written by Steiner or another anthroposophist. (The Steiner College does expect student teachers to come to it with standard bachelor's degrees.) Waldorf teachers say they hide anthroposophy not because they see anything evil or dangerous in it but because they don't want to push their philosophy onto the students. The purpose of the teachers' anthroposophical studies is to enliven their own sensibility and deepen their understanding of evolution. Only then, according to Waldorf theory, can they inspire students with the wonder and curiosity that make for profound learning. Steiner himself encouraged this distinction. "If I had my way," he wrote,

I would give anthroposophy a new name every day to prevent people from hanging on to its literal meaning. . . . We must never be tempted to implement sectarian ideas. . . . We must not chain children's minds to finished concepts, but give them concepts capable of further growth and expansion.

Steinerian pronouncements of this sort have excited legions of Waldorf teachers. Ruth Mikkelsen, of the Mathews School, noticed this when she first observed Waldorf classes. "Why do they think these kids are so special?" she remembers wondering. "Thousands of times I've sat with teachers and heard them say, 'I want to kill Johnny,' or 'I can't wait till I get home and can have a glass of wine.' At Waldorf they say, 'How can we help little Ronnie, who's, you know, killing puppies now?'" That attitude may be precisely the point. Jerome Kagan, a developmental psychologist at Harvard, says, "In most of the curriculum changes schools make, if there's any benevolent effect on students, it's because the teacher is now motivated and passionate. And kids benefit from that, not from the curriculum."

But anthroposophy still "leaks into the curriculum," as Dan Dugan puts it. "They try to hide it, but they can't," Rebecca Bolnick, a recent graduate of the Sacramento Waldorf School, told me. Take, for example, Steiner's belief that each child's temperament matches one of the four medieval types: choleric (bold), phlegmatic (deliberate), melancholic (brooding), or sanguine (lighthearted). Steiner also believed that physical and spiritual development fall into distinct seven-year periods, the first beginning with the arrival of a child's permanent teeth.

Suspect as these ideas may seem, the outside experts I spoke to consider them relatively innocent. ("When you think of what the learning-disability people cook up, this is very mild," a prominent expert on early education told me.) Harmless or not, zealotry in the practice of Steiner's theories usually has a much simpler cause: bad teachers. Although this problem afflicts every school, Waldorf wrestles with an extra challenge by being one of the last refuges for the counter-cultural values of the 1960s. "A lot of people think Waldorf schools are the place for the kids of ex-hippies," says Eugene Schwartz, the director of teacher training at Sunbridge College, in Spring Valley, New York. That image often attracts teachers who are "dropping out from the world of competi-

tion or power," Schwartz says. They can find great comfort in Steiner's spirituality, and become more devoted followers than even Steiner himself might have wished. The result is that students sometimes learn more about Steiner's scientific theories than about Isaac Newton's. "People often think Waldorf offers an easy way to teach the sciences," Schwartz says. "In fact it's just the opposite."

As public school officials collaborate with Waldorf leaders (who come to public schools by invitation only), they are working out some interesting armistices in response to their critics' epistemological warfare. There is no uniform system as yet, and given the diverse interests of the nation's school districts, there may never be one. Some schools follow Waldorf's practice of using the Old Testament in the early grades, in world-literature studies and for inspiration on student projects; others avoid it. Most adopt Waldorf's accelerated approach to basic arithmetic and some form of its relatively slow, layered approach to reading. The initiatives show intriguing signs of success, particularly with underachieving minorities. For instance, although reading scores are often low in the early years, they generally rise dramatically by eighth grade. But the partnerships have also presented challenges. The Waldorf pedagogy and class readings are heavily Eurocentric; public school teachers must modify this orientation to accommodate American literature and, increasingly, multicultural points of view. (In California, for example, white students may be inspired by gardening, but Hispanics generally aren't.) And dramatic change in schools never proceeds smoothly. When teachers are asked to try, as adults, learning to sing, play music, and paint, many suddenly find their old ways quite attractive. As for any broad troubles with religious indoctrination, the classes in public Waldorf schools have been pretty well stripped of explorations of the spiritual.

The Second Mother

ONE of the unusual aspects of Waldorf education is a system called looping, whereby a homeroom teacher stays with a class for more than a year—in Waldorf's case, from first through eighth grade. The practice has an intriguing combination of pros and cons, and is attracting growing attention in other education circles both private and public.

Although Waldorf students work with other teachers each day in subjects such as music, foreign languages, and physical education, the main lessons are taught for eight years by the same teacher. The purpose of this is to build solid, long-term relationships and to teach students how to do that themselves. "If you get in an argument with someone, you have to work it out," says Karen Rivers, a Waldorf educator and consultant in California. (This is a fair point of pride—by all accounts Waldorf teachers do spend considerable amounts of time talking with students and their parents.) For students, looping offers a base of support. "I can't tell you how wonderful it is to

have a second mom,” Ivi Esguerra, a recent graduate, told the audience at the Steiner School open house. “The caring went beyond the academics.”

The downside of looping, however, is substantial. Although the task of preparing new lessons each day keeps material fresh for the teachers and students, it also restricts the teacher’s ability to perfect given lessons with repetition. And conflict between teachers and students isn’t always overcome; even when it is, tension can remain. “Our teacher was great,” Ben Klocek, the recent Sacramento senior, told me. “But it was way too much. By the eighth grade you’re completely sick of each other.” Perhaps most important, the holes in a given instructor’s teaching aren’t always readily filled later. Scott Embrey-Stine, a Waldorf high school teacher in Sacramento, has spent most of his career in public schools, and has been impressed by the rare skills that Waldorf develops in students. Still, after two years at Waldorf, he says, he could identify the strengths and weaknesses in the lower-school teachers by the distinct character of each class. “You see the imprint of the class teacher,” he says.

A Different Citizen

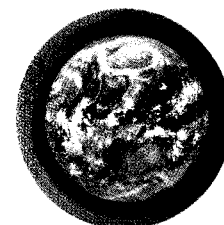
IN the end the measure of a school lies in the graduates it produces. The Waldorf record seems pretty impressive. Consider students’ scores on the Scholastic Aptitude Tests. Despite Waldorf students’ unfamiliarity with standardized tests, their SAT scores have generally come in well above the national average, particularly on verbal measures. “The concepts, they’ve got,” Kathleen O’Connor, who is the college counselor at the Washington Waldorf School, told me. “When they get direction on how to take multiple-choice tests, their scores soar.” More important, considering the limited extent to which SATs measure ability, Waldorf students seem to do well in college admissions. Graduates from the New York and Washington schools are enrolled at many of the country’s top private colleges, including Amherst, Stanford, Princeton, Swarthmore, Wellesley, and Yale.

Waldorf graduates have never been carefully tracked in this country; the only longitudinal study is a German survey, published in 1981, in which three independent researchers looked at 1,460 Waldorf graduates. They found that 22 percent had passed a rigorous German achievement test—triple the rate for state-school students. Evidence here in the United States is anecdotal but encouraging. College professors who have had Waldorf graduates as students have been impressed with their humble confidence, passion for learning, and intellectual resourcefulness. And alumni rosters are replete with professional acclaim in fields as varied as industry and the arts, medicine and the military.

Still, a persistent fear about Waldorf schools is that their noncompetitive approach doesn’t prepare students to fit in

and succeed in a dog-eat-dog world—a criticism that some Waldorf leaders acknowledge is sometimes justified. Indeed, many students choose demanding schools after leaving Waldorf precisely because they, or their parents, want more pressure and rigor in their lives. Karen Rivers, who talks frequently to worried parents in her role as a Waldorf consultant, thinks many miss the point. “We’re not trying to teach them to fit in,” she told me. “They already know how to fit in. We’re trying to educate them to create a better world.” But what about those who don’t change the world—who, like most people, don’t even rise to the top? At a Steiner School alumni gathering in New York, Deborah Grace Winer, now a freelance writer, recalled that her mother always told her, “Life is not a horse race.” Because someone will always beat you? I asked. “Yes,” she answered. “And when someone does finally beat you, you have nothing.”

Winer’s comment reminded me of my visit to the Mathews School for juvenile offenders, where students begin each day already behind, with little of the foundation that Winer now has. A feel for music is but one example. “Our kids have no sense of rhythm,” Evelyn Arcuri told me. As the students master a musical instrument, teachers say, their sense of rhythm grows. This seems to provide an anchor that strengthens their confidence in other work. “The recorders are just excellent,” Thomas, the outgoing seventeen-year-old, told me. “It calms you down, helps you think better.” Thomas was kicked out of his previous school for getting in fights. Now his grandmother says, “He’s different when he’s in that school. He doesn’t come home as frustrated as he did.” As I watched several students practice playing their recorders one morning, I understood what Thomas’s grandmother meant. When the students hit a difficult section, some gave up, and a few stomped out of the room. Most soon returned. “I screwed up too,” the teacher told them, “but I don’t let that stop me. Just play through. Persevere. That’s what this is about.” They tried again and then again, did better, smiled. ☸



Despite Waldorf students’ unfamiliarity with standardized tests, their SAT scores have generally come in well above the national average, particularly on verbal measures.

Basil the Dog

by FRANCES SHERWOOD



IT was the 1950s, and in Trinidad, the British West Indies, Winston Rama's mother believed in *soucouyant*, spirits who left their skins and flew about in the night sky clad only in raw pink flesh. She kept a pan of salt under her bed to throw on them if they came to steal her breath away.

Winston's mother had many remedies, many rituals.

If you had an enemy, you put his name on a piece of paper and placed it in your shoe, so that you walked on him all day.

To get children, in addition to prayers to Mary, Saint Elizabeth, Saint Francis, she had done special penance on her knees, and, for good measure, had her mother, Nenin, prepare rich foods for her to eat—breadfruit and cassava, pepper-pot stew with oxtail, calf's foot, pork, and chicken, all flavored with boiled and sweetened cassava.

To stop having babies, after Margaret and Winston, Mrs. Rama drank a bitter brew concocted by the obeah man, the ancient magic man who lived in the hills.

A piece of bread behind the image of the Sacred Heart above her bed ensured food in the house at all times.

If you dreamed of losing teeth, that was very bad.

Spiders were good. If you fell and cut yourself, you could put a spider web over the cut to heal it.

Everything had to be done just so. Monday was washday, and when Winston came home from school, the clothes would be spread on stones in the yard to dry. Tuesday his mother did her mending and darning, with a solid wooden ball that had been in her family for generations for the toes of the socks, and she made Margaret's dresses, using the treadle

Singer sewing machine in the front room, feet plying forward, back, forward, back, her whole body moving with the effort. Wednesday, Mrs. Rama rode the country bus to visit her mother and sisters and their families, bringing them city things—silver-paper pinwheels for the children, big bars of soap

for laundry washing, scented talcum powder in tin cans, which sprinkled out from little holes at the top like a metal shower nozzle. And for the men razor blades wrapped in thin paper, orange and white, a tiny picture of two swords crossed, and also Player's cigarettes, already made and lined up in a perfect little box, which later held pins, needles, matches, or ground coriander or ginger. Thursday, Mrs. Rama cleaned the parish church with other women, and Friday was the day the house was done top to bottom, although dust would have sifted up between the floorboards and in through the front door and windows by evening of the very same day.

Breakfast was tea and fried biscuits, sometimes a piece of cheese. Lunch was the same, the biscuits wrapped in brown paper, and Winston had tea sweetened with a drop of canned condensed milk

when he came home. At dinner, if he was lucky, his mother prepared pelau—rice and pigeon peas, rice and salt pork, or rice with curried eggplant. At Christmas the treat was dark fruitcake saturated with rum, pastelles wrapped in banana leaf, ginger beer, and roti with curried chicken.

After finishing his homework, Winston would walk up to the Queen's Park Savannah, laze with the other boys under a cannonball tree, and drink coconut water from the coconut truck—the driver took one whack with his machete to crack a coconut open. Little fire stands circling the savannah signaled roasting corn. Margaret, because she was a girl, was not al-

Basil dressed like
a man, with
shirt and pants,
but he had the long
snout of a dog,
yellow eyes as scary
as a snake's, and
goat hooves
fitted tightly into
human shoes



lowed to go out of the house at night, and instead would listen to the BBC on her father's big Telefunken radio if he was not home, snapping it off quickly when she heard his step. She also liked to play tea party with her two dolls, pink rubber babies with eyes that opened and shut and painted-on hair like a brown cap. She was very good in school, and her mother spoke of her going to convent, becoming a nun. At that Margaret would roll her eyes upward, give Winston a conspiratorial look, and silently mouth the word *never*.

During soccer season Winston played with a ball he had

made of rags wrapped around a stone; in cricket season he used a stick and a can. In kite season he made kites from strips of young bamboo, thin tissue paper begged from the Syrian store owner on the corner, paste of flour and water, and string saved from his mother's packages. He celebrated Carnival with calypso and costume, Christmas with Spanish parang, Boxing Day, the Queen's Birthday.

Of course, every day, until he lost his job, Mr. Rama went to work in the accounting department of Texaco Oil. A Calcutta Indian, descended from grandparents who had come to

Trinidad after slavery to work the land, Mr. Rama was the only father on the street who wore a white shirt and a tie. He could add up numbers in his head as fast as Mrs. Rama could say her rosary. And he would give the children a shilling every week for candy, putting his hands behind his back, asking them to guess—which one? When they were little babies, Mrs. Rama told her children, their father would be so eager to see his family that he *ran* the last block home.

Margaret, the more Indian-looking, with her long, straight hair and pale skin, was his favorite. After she died and the rum took him, Mr. Rama, indifferent to what Mabel, next door, could hear, would shout and carry on, calling Winston, his dark son, who had his mother's African features, "old nigger" and "bastard" and other bad names. Winston's mother said it was the drink talking. Yes, Winston, trying hard, knew that bottle had mouth, and he also knew that despite the modest measure of their island life, despite each day's knuckled vigilance, despite the fence his mother put up against dirt and disease, despite humility in the face of fate, empire, and God, there was Basil.

Basil came for every breathing creature, no matter. He could not be outwitted, ignored, or placated. He came in sickness and in health, in age and in youth, in the midst of cheer or sorrow. He came with the cool breeze of late night or on days so hot that even the hummingbird stayed still in the shade. He came with worms that entered your heel and lived in your stomach, eating the food that you swallowed, with mosquitoes whose touch was so light that you did not feel the long needles of their noses injecting their treacherous venom. Basil came when the world held its breath before break of day, and in rolling clouds of thunder. Even his smell was a puzzle. It was the scent of stale sweat and green gangrene, the smell of spent, cold ashes, the smell of overripe pineapple, rancid banana skin, ulcerous pus, rain-rusted tin roof, goat pills, dead cat. Also clean seawater, bicycle spokes, white chicken feathers, pages of *Alice in Wonderland* at the small library on Knox Street, Father McCauley's breath of anise and gin.

Basil dressed like a man, with shirt and pants, but he had the long snout of a dog, yellow eyes as scary as a snake's, tippy-toe goat hooves fitted tightly into human shoes, and jackass ears, which were kept folded under his hat. Basil lingered on corners of city streets, smoking a cigarette, appraising, from under the brim of his hat, the passersby. In the evening he could be found among the slender stalks of green bamboo in the botanical gardens, or perched in the spiky leaves of the prickly palm, or hiding in Old Man Bitter Bush, and in the morning, the day fresh and the streets just filling with bicycles, he could be stumbled over on the savannah, a piece of grass in his mouth, sleeping the way the dead do, his eyes open.

Winston had actually seen Basil three times before Margaret's death.

When he fell through the Grill roof.

When his grandmother, Nenin, died.

Auntie Elizabeth.

Through the Grill Roof

WINSTON was standing on the roof of the old abandoned Grill, on Abercomby Street, and it was a clear, blue day in December, an in-between time after Christmas and before Carnival. He was ten, at the Tranquility Grammar School, still in short pants. Margaret, who was twelve, was his companion, for she could climb trees, run fast, shoot marbles. They were on that day flying a Chinese kite, *chickichong*, a fighter kite prepared for battle with *zwill*—small pieces of glass—glued to its tail, and paste with ground-up bottle in it on its string, so that when he whipped it across the sky, it could slice the strings of other boys' kites and win.

Winston had made his first communion the year before, and had hoped that his godmother, who had a cookshop in her front room, would give him a bicycle, a Raleigh, but she hadn't. He had hoped that he could save enough from his job at the chemist's on the corner, wrapping packages of medicine in brown paper and string on Saturday mornings, to buy a bicycle, but he had to give his money to his father every week for the house. Winston knew that Mr. Singh, the chemist, would dismiss him shortly anyway. The brown paper was in a long roll, difficult for Winston to rip off, short as he was, with the quick, flipping movement he had been shown, and the string, on a tall cone fixed to a pole, gave him fine, smarting cuts, and then the bandages on his fingers, deducted from his wages, made him even slower and clumsier at his work.

On the Grill roof that day Margaret said not to bother about the job, she was going to be rich when she grew up and would buy him a bicycle first thing. She meant it, cross her heart and hope to die. At that moment, with the wind ballooning out her checkered cotton dress and the strands of her hair playing around her face like the memory of something, she was so beautiful that she scared Winston, and shuddering, he quickly replied no, *he* was going to be rich and buy *her* a bicycle.

The sky sprouted kites that day, a bunch tailed in brightly colored rag bows from the city streets and another fleet gaily sailed up from the savannah. Some were the colors of flowers. Winston's was plain newspaper, made the night before using thin, pliable strips of young bamboo and flour paste. A kite was nothing compared with a bicycle. If he had a bicycle, he would spend all his time riding around, exploring from morning to night on Saturdays, and on school days he would ride to school, pulling up right in front of his friends.

All of a sudden he felt himself fall. The wind rushed in his ears like the end of the world. He grabbed air, he kicked air. He wanted to scream *help*. His mouth opened.

Hail Mary, Full of Grace.

Thud. He landed on something.

His bowels loosened before the world collapsed.

Seconds, minutes, hours, whole days? A ray of light touched his face. *I am in heaven*, he thought, and a trio, the Trinity—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost—peered down curi-

ously at him. But the Father was none other than his mother, her face drawn together like a rooting rodent, the agouti; and the Son was the Chinese doctor from Frederick Street, Dr. Woo; and the Holy Ghost was his sister, Margaret, crying, "Wake up, Winnie, wake up."

The roof had broken under him, and Winston had fallen through onto dusty cardboard boxes, not the hard floor, not cement. He was alive, and Basil, outside the building, walking up and down, up and down, gnashed his teeth in anger and frustration, let his long, thin tongue out from the cage of his teeth, and hissed, *Zcurses, zcurses, zdrats, zdrats, I am going to eat my zhat.*

Nenin

HIS grandmother had been with them for a while, sleeping in his mother's room, sharing her bed. Nenin slept curled like a little cat; she was so light that Mr. Rama could easily carry her into the front room and place her in the Morris chair under the wedding photograph hanging by a rope. Nenin loved, longed for, her sip of brandy, measured out by spoon twice a day, morning and night. When Mrs. Rama went to the market or to mass, Nenin sent Winston and Margaret scurrying all over the house to find the hiding place.

Fee, fi, fo, fum, I smell the blood of an Englishman. Winston would make a big show of his search, looking in the chiffonerie, where Nenin kept her teeth, or the kitchen safe, covered by screen to protect from flies. Margaret looked in her father's house shoes, street shoes so old that the leather was as soft as a wool blanket and went *slip-slop* when he walked about. When Winston found the little bottle of brandy, he would shout out "Eureka."

There it was, behind the statue of the Blessed Virgin or the Sacred Heart above his mother's bed. The Blessed Virgin, in serene blue, her arms outstretched, her eyes cast modestly down, stood on a snake. The Sacred Heart had two little doors. Winston's mother would kiss the image and then close the doors, saying "Good night, Jesus." In the morning, first thing, she would open the doors, and the heart beaming bright rays looked ready to burst right out of Jesus' body like a red-hot cannonball.

Nenin's brandy, retrieved, administered, replaced, was actually mixed with water, and the last drops were barely flavored, merely tinted. Yet Nenin would smile as if it went straight to her cancer, made it all better. When they could afford it, they took her to the Colonial Hospital for morphine, which the nurse gave her in an injection, followed by a glass of English Beefeater gin. The *Trinidad Guardian* printed notices all the time asking people to give money for morphine so that cancer patients could be put out of their pain.

Unfortunately, Nenin's pain increased, and she wasn't always able to be taken to the latrine in the yard in time; she dribbled and had to wear a bib, and when she could, she smoked a rough country pipe, stinking up the house so that

Mr. Rama said Nenin would have to go. Mrs. Rama arranged for Mabel, next door, to keep Nenin.

"Where are my children?" Nenin would cry. "Where are my lovely ones?" she sang faintly from her pallet on the floor by the window. They could hear her quite clearly from their house, and Margaret, disregarding her father's look, would run outside to the street, calling, "I'm coming just now, Nenin."

Margaret was the one who helped to wash the old woman, stroking her face with clear, cool water from a bowl on the floor and soaping her neck and shoulders with a soft cheesecloth, under her arms with a square torn from one of Mr. Rama's shirts gone to rag. She boiled cornmeal pap with evaporated milk into a thin gruel. When changing her grandmother's gown, Margaret did it quickly and gently, using a sheet to cover her withered parts and the lump in her stomach, which was as big as a soccer ball.

Toward the end Nenin, gazing out at the patch of blue sky from her pallet on the floor, mumbled over and again, "God, I'm ready. God, take me home."

But it was not the rush of golden wings and the angelic host proclaim that Winston saw hovering in the sky the day Nenin passed. It was Basil, Basil himself, Basil as bird—and not one of the scarlet ibis that clustered in the mangroves of the swamp like little licks of flame, or any kind of nice little bird, but a hard, big bird, a bad bird, a bird of prey with feathers as black as night, as sharp as arrows, crow after carrion, death after life.

Auntie Elizabeth

WINSTON'S favorite aunt came into town from the country to have her baby in the big bedroom where Winston himself had been born. He knew very well where babies came from. He had seen dogs, goats, mount each other, and once, in Woodford Square, two cats. He had heard his father call to his mother at night, "Gouti, I'm lonely—gouti, come to me."

Winston knew what the words of certain calypso songs meant, such as "the big bamboo," and he knew that swizzling on your own in the shower was a sin you had to confess: *Father, I have sinned*. But to do it, finally, man to woman, in the way to make a baby—a child to be baptized, dressed, steadily fed, sent to school, taught his catechism—Winston envisioned as an event full of power and mystery, much like the picture of the train he had seen in the encyclopedia in the library on Knox Street, an engine shooting puffs of steam from either side, entering a dark tunnel ribbed with bands of bone, emerging into an explosion of light, God's light.

Auntie Elizabeth got his mother's bed, the one curtained with mosquito netting, its head and foot bars of metal. Under the bed Winston's mother kept her best things—a toaster from England, in the box it came in; a set of special china plates painted with bright-blue windmills, wrapped one by one in white tissue; her wedding dress, wilted and yellowed, bundled



into a straw basket; and the Christmas ham, in a string bag covered with brown paper. Margaret cleaned under the bed using a wet cloth tied on a stick. She did the rest of the floor by standing on the cloth in her bare feet and shuffling along, instead of getting on her hands and knees, which was how her mother made Margaret clean when she was watching.

Mrs. Rama spread a rubber sheet on the bed and added a layer of newspapers, and the jalousies were shut tight so that the room was as dark and as cool as the inside of a cave. Their auntie, who had been waiting all the while in the front room in

the Morris chair, with a rag dipped in ice water on her forehead, was brought in.

Winston and Margaret, banished from the room, had to go outside and play.

The afternoon was cloudless. The hot sun bore down on the hibiscus bush in the yard with a vengeance. The bush, full of showy red flowers (each corona of petals with a long, tube-like stamen), seemed to be sticking out its many tongues. The air was taut, inscrutable. Winston felt uneasy. The night before, he had dreamt of evil men with knives chasing him, and

only at the last was he able to take flight, soar above all harm.

He and Margaret made boats with cork and pins and little triangles of paper snipped from the frail blue airmail envelopes sent by their British pen pals. The boats were set to sail in the drainage stream that ran in the yard along the verandah, between the latrine shared by several neighbors and the front room of their house. After boats they looked at the five stamps in Winston's stamp collection, kept, along with his best marbles and his slingshot, in a cigar box that had on the underside of the lid a picture of an old-fashioned man in a beard. They did times tables as far as they could go, up into the hundreds, all the whole afternoon, trying to ignore the thread of pure glass, the high, eerie wail of Auntie Elizabeth, that cut through whatever their play.

She called for her mother, poor old Nenin gone some one year, and she called on God to help her, save her, spare her. She asked that she could please just die, be buried in town, in Pechier Cemetery, which had a tall iron gate and broken bottles along the top of its wall. She wanted to be forgiven, not forgotten. She wanted to know if anybody had ever loved her, name one. She wanted a glass of cold water, she wanted the priest, she wanted a real doctor for God's sake, she wanted to die, to live, to die.

Winston finally put his hands over his ears. Margaret tried to pull his hands away. They got in a fight. His mother came out of the room, saying, "What are you children doing?" His aunt began to scream again. Winston's mother rushed back into the room. "Hush—hush, hush."

And then the screaming stopped. It stopped. Shortly his mother came out of the room with the baby, wrapped tightly in a blanket like a little package, except its head showed bald. "It's a boy," she said. Now, Winston thought, maybe now they would at least have their evening tea, turn on the radio to the BBC since his father was not home, have a treat of sweet bread spread with tinned New Zealand butter. But Auntie Elizabeth called from the room, "It's not coming out."

His mother said to Margaret, "Get Mabel, next door," and to Winston, "Run, boy, fetch the Syrian down the street to drive your auntie in his car to Colonial Hospital. Run, now."

When he came back, Margaret was holding the baby, and Mabel from next door was holding Auntie Elizabeth's knees open, and Winston wondered if this was like the Black Hole of Calcutta, which he had heard mentioned once, or if it was like the giant ants he had seen in a movie, who swarmed over people, ate them alive—for it was terrible beyond compare. Bloodied newspapers were wadded up on the floor between white-enamel bowls of bloody water. The mosquito netting was pulled down and in a dirty pile. The baby was crying. His aunt's skin was going from brown to ash, and her eyelids, fluttering like butterflies, desperately tried to stay open.

"Push, girl, push," his mother instructed.

Winston's own dried placenta, as flat as a pressed flower, as brown as a dead leaf, his mother kept safely wrapped in paper somewhere under her bed. As was the custom, she would give

it for safekeeping to his wife when he got married, to be eaten in dire sickness.

"Push, girl, push."

Mr. Vivi arrived. Scooping up Auntie Elizabeth in his big, strong arms, he carried her to the car, gently settling her into the back seat.

"No bother at all," he said.

Not thinking of her agony, Auntie Elizabeth reached out of the car window and put her hand on Winston's cheek.

"You take care of your little cousin, you hear, boy?"

"Right as rain," Mr. Vivi said. "She is going to be right as rain."

Winston wanted to believe in that, in rain, but what he saw was Basil, Basil the Dog, in the back seat, as comfortable as could be, his long tail curled around his neck like a great mapepire snake, and a wicked, wicked smile on his thin, cruel lips.

The baby's father, a cane cutter, arrived the next day and took the baby away, going deep into the bush with his child and getting a new wife the following week, a strong, fat woman with thick flat feet.

The Most Awful

WINSTON crouched on the tin roof of the house, rocking back on his heels, hearing his mother in her room, humming as if wearing her good funeral clothes were sport. The humming stopped abruptly when she looked up from the window facing the courtyard and caught him.

"Winnie, Winnie, I see you up there. Come down, boy, and dress."

Winston squatted resolutely, wrapping his arms around his knees, holding on for dear life, because he felt that if he did not grip himself hard, he might float up, up, and away, like Superman, or like one of his *chickichong* kites cut loose. His mother came out in the yard.

"Winnie, what do you think your sister will feel if she knows you don't even go to her own funeral, eh?"

To his mother, Margaret was walking up in the clouds, probably looking down and getting heaven ready for the rest of them, much like straightening up the house on Friday. Winston wished his mother were the one who was lying in the coffin on the table with chipped ice packed all around her. Margaret, a honey brown, was now a powdered, painted doll wearing her Sunday dress, which she had always hated for its starched skirt, babyish sash, and guava-green color. Two professional mourners, old ladies with no right to long life, were by her coffin, sobbing and moaning as if they were not paid to sit. Moving around the roof, Winston saw through another window his father thrown across his sister's bed, twisted in grief.

The day she died, the nuns from Tranquility had said, "God needed her more than we did."

Winston's father had replied, "God's rump, God's face, God go to hell, you stupid, stupid."

And Winston had wildly agreed with his father. Oh, how he had agreed.

Then Mr. Rama ran through the house beating his head against the walls, knocking things down with one swipe, all the dishes, kicking, swearing, screaming, as if with enough destruction he would be released from grief and Margaret would rise from her bed, saying, "Daddy, stop. You see, I am alive, God is love."

Mr. Rama even spit on the crucifix in the front room and tore down the Sacred Heart above his wife's bed. For naught.

The sickness had started because Winston and Margaret used the drainage ditch as a channel for cork-and-pin boats. The part of the house by Mabel's was sheltered by a large flamboyant tree, and Winston imagined afterward that Basil, already in the vicinity because of Auntie Elizabeth, had spotted Margaret from a limb in the tree, his legs dangling over, julie mango in his hand, sweet juice running from the corners of his mouth. Or perhaps Basil was lingering by the latrine. A wily fellow, like Granddaddy Roach, sitting in the crack, who skittered on the floorboards when lights were out, Basil was everywhere always.

Margaret got a little cough is all. But Dr. Woo came, just to be sure, examined her chest with black rubber tubes dangling from his ears, placing the little metal cup at the end on the smooth skin over her heart, the wings of her lungs, turning his head away as if listening hard to distant music. He told Mrs. Rama that Margaret needed rest, good food, lots of liquids.

Margaret got her mother's bedroom, the bed with the toaster and the wedding dress underneath. They had eaten the ham on Christmas Day, before Margaret got sick, Winston's mother placing the thin slices on the plates with blue windmills, mango relish to the side. She had also made for Christmas sorrel, plantain balls in callaloo soup, souse and cucumber, dark cake soaked in rum. In fact, the night before Christmas even his father had gone to mass. It had been, all told, except for the death of Auntie Elizabeth, a good year, Mrs. Rama declared at grace, and the year before, except for Nenin's dying, a good year. Looking back, she could find no fault. They had food on the table, clothes on their backs. Margaret in her most hated dress, her braids tied in red ribbons, peeked a look at Winston across the table during this speech, mouthed *hungry*, giggled.

"Mind your manners," Mrs. Rama cautioned. "You want to bring bad luck?"

The day the doctor had to come again, because Margaret's cough would not go away at all, at all, Winston's mother closed the jalousie shutters to keep out the sun and noise, the dirt from the street, just as she had for Auntie Elizabeth. And in the following days Mrs. Rama attended Margaret around the clock, bringing her tall glasses of mauby, chips of ice to suck on from the Syrian's fridge, sea moss to build strength. She made puddings of breadfruit or pumpkin, and rubbed Margaret down with bay rum and Tiger Balm every afternoon. In addition to Margaret's Saint Christopher medal and cross, Mrs. Rama had Margaret wear around her neck a piece

of camphor sewn in a little bag on a string for easing the throat, and a little bag of stones to protect the child against the evil eye. At night, when Mr. Rama came home from work, he sat by his daughter's bed, held her hand gently in his, and told her stories about mongoose, tortoise, parrot in the tree.

Winston went to school, of course, but all other times he sat on the floor by his sister's bed and watched. The nuns from Tranquility swept in like birds of ill omen; Father McCauley appeared, pronounced "Be a brave girl"; Mabel from next door said, "Brave my arse, by Carnival you be so well, you be dancing for so, just you wait and see, nuh?" Mr. Singh came with a bottle of tonic from his shop free of charge. The Syrian brought sticks of candy whorled green and apricot. Little girls filed in, Margaret's friends, their eyes wide with curiosity and fear.

At the beginning of her illness Margaret had seemed to know, for she had given Winston her cat's-eye marble, which was worth a good trade of at least five ordinary marbles, and the picture of a champion cricket player she had saved from the *Trinidad Guardian*. She also had a picture of the boxer Joe Louis, the Brown Bomber, who had visited from the States, staying in the Queen's Park Hotel.

When the coughing got worse, Winston's mother summoned the obeah man. He poured rosewater in all the corners of the room, lit incense, chanted spells, and made a mixture of plants gathered near Maracas Beach at three o'clock on a Sunday morning.

"Get that witch doctor out of here," his father had shouted, loud enough that Mabel had to run over and calm things down.

The day Margaret died, rain fell so hard in the afternoon that the drops, like bullets, dented holes in the ground. Then the rain stopped. Then the sun came out, as unrelenting as ever. Then darkness fell, and that was like mercy bestowed on the good, for Winston felt that the cool air was a sign that Margaret would get better. Indeed, her cheeks appeared to gain color that night, and she smiled.

"Look," she said to him when they were alone in the room, "I can still stand." With several attempts, pathetically thin, almost faded to extinction, yet all by herself, she stood on the bed and stretched out her arms. "See?"

But later she got worse, very bad.

Father McCauley was summoned. He gave her the last rites, and with them kneeling around her bed, his mother praying and crying, his father struck down by the unthinkable, and he, Winston, in a fury of grief, there, on the outskirts of their suffering, Basil began his strutting, a little chip-step to a calypso beat.

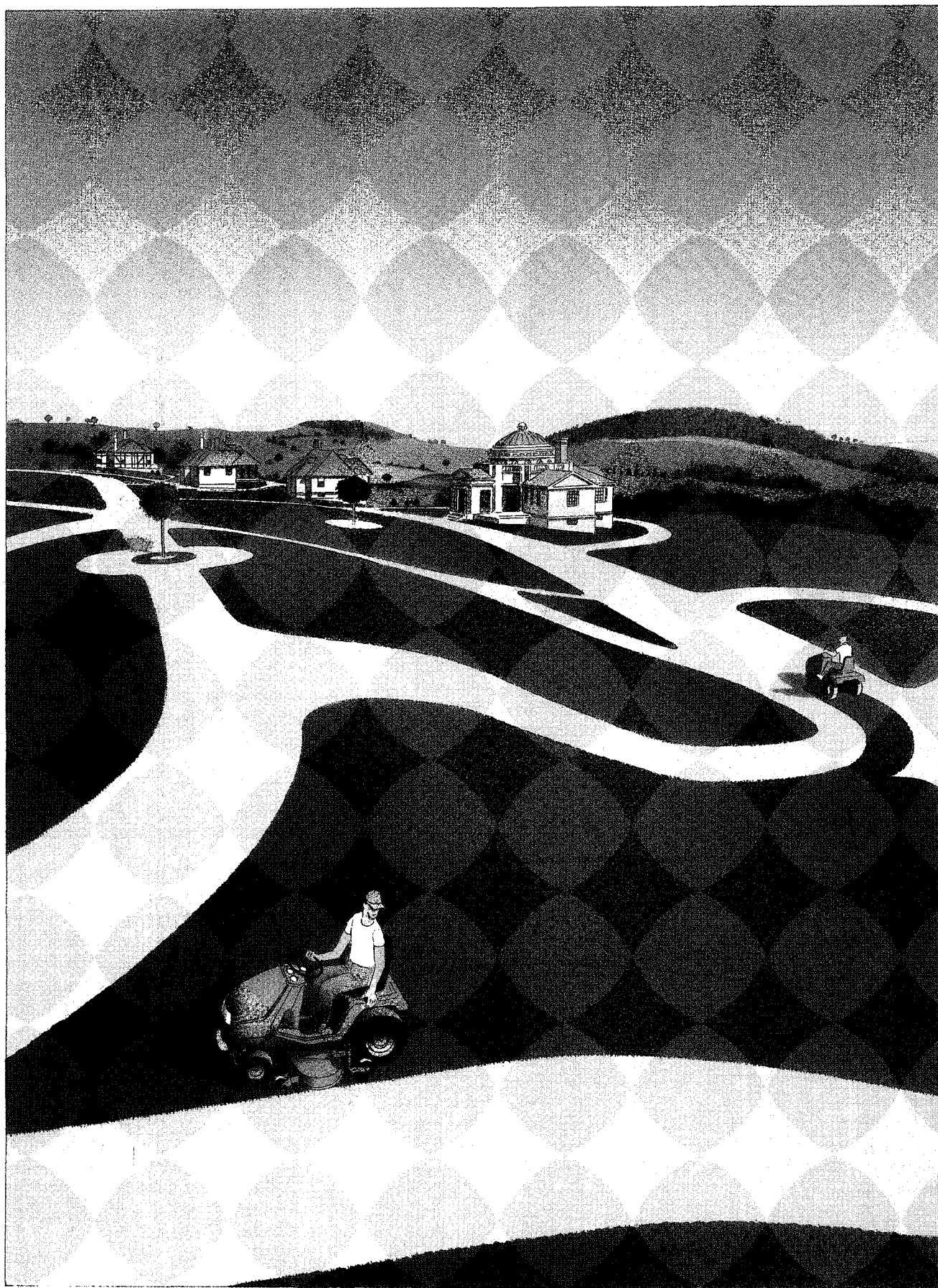
Oh yes, oh my, time does fly.

The dirty dog thought he was King of Carnival, Emperor of the Caribbean, Ruler of the World, God Himself Supreme.

Oh yes, be my guest, I love you so, don't be slow.

This was before the rum took Winston's father.

This was before—or maybe it was when—Winston knew he had to leave the island, travel over the waters, go to university, learn to do serious battle. ☸





We Want Magic

What makes opera magical in the age of movies?

OPERA today is on a roll. While symphonies around the country stumble, opera companies are flourishing, and even commissioning new works. Yet the hope that new operas will revitalize the form is, on recent evidence, misplaced. The Seattle Opera's *Tristan und Isolde*, which last summer brought together a dream-team cast and a state-of-the-art postmodern production,

by David Schiff

was an electrifyingly vital, if at times puzzling, rethinking of a 134-year-old warhorse. But *A Streetcar Named Desire*, the highly publicized new opera by André Previn and Philip Littell, which had its first performance, in San Francisco, a month after the *Tristan*, and has since appeared on PBS and on a DGG recording, was DOA.

Faceless in style, shapeless in its musi-

cal design, Previn's opera was such a pallid affair that it would be foolish to use it as the basis of an obituary for the entire art form, even though the gala premiere felt like a high-class funeral. On television and CDs, *Streetcar* was a less exquisite corpse than it had seemed on the stage. Desperate for something to praise, critics singled out the buff physique of Rodney Gilfry, who sang the role of Stanley Kowalski and took off his shirt as often as possible; this is what often passes for acting (and directing) in opera today. Any better-than-average opera composer should have been able to write music that stripped off Stanley's shirt, and his pants as well.

Previn's opera develops Blanche's character in a series of increasingly saccharine arias but never gives Stanley a chance to bare his soul rather than his torso. This asymmetry endorses Blanche's view of herself, equating magic with fading gentility, purple poetry, Chinese lampshades, and cheap perfume. We all know the lines from the Tennessee Williams play: "Maybe we are a long way from being made in God's image, but Stella—my sister—there has been *some* progress since then! Such things as art—as poetry and music—such kinds of new light have come into the world since then!" The libretto drops these lines to achieve one of the few effective moments in the opera, as Stella taunts Blanche with a song-without-words of sexual fulfillment. But elsewhere in the opera—most self-indulgently in Blanche's pseudo-Straussian farewell aria—the music seemed to speak these lines to its audience, congratulating us for sharing Blanche's sensitivity and refinement.

Of course, Blanche as spokeswoman for Western civilization is absurd and pathological—witness her visits to the Flamingo Hotel and the easy, experienced way she comes on to the paper boy. Seemingly unable to recognize Williams's irony, Previn and Littell present Blanche as a diva, somewhere between Tosca and the Marschallin. This is a parody of a parody—a sanitized appropriation of the homosexual opera fan's diva-goddess described by Wayne Koestenbaum in his revelatory *The Queen's Throat*.

Previn and Littell have it backwards. Colored lanterns and forgettable music are what make the movies magical.

Operatic magic is not about illusion, let alone self-delusion. Opera lives not on dreams but on blood and guts, well-trained muscles, and heroic strength. It's much more like Stanley than like Blanche. Even before the opera's premiere, London released a recital album by Renée Fleming that featured Blanche's big aria, "I Want Magic!" This is an old and honorable promotional device, especially since more operas than you might think remain in the repertory because of a single soprano showstopper. As it happens, "I Want Magic!" is as limp as the rest of *Streetcar*, but its title might make a nice slogan for opera-lovers to wear on a button. We all want magic; the question is what, if anything, makes opera magical today, when our concept of dramatic enchantment is defined by the movies.

ACCORDING to some historians and most operagoers, opera died in 1924, along with Puccini, who died just one big duet short of completing *Turandot*, the last opera to win the unconflicted support of singers and audiences (not counting *Porgy and Bess*, an exception to many rules). Since then opera has been a museum art, with a repertory and a performance style frozen nearly solid in time. The nails on the operatic coffin may have been hammered in just a few years after Puccini died, with the release of *The Jazz Singer*: the talkies took over the glamour, star power, and technical wizardry that had given opera its aura and popular appeal.

The glittering opening-night audience arrived at *Streetcar* with the movie version of the play indelibly etched in their minds. It was cruel and unusual punishment to force a great singer like Renée Fleming to compete with Vivien Leigh's Blanche DuBois, or to make any male singer walk in Marlon Brando's shadow. Fleming, with her solid farm-girl body, had none of Leigh's fluttering fragility, yet as a dramatic presence she seemed insubstantial compared with her celluloid predecessor. The camera captured Leigh's minute and momentary inflections of Blanche's character—the volatile mixture of self-knowledge and self-deception, idealism and lust, snobbery and vulgarity, that keeps her from being just a floozy. By comparison even those opera roles considered psychologically complex, such as Mélisande and the Marschallin, seem like stick figures.

Opera combines storytelling and spectacle in ways that rarely achieve the state

of fusion we take for granted at the movies. Only die-hard film fans go to a bad movie to catch a great cameo performance, but opera-lovers do the equivalent all the time, knowing that a few moments of vocal bliss are more important than an evening of credible acting or striking "production values." What fewer opera-lovers understand is the way in which musical form makes these peak moments possible. The composer must provide the platform from which the singers soar. Without a sense of form, opera music turns into movie music. Previn, who has composed for film, does not seem to understand the difference. His decision to accept a libretto that closely followed the play, instead of creating a series of arias, duets, and ensembles (apparently, the Williams estate insisted that the libretto stay close to the play), would probably have relegated the music to the background even if it had achieved a more distinctive style.

Both opera and film composers join music to words and images, but in opera the composer must win; whereas in film the composer must be a gracious loser. Despite the self-congratulation that film composers indulge in around Oscar time, their contribution to a film is equivalent to the lighting director's contribution to an opera. Film music is formless: it responds to the images and dialogue on screen, appearing and disappearing to serve the cinematic drama.

Previn seems to have assumed that an opera could be written like film music. Most of the libretto is dialogue, fast interchanges of information and emotion between characters. For example:

MITCH: I am ashamed of the way I perspire. My shirt is sticking to me.

BLANCHE: Perspiration is healthy. If people didn't perspire they would die in five minutes. [She takes his coat from him.] This is a nice coat. What kind of material is it?

MITCH: They call that stuff alpaca.

BLANCHE: Oh. Alpaca.

MITCH: It's very light weight alpaca.

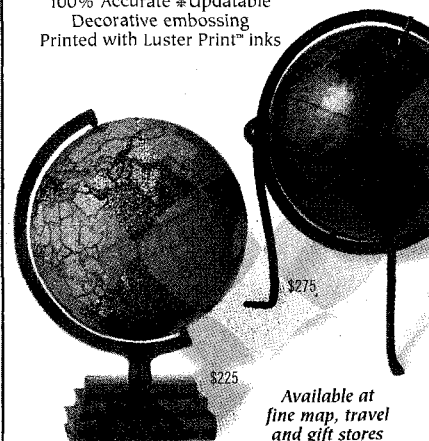
Onscreen Vivien Leigh and Karl Malden make this exchange a funny-painful game of cat and mouse. Give the same words to singers, as Previn and Littell have, and they make the audience squirm, unless the music has a strong character

Eureka Globes

Masterpiece Collection

10 Beautiful Table & Floor Models

100% Accurate & Updatable
Decorative embossing
Printed with Luster Print™ inks



Available at
fine map, travel
and gift stores

Call today
for the store nearest you
or to request your free catalogue

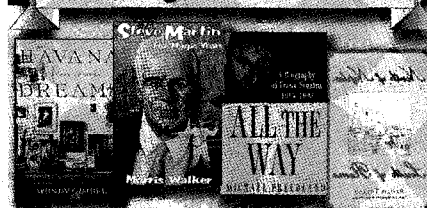
1-888-473-9505 (toll free)

www.maps-eureka.com

1796 University Avenue, Berkeley, CA 94703

Fine Decorative Globes for Home and Office

Unabridged Audiobooks



Over 1,500 Titles
Available for Purchase or Rental by Mail
for a free catalogue, write or call
Dept. A • P.O. Box 969 • Ashland, OR 97520

1-800-729-2665

http://www.blackstoneaudio.com

BLACKSTONE AUDIOBOOKS
Unabridged Recordings of Great Books

Comfortable ROCKERS

CHAIRS • SOFAS • RECLINERS

Beautiful
furniture for
spaces you live
and work in.

Free Catalog
(800) 451-7247
www.kleindesign.com

Klein Design Inc. 99 Sadler St., Gloucester, MA 01930

brigger® FURNITURE MADE
TO FIT YOUR BODY

Never let a dead car battery stall you again—go with...

Car Starter II™

now with 24-volt booster for extra-fast charge
only \$49^{95*}

**But read this ad for an even better deal!*



The sickening "click-click" of a dead car battery is the most discouraging sound a motorist can hear. You are stranded—sometimes for hours or in dangerous neighborhoods—or are dependent on the kindness of strangers, who might not even have jumper cables. And you know how dangerous jumper cables (and strangers!) can be.

This can never happen to you with *Car Starter II*™, a portable power source that will charge your car battery in 15 minutes or less—just by plugging it into your cigarette lighter! After use, you can recharge the unit again, right through that same cigarette lighter. And that isn't all:

You can use *Car Starter II*™ to operate any and all 12-volt appliances, such as small TV sets (up to 16 hours), portable fridges, cellular phones (up to 100 hours), camcorders, and much more. *Car Starter II*™ has important, special, and unique features, such as high/low voltage indicator and built-in short-circuit protection.

***And here is the "even better deal": Buy two *Car Starter II*™ units for \$99.90 and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments absolutely FREE! Don't ever again worry about a dead battery and a stalled car—give convenience and safety to yourself and your loved ones and order your *Car Starter II*™ unit(s) today!**

You may order by toll-free phone, by mail, or by fax and pay by check or Visa/MasterCard. Please give order number #1080E871. Add ship./ins. of \$4.95 for one unit or \$9.90 for three units plus sales tax for CA delivery only. You have 30-day refund and one-year warranty. We do not refund postage.

• *Car Starter II*™ will work in the most extreme hot/cold temperature conditions. Its output is an astonishing 7.5 amp-hrs, its charge rate accelerated by its built-in 24-volt booster. *Car Starter II*™ measures just 8.5" x 2" x 2" and weighs only 27 oz. You should always keep it in your glove compartment!

since 1967
haverhills®

2360 Third St., San Francisco, CA 94107

© Order by toll-free phone: (800) 797-7367 or (fastest!) by fax: (415) 643-2818 ©

CD STORAGE+™



No. B300 (Shown in Solid Oak)

SORICE SYSTEMS Include... Video, DVD, Tape, LP, Laserdisc and Component Storage Units.

- ◆ Our B300 Model shown stores 300 CDs.
- ◆ Impeccably crafted in these Premium Solid Hardwoods: Oak, Walnut, or Cherry.
- ◆ Adjustable Shelves store any combination of CDs, Videos & Cassettes—all in One cabinet.
- ◆ Adjustable Solid Brass Bookends keep Discs & Tapes upright and in place.
- ◆ Cabinets can be stacked, wall mounted or left free standing.
- ◆ Optional Wood or Glass Doors are available.
- ◆ Enclosed back provides dust protection.
- ◆ Compact size: 39 1/2"H x 22 1/2"W x 7 1/2"D. Cabinet comes assembled.

SORICE

PO Box 301-40, Perkasi, PA 18944
e-mail: info@sorice.com
http://www.sorice.com

For FREE Color Literature & Prices
on our Full Line of Quality Products
Call: 1-800-432-8005
Fax: 1-215-258-1241

and continuity of its own. Put a tango rhythm under this dialogue, as Kurt Weill might have done, and it can begin to have a musical life that transforms the drama without betraying it. Intensify that tango with a sinuous melody, harmonic twists, and nervous flashes of orchestral color, and the emotions of the scene are ready to take off. Previn, however, uses a technique that in film is called Mickey Mousing, responding to each line with a different rhythm or gesture that mimics the small impulses of the dialogue. This misplaced fidelity to the words renders the music powerless. The audience squirms because there is no reason for the characters to be singing—and the music prevents them from acting.

I can imagine a Broadway-musical version of *Streetcar* that would not completely violate its spirit. Johnny Mercer and Harold Arlen would have been the perfect words-and-music team; the tricky part would be the book. Blanche would sing like Garland, Stanley like Sinatra. But as soon as you make the characters sing operatically, the punchy, funny, scary parts of the play turn to mush—or at least they did in San Francisco.

Paradoxically, operatic singing, a deeply conservative form, keeps opera alive while cutting it off from other forms of contemporary theater and music—but not completely. That's where postmodern directors like Robert Wilson, Peter Sellars, and Francesca Zambello step in. They have made opera feel contemporary again by making it as unlike the movies as possible.

POSTMODERN opera production separates what you hear from what you see. You hear music from the past—say, *The Marriage of Figaro*—but you see images from the present: a Trump Tower laundry room in Peter Sellars's famous version. No attempt is made to modernize the music or even to change the words, but the setting, stage directions, and "concept" are up for grabs. Sometimes updating makes the original text clearer for modern audiences, as when Sellars presented Cherubino as a gawky, crotch-rubbing American teenager in a high school sweatshirt. At other times the director deliberately undermines the text, usually with ironic or demythologizing devices. The landmark "deconstructive" production was Patrice Chereau's 1976 production of the *Ring* cycle, which threw out all

the mythic paraphernalia and set the action when Wagner wrote it—in the mid nineteenth century. The opening of *Das Rheingold* took place not in the depths of the river but in a Balzac-esque bordello, with the Rhine maidens as prostitutes. Although this struck some as sacrilegious, Chereau was actually presenting a Marxist reading of the *Ring* that goes back at least as far as George Bernard Shaw; instead of staging Wagner's drama, Chereau gave physical form to a critical interpretation—a kind of annotated edition with the footnotes printed larger than the text.

Chereau's intellectual clarification smashed Wagner's illusionistic aesthetic, in which the music and the stage were a single, continuous form of storytelling. It is really a small step from Wagner's "total art work" to the films of Griffith and Eisenstein. When Wagner designed the Bayreuth opera house for the *Ring*, he was in effect creating a model movie theater. Unlike older opera houses, which were built for social display, Bayreuth was planned to draw the audience into the stage action. The house was darkened, there was no central aisle, and the orchestra was placed beneath the stage, heard but not seen. This kind of theater allowed the music to intoxicate (or indoctrinate) the audience with the effect that Nietzsche termed "Dionysian."

Live theater has pursued disillusion instead of illusion at least since Bertolt Brecht, creating barriers of irony between the audience and the stage. Chereau, Sellars, and Zambello are Brecht's operatic grandchildren, bringing opera closer to contemporary dance and performance art. They stress the energy and instability of live performance over the tightly controlled illusions of realistic theater or the movies. In a sense they have rediscovered what opera-lovers have known all along—opera is not an imitation of an action but action itself, more like a hybrid sports event and magic act than like the movies.

Since Chereau's *Ring* most opera audiences have come to expect a certain degree of nonrealistic visual weirdness onstage. In the 1980s the Seattle Opera presented a *Ring* directed by François Rochaix, with sets and costumes by Robert Israel, which downplayed the politics but dressed Wotan like Wagner, flew the Valkyries above the stage on wooden horses, and, to the audible delight of the audience, turned the dragon, Fafner, into

This sleep-lab breakthrough makes all other beds obsolete with... Swedish Engineering & NASA Technology!



The Tempur-Pedic Swedish Sleep System™ is the future!

- Trillions of viscoelastic MEMORY CELLS adjust to every curve of your body for total, weightless support!
- We promise 83% less tossing and turning!
- Adjusts to fit you and your spouse!
- Over 25,000 doctors and sleep clinics say "Yes!"
- The press is giving us rave reviews!
- Self-ventilating structure helps assure cool, comfortable sleep!
- TRY IT AT OUR RISK FOR 90 DAYS!

Our free DEMONSTRATION KIT is now yours for the asking.
FREE SAMPLE / FREE VIDEO / FREE INFO

TEMPUR-PEDIC
PRESSURE RELIEVING
SWEDISH MATTRESS AND PILLOW
1-888-238-3091
Fax to 1-606-259-9843
Tempur-Pedic, Inc., 8480 Mendota Blvd., Lexington, KY 40511

© Copyright 1994 by Tempur-Pedic, Inc. All Rights Reserved.

The Indispensable Black Travel Dress™



**FREE
CATALOG**

Men's
Travelwear
Women's
Travelwear
Luggage
Petites,
Large Sizes
Walking Shoes

Our Indispensable Black Travel Dress is 100% wrinkle-proof and tucks snugly in a corner of your suitcase. Dress it up with pearls or dress it down with flats – it looks great either way. It's just one of over 550 helpful products in our latest catalog of uncommon travel gear. The catalog is filled with versatile, wrinkle-free, lightweight, easy-to-pack, travel clothes for men and women, many of which can double for daytime sightseeing or a night on the town. Order your free 88 page catalog and discover our wrinkle-free blazers, Packable Microfiber Raincoats, and Coolmax® polo shirts. We also make exceptional luggage & travel tools to assure comfort and convenience even when you're roughing it. Call now for your **FREE CATALOG** and **FREE OUTFITTING GUIDE** with suggested packing lists and good, solid advice for the trip you're planning!

Indispensable Black Travel Dress™
Now available in *Black* and *Midnight*. XS-XL, Regular and Petite #5183 \$99 Plus 8⁹⁵ S&H. Also available in above the knee (item #5128) or long sleeve mock t-neck (item #5184).

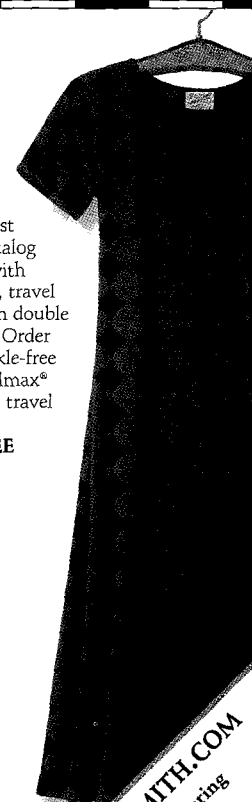
TRAVELSMITH®

Clothes for the Road Less Traveled

60 LEVERONI CT • NOVATO, CA 94949 • WWW.TRAVELSMITH.COM

800-950-1600 MENTION DEPT AT01938

100% GUARANTEE • SAME DAY SHIPPING



TRAVELSMITH.COM
Online Ordering
Packing Lists
World Weather

Earn your Graduate degree from home!

Earn your Master of Arts degree in Liberal Studies from home through Regents College, America's First Virtual University. Our respected degree programs will enrich your knowledge and enhance your life. Call Regents College today.

Toll free: 1-888-647-2388



www.regents.edu/mls

Regents College admits students of any race, color and national or ethnic origin.



CLASSIC CAP
Waterproof
Waxed Cotton **\$10**

FLEECE VEST
5 warm colors
Sizes SM-XXL **\$28**

HOLIDAY SPECIAL
SAVE! 3 vests for \$68
FREE shipping & FREE fleece Hat
on \$68 Web orders (all prices USD)

this 100% Canadian Company
guarantees complete satisfaction.

1-800-565-1399

pacifotrekking.com

**FREE fleece hat
FREE shipping
with \$68 USD
Internet Orders**

ORDER NOW FROM OUR COMPLETE CATALOGUE ON-LINE!

101 Languages!

Yes, we have self-instructional audio-cassette courses in languages from Afrikaans to Zulu and everything in between. Short courses and long courses. Easy and in-depth. We have been serving language learners for 25 years. Call or write for our free 52-page *Whole World Language Catalog*.

AUDIO-FORUM®
THE LANGUAGE SOURCE

Room T915, 96 Broad St., Guilford, CT 06437
1-888-773-2548 • Fax: 1-888-453-4329
e-mail: RT915@audioforum.com

a flame-throwing steam engine. In choosing Francesca Zambello to direct *Tristan und Isolde*, Seattle was taking a calculated risk; her deromanticized *Lucia di Lammermoor* at the Metropolitan Opera provoked catcalls and boos from the audience, pans from the critics. Zambello views herself not as the composer's faithful servant but as a critical interpreter. In Seattle you heard Wagner but you saw Zambello's critique of Wagner.

Zambello undermined the opera's philosophical pretenses with a series of jarring visual anachronisms. Act One took place not on some Arthurian trireme but on a modern ship like one of Seattle's ferries, or, naughtier, the *Titanic*. Whenever the chorus sang, a horizontal panel opened up to reveal sweaty, tattooed oarsmen lit in lurid engine-room red. The visual details were often ambiguous and contradictory—oarsmen in an engine room?—and at times the production felt like a rebus you needed to translate to get the references. In Act Two, which began with a poetic, inexplicably snow-filled pantomime, the lovers' hideaway was a cube-shaped gazebo that looked like Philip Johnson's Glass House. Tristan's wounding was signaled by a banner with an emblem that resembled the Nike swoosh scrawled in blood. Melot, Tristan's betrayer, showed his satisfaction at exposing the lovers with the close-fisted sitcom gesture for "Yes!" With all these iconic references popping up, it was hard to know what to make of the gleaming golden arch that framed the lovers during their great love duet. Was it beautiful, trite (though not as trite as the cheap Valentine image I've seen at the Met), or McDonald's?

Zambello's shock tactics were not as smart-alecky as they might sound. The pop-icon flashes emphasized the isolation of the lovers' passion from their surroundings. Reminding us of running shoes and french fries when we were engaged in matters of love and death, Zambello found a visual equivalent for that banality of the everyday world which the lovers reject as they sing their obscure, Schopenhauer-based rantings about night and day. The glass house was a potent symbol for the lovers' physical vulnerability and the fact that the emotional force that drew them together was transparent to all around them. Whatever the meaning of the golden arch, Zambello chose not to bring it back for the "Liebestod." Many productions make a visual equa-

tion between the love duet and *Isolde's* final monologue, because the music is virtually the same. In doing so, the director signs on to the idea of romantic union in death. Here, however, the close belonged to *Isolde* alone, and the "Liebestod" became her meditation on the affair rather than its ghostly consummation. She was alive, apparently, and ready to move on.

I may be accused of reading too much into Zambello's direction. Most of the critics had little to say about her work, focusing instead on the glorious musical performances and the massive bodies of the two leads, Jane Eaglen and Ben Heppner (heavy people should file a class-action suit against music journalists). For me the production offered two pleasures: the satisfaction of great music being performed as well as possible, and the risky intellectual adventure of an unconventional staging.

Contrasting San Francisco's dreary *Streetcar*, a poor substitute for a movie, and Seattle's dazzling *Tristan*, a highly sophisticated form of poetic theater, may not answer the question of whether opera is alive or dead. Any production of *Tristan* is operatic caviar, this one particularly so, and what opera needs to survive is bread-and-butter repertory. *Streetcar* attracted so much interest not just because of aggressive marketing but because opera audiences, for all their conservatism, really would like to see the rhythms and conflicts of contemporary life presented on the stage with the emotional force found in earlier operas or in the movies today—as long as the notes are sung with the same technique used for Puccini.

This desire is attainable, as a Seattle Opera revival of a neglected thirty-year-old opera showed last spring. Ever since its Metropolitan Opera premiere, in 1958, *Vanessa*, with music by Samuel Barber and libretto by Gian Carlo Menotti, has been reviled as reactionary camp, and so its musical charm and theatrical savvy took me by surprise. The music imbued old operatic forms with fresh feeling; and the Albee-esque twists and conundrums of the plot—a story of thwarted love, mistaken and exchanged identities, and sexual amorality, set in Scandinavia in 1905—held my attention as *Streetcar* never did. *Vanessa* isn't profound or philosophical, but it is a work of serious frivolity, both silly and wise, that leaves you with a few tunes you can hum. Maybe that's all the magic we need. ☼

Return^{to} Sender

The Atlantic Monthly's reader information service. Return the postage-paid card with your selections circled, and we'll send you the information you requested—free.

THIS & THAT

Check 901 to receive all information on This & That.

1. ENDLESS POOLS. Swim at home in an 8' x 15' pool against a smooth current adjustable to any speed or ability. Call 800-233-0741, ext. 539 for a FREE brochure.

2. EUREKA GLOBES. Fine world globes for home and office in ten styles. The perfect gift—visit our Web site or call 888-473-9505 for a free catalogue. www.maps-eureka.com.

3. REGENTS COLLEGE. America's first virtual university helps you access traditional and non-traditional educational avenues to reach your college-degree goal.

4. SHELL OIL COMPANY. Visit Shell's Web site at countonshell.com for more information on safety booklets.

5. PHILLIPS PETROLEUM COMPANY. For a copy of our annual report call 918-661-3700 or visit us at www.phillips66.com.

FINANCIAL SERVICES

Check 902 to receive all information on Financial Services.

6. CITIZENS FUNDS. Citizens Funds is a family of socially and environmentally responsible no-load mutual funds. Call 800-223-7010 for a prospectus or visit our website at www.citizensfunds.com.

7. DOMINI SOCIAL INVESTMENTS. For more information on socially responsible investing call 800-225-FUND (3863) or visit our Web site at www.domini.com.

8. TIAA-CREF. Financial services exclusively for people in education and research. Send for your free personal-investing kit.

9. T. ROWE PRICE. Roll over your IRA. 800-541-5853. www.troweprice.com.

FURNISHINGS

Check 903 to receive all information on Furnishings.

10. SORICÉ AUDIO/VIDEO STORAGE SYSTEMS. Free catalogue. Solid oak, cherry, or walnut cabinets and racks for CDs, DVDs, videos, LPs, laser discs, stereo components.

11. THOS. MOSER CABINET-MAKERS. Thos. Moser furniture is inspired by the untutored aesthetics of the American Shakers, the sentimentality of Arts & Crafts, classic Japanese joinery, and the styling of Art Deco. Call for our free catalogue: 800-708-9703. www.thosmoser.com.

APPAREL

Check 904 to receive all information on Apparel.

12. LANDS' END DIRECT MERCHANTS. Drifter™, the "better cotton sweater" from Lands' End®, looks like now. But it's

built like *then*, with old-time craftsmanship. Free catalogue. 800-814-1310, www.landsend.com.

13. PACIFICTREKKING.COM. Canada's BEST PRICE GORE-TEX® and fleece headquarters—FREE beautiful outdoor- and travel-clothing catalogue—800-565-1399 or pacifictrekking.com.

14. SUN PRECAUTIONS, INC. Featuring Solumbra 30+SPF sun-protective clothing—serious sun protection recommended by thousands of dermatologists. Phone 800-882-7860 for a FREE catalogue.

15. THE TERRITORY AHEAD. Pattern-to-fabric-to-buttons originals. Casual clothing for men and women—available only in this catalogue. FREE.

TRAVEL

Check 905 to receive all information on Travel.

16. COLORADO TRAVEL & TOURISM. Colorado. For a free Colorado Official State Vacation Guide call 800-COLORADO.

17. MONTANA. How to explore a land of open roads and grand horizons. Call 800-VISIT-MT (847-4868), ext. 907. <http://visitmt.com>.

18. TRAVELSMITH. Free catalogue and outfitting guide for the active traveler! Travelsmith offers you lightweight, versatile, wrinkle-resistant, and classically styled travel wear and gear designed

for lighter and smarter travel. Call 800-950-1600, dept. AT01938. www.travelsmith.com.

AUTOMOBILES

Check 906 to receive all information on Automobiles.

19. AMERICAN ISUZU MOTORS, INC. We don't build cars, we build trucks. Visit our Web site at www.isuzu.com or call 800-726-2700.

20. CADILLAC SEVILLE. Its sophisticated technology provides a powerful sense of control. The unmistakable Seville STS. It's what's next.

21. DELPHI AUTOMOTIVE SYSTEMS (NYSE: DPH). A world leader in automotive component and systems technology. Delphi can be found on the Internet at www.delphiauto.com.

22. LINCOLN NAVIGATOR. It's the most luxurious way to travel . . . anywhere. To learn more, call 800-446-8888 or visit www.lincolnvehicles.com.

23. SUBARU. Subaru Outback. The world's first sport-utility wagon. For more information please call 800-WANT-AWD (926-8293) or visit www.subaru.com.

24. TOYOTA AND THE ENVIRONMENT. Find out about Toyota's environmental breakthroughs, such as electric vehicles, fuel cells, and hybrid technology.

The Mystique of Betty Friedan

She helped to change not only the thinking but the lives of many American women, but recent books throw into question the intellectual and personal sources of her work

by Alan Wolfe

WRITING social criticism is uncomfortably similar to selling life insurance. Your potential readers may not even want to think about your subject, and, to make things more difficult, you have to persuade them to sit still for disquieting information about it. If you can manage that, you then have to reassure them that you have the right answers. And it's a brutally competitive business. An awful lot of critics are out there making a pitch. Yet only a few break through and change the world.

One who did was Betty Friedan. *The Feminine Mystique*, first published in 1963, remains one of the most powerful works of popular nonfiction written in America. Not only did the book sell in the millions but it has long been credited with launching the contemporary feminist movement. How did Friedan do it? For one thing, she told a compelling personal story about her own career choices—one that resonated with the experiences of her readers.

But Friedan also translated the ideas of academics—many of them European refugees from Nazism—into the language of popular culture. An outstanding student at Smith College, who for a time pursued a graduate degree in psychology at the University of California at Berkeley, Friedan introduced her readers to the nature-versus-nurture debate and functionalist sociology. Americans, for all their cynical anti-intellectualism, crave the authority of experts. And Friedan cited experts aplenty, as her copious and very academic footnotes attest. Freud came in for sustained criticism in her pages; Abraham Maslow came in for extended praise. Friedan also paid close attention to the writings of other scholars, including Mar-



garet Mead, Alfred Kinsey, and Bruno Bettelheim.

And there's the rub. In the thirty-six years since *The Feminine Mystique* appeared, much has been written challenging the authority of the sources on which Friedan relied, raising the uncomfortable question of whether a book can arrive at the larger truths if the bricks on which it is built won't stand up to time.

To examine the foundations of *The Feminine Mystique* one can begin with Margaret Mead. Friedan preferred the more anthropological Margaret Mead of *Coming of Age in Samoa* to the more Freudian author of *Male and Female*. In her anthropological fieldwork Mead had discovered, according to Friedan, a "vision of the infinite variety of sexual patterns and the enormous plasticity of human nature." This was "a truly revolutionary vision of women finally free to realize their full capabilities in a society which replaced arbitrary sexual definitions with a recognition of genuine individual gifts as they occur in either sex." But that is not the vision that America chose to see. Indeed, it is not even the vision that Margaret Mead ultimately chose to see: Friedan criticized Mead's later work, arguing that it, unlike her studies in the South Seas, owed far too much to Freud to offer anything pathbreaking to women. Mead, Friedan concluded, wound up strengthening, not challenging, the feminine mystique. To be sure, she led a wonderfully free and feminist life. More the shame, then, that "she cut down her own vision of women by glorifying the mysterious miracle of femininity."

When Alfred Kinsey first came to the attention of the reading public, in Friedan's account, he was wrongly cited for having demonstrated that uneducated women were more sexually satisfied than educated women—a finding that, if true, would have given plenty of ammunition to all those who believed that it was a mistake to educate women in the first place. But this finding, Friedan informed her readers, was not true. Once *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female* (1953) was finally published and we had access to the full 5,940 case histories of women in Kinsey's archives, we knew that education was no barrier to orgasm.

Despite her joy at discovering that Kinsey's research confirmed her sense that women were not being punished sexually for getting out of the house and getting an

education, Friedan was bothered by his findings. For one thing, those women were having a lot of sex outside marriage, and Friedan, puritanical in these matters, felt that sex was a form of escapism for middle-class women who ought to be working rather than having affairs. Kinsey also reported that he found a seemingly large number of male homosexuals in America. Friedan was certain that "the homosexuality that is spreading like a murky smog over the American scene" was due to the "parasitical mother-love" of all those bored suburban women who were kept out of the workplace. The situation was, in her view, rather distasteful, because "homosexuals often lack the maturity to finish school and make sustained professional commitments." We could be sure this was true because Kinsey told us so. He had "found homosexuality most common among men who do not go beyond high school, and least common among college graduates."

Because suburban women were so frustrated and unhappy, Friedan dramatically compared them to the inmates of Nazi concentration camps. Here her authority was the distinguished psychologist Bruno Bettelheim, whose *The Informed Heart: Autonomy in a Mass Age* was published three years before *The Feminine Mystique*. Friedan was impressed with Bettelheim's emphasis not only on the physical brutality of the camps but also on the psychological manipulation by which they functioned. In the camps, as she described his findings, one lost all autonomy and came to identify with one's oppressors. Indeed, as Friedan wrote, it was "not the SS but the prisoners themselves" who "became their own worst enemy."

Although she called the chapter in which she discussed Bettelheim "Progressive Dehumanization: The Comfortable Concentration Camp," Friedan was clear that American women were not on their way to the gas chambers; Bettelheim, after all, had written about "a real concentration camp." And precisely because the incidents he described were real, they became "unforgettable"—none more so than the powerfully evoked case of a dancer who, when ordered by an SS officer to dance, got close enough to shoot him dead before being killed in turn. Still, Friedan could not give up the analogy. Like Bettelheim's fellow inmates in Dachau and Buchenwald, subur-

ban women had "learned to 'adjust' to their biological role," had "become dependent, passive, childlike," had "given up their adult frame of reference to live at the lower human level of food and things." Maybe the world so chillingly brought to life by Bettelheim was not so different from suburbia after all.

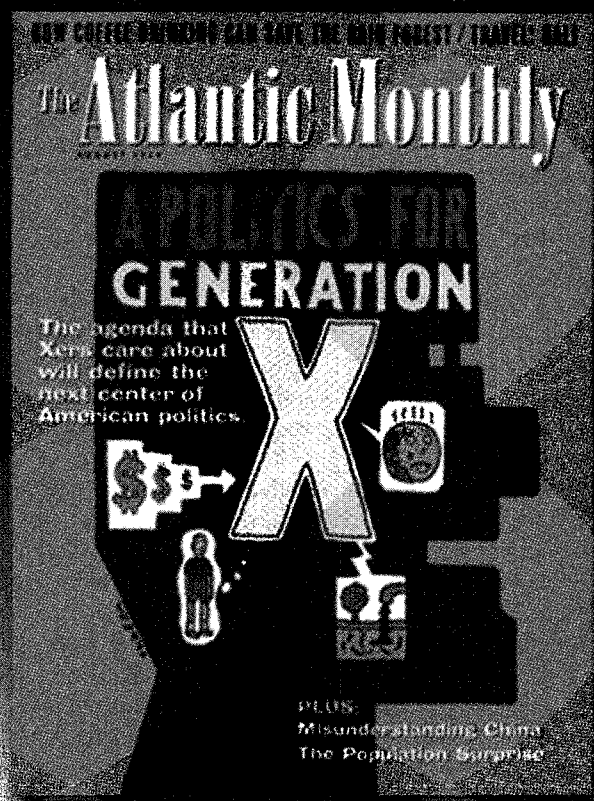
AT a time when commercial houses are reluctant to publish serious nonfiction, it is bracing to realize that a 1963 best seller could have a chapter title like "The Sexual Solipsism of Sigmund Freud." (When I taught Friedan's book in one of my classes recently, none of the students in the room knew what "solipsism" meant.) In discussing serious ideas from the academic world, Friedan accomplished what her editors at the women's magazines to which she contributed never let her do, which was to assume that her readers had the intelligence to read and absorb scholarly authority. How ironic, then, that much of the impressive scholarship she amassed turned out to be seriously compromised.

Margaret Mead may have discovered in Samoa a form of sexuality that in its promiscuity and lack of guilt constituted an alternative to puritanical conventions, but the discovery had little to do with reality. One need not accept the sociobiological determinism of Mead's critic Derek Freeman to recognize that he has undermined the empirical claims of *Coming of Age in Samoa*. In *The Fateful Hoaxing of Margaret Mead: A Historical Analysis of Her Samoan Research* (1999), Freeman shows in detail how Mead's most important informant, a young product of a culture that placed great emphasis on female virginity before marriage, was so embarrassed by Mead's probing that she responded in typical Samoan fashion by jokingly telling Mead the opposite of the truth. Meanwhile, Mead, who had shirked her investigations into sexuality in order to write an ethnology of Samoa for the Bishop Museum, in Hawaii, accepted the hoax as true, not only because it confirmed her theory that sexuality is shaped by culture more than by nature but also because she could thereby cut short her research and set off to meet her husband in France.

If Mead was wrong, then so were all those who built their cases upon hers. For Friedan, the hoaxing of Margaret Mead was particularly unfortunate. It

My So-Called Generation

Gen X writers respond to
The Atlantic's August cover story,
in an Atlantic Unbound Roundtable



In August, Ted Halstead, the author of "A Politics for Generation X," was joined by a panel of prominent young journalists for an interactive Roundtable discussion on what (if anything) might galvanize their generation.

Join the debate at www.TheAtlantic.com,
The Atlantic Monthly's home on the Internet.

Atlantic Unbound
www.TheAtlantic.com

was precisely those of Mead's books that Friedan liked best that have not withstood later scrutiny.

Then there is the lamentable Alfred Kinsey. Thanks to his biographer, James H. Jones, Kinsey is now known as anything but a passionless scientist pursuing the truth wherever it led. On the contrary, Kinsey's academic interest in human sexuality was stimulated by his voyeurism and sexual adventurousness. Kinsey's private life is, however, the least of the problem. Far more significant is the fact that his research methods would be considered unscientific today. Even as Kinsey was collecting his data between the publication of *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male* (1948) and of *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female*, Jones reveals, professional statisticians were finding significant problems with Kinsey's sampling methods; random sampling would have been not only cheaper but also more reliable. Kinsey's backers at the Rockefeller Foundation would not listen. They were so awed by the fact that Kinsey was going to challenge conventional American pieties about sex that they could not throw money at him fast enough.

Sexual Behavior in the Human Male and *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female* misrepresented the sexual habits and practices of Americans because Kinsey's interviewees were so unrepresentative. That is why Kinsey, who found many of his homosexual subjects in prisons or bars, could manage to characterize a group acknowledged for its strong influence in the arts and the universities as barely able to graduate from high school. Even at the time *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male* was published, many critics—among them the literary critic Lionel Trilling—smelled something wrong with its conclusions. Friedan, a former graduate student in psychology who had taken courses with scholars known for their quantitative work, ought to have been suspicious as well, given her familiarity with research methodology. Her nonetheless easy acceptance of Kinsey's biased sampling makes one wonder about her own sampling. In the preface to her book she wrote that she was stimulated to undertake the project by a questionnaire she had administered to her Smith College classmates fifteen years after graduation, which revealed "a strange discrepancy between the reality of our lives

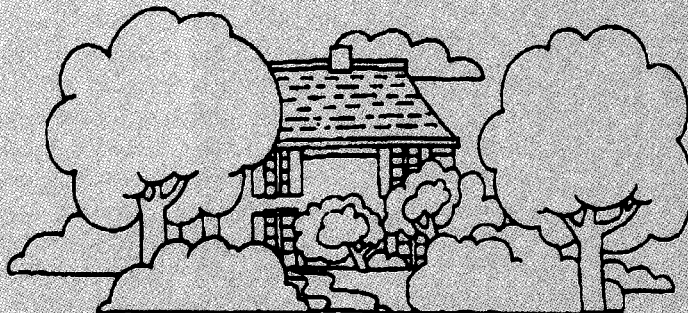
as women and the image to which we were trying to conform." But Friedan had relied on the same survey to paint a far more positive picture of suburban life in at least one magazine article that preceded the publication of *The Feminine Mystique*. Her sense that the suburbs were populated by bored housewives turning themselves into sexual vampires seems about as realistic as Kinsey's portrayal of fairly frequent sexual interaction between people and animals. The invented sexuality of Mead's Samoa became in *The Feminine Mystique* the invented sexuality of suburban America. One may have been pictured as happy and the other as sad. Yet neither, for better or worse, actually existed.

Bruno Bettelheim also turned out to be a very complicated case. Like Kinsey, Bettelheim led a private life radically in contrast with his public image. In *The Creation of Dr. B: A Biography of Bruno Bettelheim* (1997), Richard Pollak discusses the many liberties Bettelheim took with the truth, from inventing academic credentials to qualify for his first teaching position to, allegedly, plagiarizing in his book on fairy tales. No misrepresentation was more serious than Bettelheim's self-portrayal as a patient, caring professional committed to overcoming the mental disorders or the deeply rooted psychological problems of the children he observed and treated at his Orthogenic School. In reality, as Pollak makes clear, Bettelheim was a petty tyrant whose insistence that parents were often to blame for their children's problems became an excuse for abusive behavior.

Bettelheim's authority as an expert in the psychology of extreme situations was derived from his accounts of his experiences at Dachau and Buchenwald. Were those accounts also fabricated? At the edges they certainly were. In his discussion of the camps Bettelheim was less than forthright about the bribes his family and friends paid to help obtain his release, and about the fact that neither camp was a death camp. Of course, these are quibbles; there is no doubt that what he witnessed ranks among the most brutal episodes in history.

The interpretations Bettelheim offered of his experience are, however, open to question. In particular, Bettelheim's portrayal of his fellow inmates as childlike has been challenged, especially by those who insist—with considerable justice—

Villas & Farmhouses To Rent In France



For a catalogue with 500 color photographs of over 100 personally-selected rental properties, send \$6.

Vacances en Campagne

22 Railroad Street Great Barrington, MA 01230

Telephone: (413) 528-6610

Almost as bright as the sun...

Night Piercer™

1 Million CandlePower Halogen Spotlight
only \$69.95*

**But read this ad for an even better deal!*

The Night Piercer™ casts a focused beam that can be seen for many miles. It is 20-times brighter than automobile headlights, more luminous than aircraft landing lights. This powerful light is indispensable for tracking and exploring unknown territory and for any contingencies at night, in plane, boat, truck, or car. With its red gel, the Night Piercer™ can be a lifesaver in any emergency. The unit contains two sealed heavy-duty lead-acid batteries and can be recharged either through your household current

• Night Piercer™ is constructed of heavy-duty, high-impact polycarbonate. It comes with a super-bright 100-watt halogen bulb and red gel for use as warning light. 110-volt and 12-volt rechargers are also included.

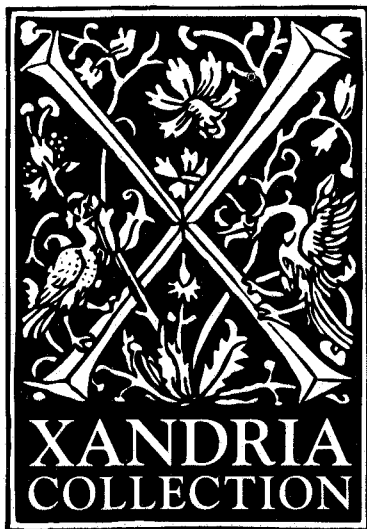
or through the cigarette lighter socket of your car, RV or boat. Both adapters are included. We import Night Piercers™ in very large quantities and are therefore able to bring you this outstanding accessory for just \$69.95. (Compare with our competitor's price of \$99!). But we have an even better deal: Buy two for just \$139.90 and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE! The Night Piercer™ should be your companion on all your travels. Don't leave home without it—order it today!

You may order by toll-free phone, by mail, or by fax and pay by check or Visa/MasterCard. Please give order number #1072E870. Add ship./ins. charge of \$9.95 for one unit or \$19.90 for three units (plus sales tax for CA delivery). You have 30-day refund and one-year warranty. We do not refund postage. For customer service or wholesale information, please call (415) 643-2810.

since 1967
haverhills®
2360 Third St., San Francisco, CA 94107

© Order by toll-free phone: (800) 797-7367 or (fastest!) by fax: (415) 643-2818 ©

Sensual Products



Order Them Without Embarrassment.
Use Them Without Disappointment.



More Than Just a Catalogue

The Xandria Collection of sensual delights celebrates new possibilities for pleasure and loving.

For 25 years, **Over 2 Million Satisfied Customers** have felt comfortable with us.

**Rely On Our 100%,
3-way Guarantee.**

- We guarantee your privacy.
- We guarantee your satisfaction.
- We guarantee product quality.

We'll mail your catalogue within 24 hours!
Send \$4.00 for your catalogue now, and we'll include a \$4 credit redeemable with your first purchase. Welcome to a new world of enjoyment!

www.xandria.com/lam.htm

The Xandria Collection, Dept. AM0999
P.O. Box 31039, San Francisco, CA 94131-9988
Please send me, by first class mail, the Xandria Gold Edition Catalogue with my \$4 credit toward my first purchase. Enclosed is a check or money order for \$4.00. (\$5 Canada, \$3 UK)
I am over 21.

Signature required _____
Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State/Zip _____
Xandria, 165 Valley Dr., Brisbane, CA 94005-1340. Void where prohibited by law.

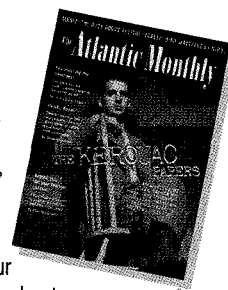
that it was the Nazis, not the Jews, who were their worst enemies. As Pollak says, this criticism of Bettelheim was fueled by the publication of Terrence Des Pres's *The Survivor: An Anatomy of Life in the Death Camps* (1976). The victims of the Holocaust, Des Pres argued, were not characters in a play by Sigmund Freud; to use them as symbols in a psychodrama ignored the fact that they were desperate people trying to survive the day. And if it was true that we ought not to find in the presumed passivity of the victims larger symbolic lessons about the human condition, it followed that we ought not to read too much significance into acts of courage. Des Pres made much of the dancer discussed by Friedan. (As Pollak points out, the story actually originated with Eugen Kogon, and was retold by Bettelheim.) In Des Pres's account the dancer was more suicidal than heroic. To uphold her actions as an exception to a general pattern of passivity was to impugn all those sent to the camps for no reason other than their Jewishness.

Again, the conclusions of *The Feminine Mystique* come into question if facts and interpretations that Friedan took as true are later discovered to be false or mistaken. To make her case that women required freedom, Friedan felt it necessary to exaggerate the degree to which they lived in slavery. "They are in a trap," she wrote, "and to escape they must, like the dancer, finally exercise their human freedom, and recapture their sense of self." For Friedan, as for Bettelheim, people were apparently more interesting as symbols than as flesh-and-blood individuals struggling to live in the real world. There's nothing especially wrong with that; the world needs metaphors as well as facts. But a treatment of a serious social problem which relies on the authority of experts appears far less persuasive if the experts turn out to be telling just-so stories.

THE power of *The Feminine Mystique* rests on two kinds of authoritative sources: the findings of experts and Friedan's testimony about her personal experience. Some of the experts, we now believe, were unreliable to a considerable degree. In the past year two biographers of Betty Friedan, Judith Hennessee and Daniel Horowitz, appear to have shown that her treatment of her personal experiences was unreliable as well.

Attention Teachers!

Engage
your
students
with the
very best.



It's the smartest way to expose your students to the best contemporary essayists, fiction writers, poets and reviewers.

OUR NEW EDUCATION PROGRAM OFFERS:

- FREE Instructor Subscription
- FREE Monthly Teacher's Guide
- GREAT Value: Special Class Rate 33% off regular subscription price

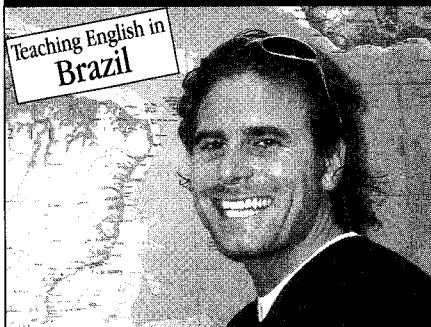
CALL TOLL-FREE TODAY FOR DETAILS

(877) 299-8577

The **Atlantic Monthly**
EDUCATION PROGRAM

www.theatlantic.com/teach

Travel the World Teaching English!



Gregory Wood (Dana Point, CA)

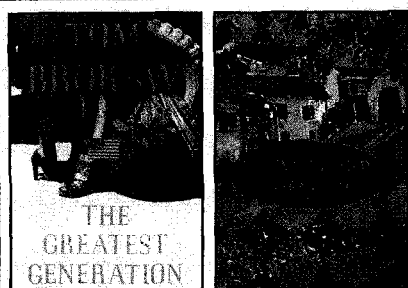
"I'd like to thank Jon again for his excellent advice during my job placement counseling meeting. I did exactly what he said: 'Gregg, if you have the time, take off through Mexico and backpack your way down to South America. It will be an unforgettable experience.' He was right."

"So I was here in Brasil for exactly five hours before I found a teaching job with a school I LOVE! NWT gave me the confidence to succeed! (and the training). Brazil Rocks! Thanks."

- 4-Week Courses Start Monthly
- No Teaching Experience Required
- You Don't Need A Second Language
- Friendly, Experienced Trainers
- Jobs Available In Many Countries
- Lifetime Placement Assistance

NEW WORLD TEACHERS
www.gototeach.com
San Francisco • Budapest • Phuket • Puerto Vallarta

Call for a Free Information Pack
800-564-3274



Read great books while driving to work!

Recorded Books help you read while you cook, or drive, or exercise...

- Listen to one of our titles and hear why Recorded Books is the leader in unabridged audiobooks
- 2,500 complete and unabridged titles on cassette, narrated by professional actors
- Easy, money-saving rentals by mail

Recorded Books unabridged audiobooks aren't available in bookstores

Call for a Free Brochure:

1-800-638-1304

Recorded Books, Inc.
www.recordedbooks.com

Friedan wrote in *The Feminine Mystique* of her decision to give up her fellowship at Berkeley, suggesting that she chose the love of a young man who was jealous of her success over an academic career with its presumed loneliness. "I never could explain, hardly knew myself," Friedan wrote, "why I gave up this career. I lived in the present, working on newspapers with no particular plan. I married, had children, lived according to the feminine mystique as a suburban housewife." By presenting herself this way, Friedan suggested that she was not some academic authority writing from afar about the conditions that made women unhappy. No, she suggested, she had been as passive as any of her readers: her authority to speak had nothing to do with her graduate work in psychology; it came instead from her decision to lead a life typical of suburban middle-class women of her generation.

Both Hennessee's *Betty Friedan: Her Life* and Horowitz's *Betty Friedan and the Making of the Feminine Mystique: the American Left, the Cold War, and Modern Feminism* demonstrate that everything Friedan offered in this account, though technically true, was also highly misleading. According to Hennessee, she had many boyfriends at Berkeley, one of whom, David Bohm, was a graduate student in physics working with Robert Oppenheimer. (Bohm, a member of the Communist Party, was later indicted for invoking the Fifth Amendment before the House Un-American Activities Committee and soon thereafter left the United States.) But her relationship with Bohm, which was over rather quickly, had little to do with her decision to drop out of Berkeley. Horowitz suggests that Friedan's increasingly radical politics may have had something to do with it. In Friedan's year at Berkeley, 1942-1943, America was involved in the Second World War, and the grand struggle between totalitarianism and democracy in Europe made the idyllic life of Berkeley seem unexciting by comparison. Furthermore, Friedan, an activist by inclination, became bored with the highly specialized scientific discipline that psychology had become.

Passive housewives do not usually first try their hands at popular-front journalism. Friedan did. From 1943 to 1946 she worked at the Federated Press, in New York—"the most sustained effort in

Swim at Home™



Think Of It As A Treadmill For Swimmers!

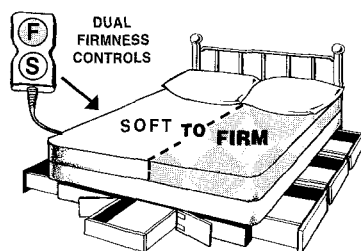
Swim or exercise against a smooth current adjustable to any speed in a unique pool measuring only 8' x 15'. Enjoy the fun and convenience of the world's best exercise at home year 'round. Ideal for swimming, water aerobics and rehabilitation. Compact size makes the dream of pool ownership practical in small spaces. The Endless Pool™ is simple to maintain, economical to run, and easy to install inside or outdoors. New system reduces chlorine use by 90%.

Free Video!
Call 800-233-0741,
Ext. 697

Visit our web site at
www.endlesspools.com
or write Endless Pools, Inc.
200 E Dutton Mill Rd
Dept. 697
Aston, PA 19014



Anderson™ ULTIMATE-BED™



Adjustable **Contour-Air™** mattress is specifically designed for relief of back pain, numbness, arthritis, tossing etc. **It has many advantages over other mattresses including Select Comfort®.**

-ALSO-

PUT A DRESSER UNDER ANY BED

Optional, dust-proof, solid wood, underbed dressers replace steel bed frame. Can have up to 16 large drawers. Fits under all bed sizes and styles. 30-day in-home trial Ships UPS **FREE** 48 page color catalog

FREE
CAT

46

800-782-4825

www.ultimatebed.com

<http://www.theatlantic.com>



Good Housekeeping Seal

This monk seal was once on the verge of extinction but now is doing better in its only home on Earth. Its success proves that careful attention can reverse some extinction trends. • Whether it's shorebirds in California, bats in Pennsylvania or rain forest plants in Peru, The Nature Conservancy protects the lands and waters that rare species need to survive. A world that can sustain its wildlife will be a healthier and happier place for our children and their great-grandchildren.

Please join us. Call us at **1-800-628-6860**. It's a question of proper house-keeping in the only home we've got.

Or visit our website at: <http://www.tnc.org>

Hawaiian Monk Seal
Photograph ©1994 Susan Middleton & David Lillschwager from the book and exhibit *WITNESS: Endangered Species of North America*



American history," in Horowitz's words, "to develop a left-wing news service." From there she moved on to a six-year stint writing for *UE News*, the official publication of the United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers of America, a left-wing union. Soon married to Carl Friedman (the couple agreed to drop the *m* in his name, to make it sound more distinctive), Friedan moved out of Manhattan, first to Parkway Village, in Queens, and then to suburban Rockland County. Neither of these was a typical suburb. The Queens neighborhood was a racially integrated area filled with United Nations employees, and when rents there were raised, Friedan, as the editor of the *Parkway Villager*, played a leading role in the rent strike that followed. The Friedan house in Grand View-on-Hudson was a large intown Victorian not far from the houses of C. Wright Mills, Harvey Swados, Herbert Gutman, William J. Goode, Charles Frankel, and Roger Angell, all of whom Friedan got to know through her community activism. During this period she wrote articles for women's magazines, worked on a television documentary, and taught classes at New York University and the New School for Social Research.

Like the suburban housewives she wrote about, Friedan was unhappy. Her marriage, according to her biographers, was unusually violent, although both stress that she gave as good as she got. But there all similarity with the passive victims of the comfortable concentration camp ends. In reality Friedan was the concentration-camp dancer, brave and resourceful. Had she portrayed herself as she really was, Friedan would have undermined the thesis of her book—if one woman could avoid the feminine mystique, then why couldn't others? Friedan clearly knew enough psychology to understand that in America only victims can speak for victims. The personal asides in *The Feminine Mystique* conform to the conventions of the genre of sin and redemption: I was once like you but now I have seen the light—and you can follow my example. It makes for great inspirational literature. But when combined with flawed academic expertise, the made-up life of Betty Friedan leaves contemporary readers uneasy about whether anything at all in her book can be trusted.

The obligations of a political activist can easily interfere with the obligations of

ANSWERS TO THE AUGUST PUZZLER

T	A	P	R	O	O	M	P	A	N	T	S
A	L	A	N	B	L	U	E	C	O	A	T
R	I	L	E	S	S	T	A	M	I	N	A
D	E	M	O	C	R	A	C	Y	R	D	I
I	N	I	P	E	S	T	E	A	L	E	R
E	S	S	E	N	C	E	D	W	S	M	P
R	B	T	N	E	A	S	I	N	I	N	E
P	A	G	E	A	N	T	S	E	L	L	N
E	R	C	D	R	A	P	E	R	I	E	S
E	M	O	T	E	R	S	A	S	C	O	T
L	A	M	B	A	D	A	S	D	O	N	E
S	N	A	P	S	S	T	E	R	N	E	R

"At the Movies"

Solutions are given in the order of the words' occurrence in the film reviews. Across. LAMB + A + DA'S; STERNER (hidden); ESSEN + C + E (sense anag.); EMOTERS (anag.); AS + IN + IN + E; P + AGE(A)NT; STE(AL)ER; PANTS (double def.); A + SCOT; RILES (hidden); SNAPS (rev.); DON + E; B(LUE)COAT (clue anag.); STAMINA (anag.); ALAN (hidden); DR(APER)IES (pear anag.); DEMOC(RA + C)Y (comedy anag.); T(A + PRO)OM Down. PEACE (homophone); (m)OB SCENE; TARDIER (anag.); PE(N)STER (Strep anag.); YAWNE + R (Wayne anag.); SIL + I + CON; PEELS (rev.); B(ARM)AN; CAN(A + RD)IS; DI(SEAS)E; LEONE (hidden); COMA (first letters); ARE + AS; OPE + NED (Poe anag.); ALI + EN; MUTATES (anag.); STAI(D)R; NO + IR; PAL + MIST; TANDEM (anag.)

a social critic. As an activist, one can believe that dramatic but not completely accurate depictions of the status of women are from a moral perspective no different from the strategies of those people who exaggerate the prevalence of breast cancer in order to scare women into seeing their doctors. Saving even a small number of lives justifies the latter. Helping more women to put a name to the problem that had no name justified the former.

Did Betty Friedan sacrifice the truth in order to advance her cause? In the short run the answer must be no, because *The Feminine Mystique* spoke truthfully enough to inspire many women both at the time and since. Yet in the longer run the faults of the book loom large. If the pursuit of a good cause is accompanied by too much bad testimony, the social critic will eventually lose the trust of the very readers she wants to influence. ☞

BRIEF REVIEWS



Dog Heart

by Breyten Breytenbach.
Harcourt Brace, 197 pages,
\$22.00.

The author is a South African, a member of one of the old Boer families counted as European despite a remote bit of African ancestry. He was a member of the exiled African National Congress in Paris and served seven years in prison after he was caught back in Africa in 1975. His moving memoir of a trip to his homeland combines lyrical descriptions of a fiercely beautiful country, sketches of the varied people he met as he searched for his family history, and bitter disappointment over the crime and poverty that flourish in the new South Africa. The semi-rural area in which Mr. Breytenbach grew up still has a frontier quality. At a local wedding where "the house is crowded with quietly drinking and seriously cursing people, the father of the bride and his two sons ask the guests to stand out of the way, you damned lot of devil's offspring, and then knock down with crowbar and sledgehammer the wall between two rooms to make a place for dancing." This offhand hospitality is countered by pages of gruesome detail on rapes and murders, which are frequent and rarely punished. The author's brother, who still lives in the region, "fights the baboons, the geckos, the starlings, the snakes, the crickets, the

frogs, the ants, the plant lice and the neighbourhood's mongrels. . . . He will go down fighting. He has foreseen that things will come to this. One should have no illusions about life." Mr. Breytenbach did have illusions, and going home again shattered many of them.

Hangover Soup

by Louise Redd.
Little, Brown, 288 pages,
\$23.00.

The heroine and narrator of Ms. Redd's novel leaves her alcoholic husband and takes refuge at her place of employment—the local university, where she works as a tutor in the male athletic department. Her job is to boost and bully ballplayers into a passable semblance of academic achievement. Her charges are officially "student-athletes." Privately they are her "thugs" or her "babies," depending on their current level of misbehavior. Ms. Redd gives the whole ludicrous and hypocritical college athletic system an amusing send-up. She also gives much space to her heroine's complaints of sexual deprivation and inattentive parents. (Her father is a work-obsessed surgeon and her mother is a tomato-obsessed gardener.) The complaints become repetitious. The ballplayers are steadily surprising, and the narrator's balancing act between sympathetic big sister and snarling drill sergeant is

WHAT'S IN A WORD?

Ask poet JOHN CIARDI, eloquent essayist DR. LEWIS THOMAS, or RICHARD MITCHELL (the Underground Grammarian). You'll find their intriguing answers in COMMON READER EDITIONS.



JOHN CIARDI'S THREE
BROWSER'S DICTIONARIES
(\$17 each; \$40 the set)

LEWIS THOMAS'S
ET CETERA, ET CETERA:
NOTES OF A WORD-WATCHER (\$16)

RICHARD MITCHELL'S
LESS THAN WORDS CAN SAY (\$16)

To order, or to request a free copy of our distinctive monthly book catalog, call

1-800-832-7323

www.commonreader.com

A Common Reader
where books belong

Bargain Books

America's Biggest Selection!

- Save up to 80% on recent publishers' overstocks. Save 30% or more on current books and best sellers! Hundreds of new arrivals monthly.
- Biography, Fiction, Politics, Travel, the Arts—over 60 subject areas.

Free Catalog
800-677-3483

Edward R. Hamilton, Bookseller
6051 Oak, Falls Village, CT 06031-5005
edwardrhamilton.com

AFRICA • CHINA • INDIA • JAPAN • NEPAL

Since 1989

UPTON TEA IMPORTS

Purveyor of the World's Finest Teas

1-800-234-8327 Free catalog listing over 120 varieties of garden-fresh, loose tea

P.O. BOX 159-C * UPTON, MA 01568

SEI LANKA • TAIWAN

DEREKCRANE.COM
BEST NEWS SUPPLEMENT
ON THE WEB
<http://www.derekcrane.com>

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY
CLASSIFIED
SEPTEMBER • 1999

BOOKS/PUBLICATIONS

MANUSCRIPTS WANTED, ALL TYPES. Publisher with 75-year tradition. "Author's Guide To Subsidy Publishing." (800) 695-9599.

DO YOU HAVE A BOOK TO PUBLISH? Established publisher can help. Contact Pentland Press, Dept. AM. (800) 948-2786.

YESTERDAY'S BOOKS LOCATED FOR YOU by professionals. No obligation. Out-of-State Book Service, Box 3253X, San Clemente, CA 92674-3253. (949) 492-2976. E-Mail: opb@home.com.

FREE BOOKLETS: Life, death, soul, resurrection, pollution crisis, hell, Judgment Day, restitution. Bible Standard (AT), P.O. Box 67, Chester Springs, PA 19425-0067.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

PIANO TUNING CORRESPONDENCE COURSE: American School of Piano Tuning offers complete home-study course. (800) 497-9793.

4.9¢ LONG DISTANCE!...or flat monthly fee for unlimited long distance! Customers needed. Reps wanted. Call immediately: (888) 668-8304.

COLLECTION/HOBBIES

NEWSPAPERS: Rare, historic. 1600s through the 1960s. Extensive catalogue \$2.00. Hughes, Box 3636, Williamsport, PA 17701. www.rarenewspapers.com.

EDUCATION/INSTRUCTION

MONTICELLO UNIVERSITY. The Practitioner's MBA & JD Programs. Accredited Doctor, Master, Bachelor. Fax: (913) 661-9414. Telephone: (800) 405-7935. www.monticello.edu.

DOCTORAL/MASTER'S DEGREES. Accredited, 1 to 2 years; 1 month residency. Business, education, government, int. relations, psych., religion, social work, health services. Write: Berne University, International Graduate School, P.O. Box 1080, Wolfeboro Falls, NH 03896. Telephone: (603) 569-8648. Fax: (603) 569-4052. E-Mail: berne@berne.edu Web site: www.berne.edu.

SERVICES

EROTIC, INTELLIGENT, IMAGINATIVE telephone conversations. Personal and discreet fee-based service. Please inquire: (617) 661-3849.

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS gets unattached readers acquainted. Nationwide, Box 117, Gradyville, PA 19039. (800) 773-3437. www.singlebooklovers.com.

TRAVEL

FREIGHTER CRUISES—Deluxe, exotic, inexpensive. Travltips Association, P.O. Box 580-218F3, Flushing, NY 11358. (800) 872-8584. www.travltips.com.

FOR ADVERTISING INFORMATION WRITE:
P.O. Box 1510, Clearwater, FL 33757

OR CALL:
800-237-9851

consistently interesting. There is, by the way, a plot that eventually merges the novel's two lines of development.

The Notebook of Lost Things

by Megan Staffel.
Soho, 224 pages, \$23.00.

Ms. Staffel's intricately constructed novel is set in a decaying town in upstate New York. The place, with its failed businesses and abandoned farms, is solidly evoked. The principal characters, in contrast, are fluid rather than solid, transitory rather than rooted. They are all misfits in the place, people a bit out of kilter, and how they collide and support one another is the substance of the tale. It is a striking piece of work.

Gunfire Around the Gulf

by Jack D. Coombe.
Bantam, 288 pages, \$23.95.

Mr. Coombe opens his account of "The Last Major Naval Campaigns of the Civil War" with a broadside of compressed information that may leave the reader slightly stunned. This is background material, providing context for the much more expansive accounts of battles from Pensacola to Galveston. New Orleans and Mobile Bay are given the most space, but lesser actions are not neglected. Mr. Coombe makes fine use of those anecdotes and details that turn up in Civil War records. A Confederate doctor, waiting for the Union attack on Mobile, amused himself with a fig tree and a stray cat, while a private in the same spot was "sick and tired of garrison life and Fort Morgan." At New Orleans, Admiral David Farragut ordered fire on "that rascally tug" and admonished a crouching officer, "This is no time for prayer." Signal Officer Osbon was not praying; he was about to deal effectively with a fire raft. Even Farragut could err. The author considers him a great and innovative commander whose tactics remained useful in the Pacific during the Second World War. Mr. Coombe is a veteran of that war, having served at Guadalcanal and Midway. He brings his own experience to bear on the Civil War navies, because "the basic concepts of warfare and the psychological impacts on the crews who man these fighting ma-

chines have not changed through the decades." It is an effective approach to history. The reader can feel the buildup of heat inside an ironclad and the chill when the deck crews stored "buckets of sand around the gun stations, lest the gunners' feet slip on blood. It was a necessary ritual that all gunners abhorred."

Fannie

by Brooke Kroeger.
Times Books, 496 pages,
\$30.00.

Fannie Hurst habitually lied about her age, but probably was born in 1885 and lived to be eighty-two. Her home town was St. Louis, and her parents, comfortably assimilated German Jews, expected her to stay there and marry a prosperous man of their own class and kind. She escaped to New York and by 1914 had been published in *Cosmopolitan* and was on the way to a long career as a highly popular and lavishly paid writer of fiction. Her work was often disparaged as "women's fiction," and she was reproached for overwriting and sentimentality, but readers loved it, and with good reason. She wrote about the concerns of ordinary young women—jobs, money, ambitions, social status, overbearing parents, unsuitable men—and if her language was sometimes overblown, she kept the problems real and the plots intriguing. She did a number of things besides write, becoming a friend of Eleanor Roosevelt and of Rebecca West, lending a hand in political campaigns, and offering opinions on practically everything in sight. Ms. Kroeger reconstructs Hurst's life in great detail, along with the plots of stories and the casts of the films based on them, and, more interesting, gives a thorough explanation of the rivalries and piracies of magazine editors in the days when reading was the only entertainment regularly and widely available.

—Phoebe-Lou Adams

Recent books by Atlantic authors:

Fire in the East: The Rise of Asian Military Power in the Second Nuclear Age by Paul Bracken. HarperCollins, 186 pages, \$25.00. This book grew out of "America's Maginot Line," an article by Paul Bracken that appeared in the December, 1998, *Atlantic*.



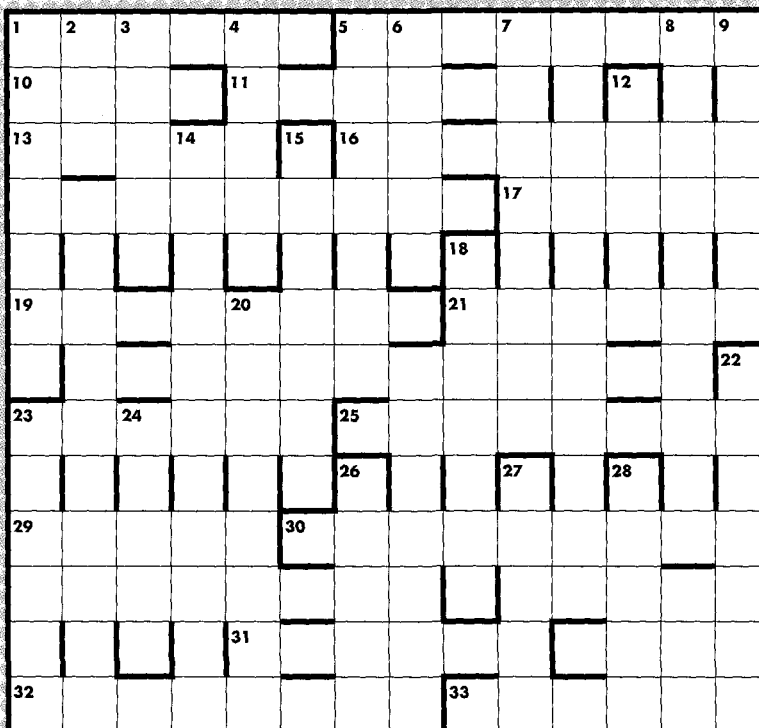
THE PUZZLER

by Emily Cox and Henry Rathvon

Shakedown

The word TRANSPOSE, if shaken down—that is, anagrammed repeatedly with one letter deleted at each step—may form the following sequence: TRANSPOSE, PROTEANS, SEAPORT, ORATES, ASTER, SEAT, TEA, AT, A. This puzzle's unclued entries form a similar sequence of words shaken down from twelve letters to one letter. Items in this sequence include three capitalized words, the biggest one a two-word phrase. Clues are normal, and their answers include four capitalized words.

The solution to last month's Puzzler appears on page 104.



Across

5. "Eternities" is dedicated to a civil-rights figure (8)
10. I would like names for girls (4)
11. Solicit drink in one half of duplex (4,2)
13. Company soldier captures heart of stray dog (5)
16. After outbreak, "untouchable" agent's haste (8)
17. Stuff you believe as visitor to our world laughs (5)
19. Fair attractions covered in diamonds display rainbow colors (8)
21. Again, *Study in Scarlet* including actor from *The Crying Game* (6)
23. Find Mexican food in the Mexican counter (6)
25. Name of a notable Ethiopian girl I caught amid visit (8)
29. A formal examination cut short in Roman courts (5)
30. Samples of men's epics recast (9)
31. Church figure in 150, an old Norseman (6)
32. Some dishes with pronounced merits (8)
33. Gift-getters witness sign of acknowledgment in return (6)
- ### Down
1. Mediterranean capital misrepresented as "Ionic" (7)
2. Tokyo's old name in verse written up (3)
3. Less often seen live in Red River (5)
4. Small trend reverses works in a magazine office (5)
5. Heater for coffee container in front (7)
6. Oh, mother's one with guts (5)
7. Something just passing convertible—mere heap (8)
8. Ringing of two notes on land (10)
9. Gave some lip to shortstop and starter for Expos in blue (6)
12. Eating the last piece of cake, you laugh (2-3)
14. Austrian dog disrupted school ceremonies (11)
15. Grow bitter about a diner (7)
18. Quarry surrounding Los Angeles Catholic bishop's office (7)
20. Use a magic spell on door (8)
22. Unfinished set in *Rent*'s creating problems (7)
23. Decked in foliage, started holding prayer (6)
24. Comb and powder (5)
26. Exercise time has Penny in a bad mood (5)
27. Music of the 1970s is in Washington Circle (5)
28. Energy used by Hoover vendors (5)

Note: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, send an addressed, stamped long envelope to The Atlantic Puzzler, 77 North Washington Street, Boston, Mass. 02114.

WORD COURT

by Barbara Wallraff

Help, help!!

I have noticed confusion regarding the use of the words *back*, *forward*, and *up* as applied to events in time, timetables, and schedules. If one is referring to a planned future event, and if said event is going to be moved back, in my thinking the concept is that the event is being moved further into the future. However, I have encountered others who would interpret this expression to suggest that the event is being moved to an earlier date. This follows the logic that when a historical event or a transaction is backdated, the event is being moved closer to the beginning of time, the birth of Christ, the fall of Rome, or whatever.

What are the rules regarding the use of these words in describing time-relevant events?

Andrew Kaser
Portland, Oreg.

Back, *forward*, and *up* are the verbal equivalents of M. C. Escher drawings. One thing dictionaries will tell you is that *back* means "in, into, or toward the past"—an idea that, when applied to the future, suggests that *move back* should mean "make earlier." But dictionaries also define the word as meaning something like "farther away" ("Stand back!")—and obviously the later future is further from the here and now than the near future is. In actual use, with respect to the future most people, most of the time, use *move back* to mean "make later" ("Let's *move* the dinner party *back* from Friday to Saturday"). What this usage has in common with the use of *back* with respect to the past is movement in time away from the present.

As for *forward*: In future contexts (say, "What if we *move* the date of the party *forward*?"), on the one hand the word seems obviously to mean "further into the future" and therefore to be a synonym for

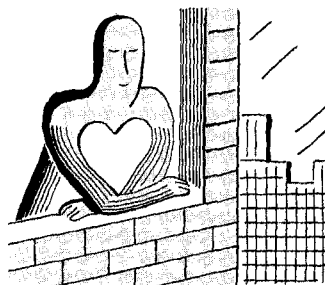
back, and on the other it seems of course to be the opposite of *back* ("I just can't decide whether to *move* it *forward* or *back*"). The picture is no clearer with respect to past contexts. *Forward* is used very inconsistently.

The easiest word of the three is *up*: in any context *move up* tends to mean "make earlier." That is, most people use it to mean the opposite of *back* with respect to the future and the same as *back* with respect to the past. Piece of cake, right?

If, though, you ever find yourself wanting to discuss the postponement of an event, now in the past, that was in the future when the change was made, God help you: "We forgot to tell him a month ago when we decided to *move* the party *back* a week." Unfortunately for this subject in general, at some point the future is certain to become the past, making *back* and *forward* in such contexts absolutely baffling.

My conclusion is that when you're referring to movement in time, if context doesn't spell out the direction of movement you mean, you'll do well to avoid saying "I need to *move* the dinner party *back*" or "I need to *move* the date *forward*." How about "I need to postpone the party" or "I need to move the party to an earlier date"? The alternative is to be prepared to be hospitable when, say, the dinner guests who are now expected two weeks from Saturday ring the doorbell this Saturday instead.

Where I come from, home town means where you came from, though others seem to use it to mean where you live. I live in San Diego, California; I was born in Canton, Ohio; but what I regard as my home town is Massillon, Ohio, where I grew up. Is home town



a phrase whose usage varies regionally?

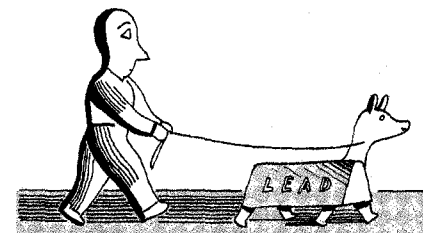
A. T. Young
San Diego, Calif.

Throughout America a person's *home town* (which some would write as one word) can be where he or she was born, grew up, or lives now. *Home* is indeed where the heart is.

I see *lead* used in place of *led* to indicate the past tense of that verb in an increasing number of references. I thought the first few instances were typos, but I've now seen it enough to be convinced that it's intentional. Have I missed something lately, or are these writers confusing the conjugation of *lead* with *read*?

Roger Cohn
Pine Plains, N.Y.

People bump into me on the sidewalk pretty often, but even so, I don't think it's intentional. The present-tense spelling *lead* for the past-tense *led* is nothing more than a very easy mistake to make, given that the metal is pronounced like the past-tense verb but spelled like the present-tense one; given the false analogy with the verb *read*, which you note; and given that the common words *bread*, *dead*, and *head* are miscues as well.



Have you recently had a language dispute that you would like this column to resolve? Write to Word Court in care of *The Atlantic Monthly*, 77 North Washington Street, Boston, MA 02114, or send e-mail to MsGrammar@theatlantic.com. All letters become the property of Word Court.

THANKS TO PHILLIPS, WEARY TRAVELERS
WILL ALWAYS HAVE A PLACE TO STOP AND REFUEL.



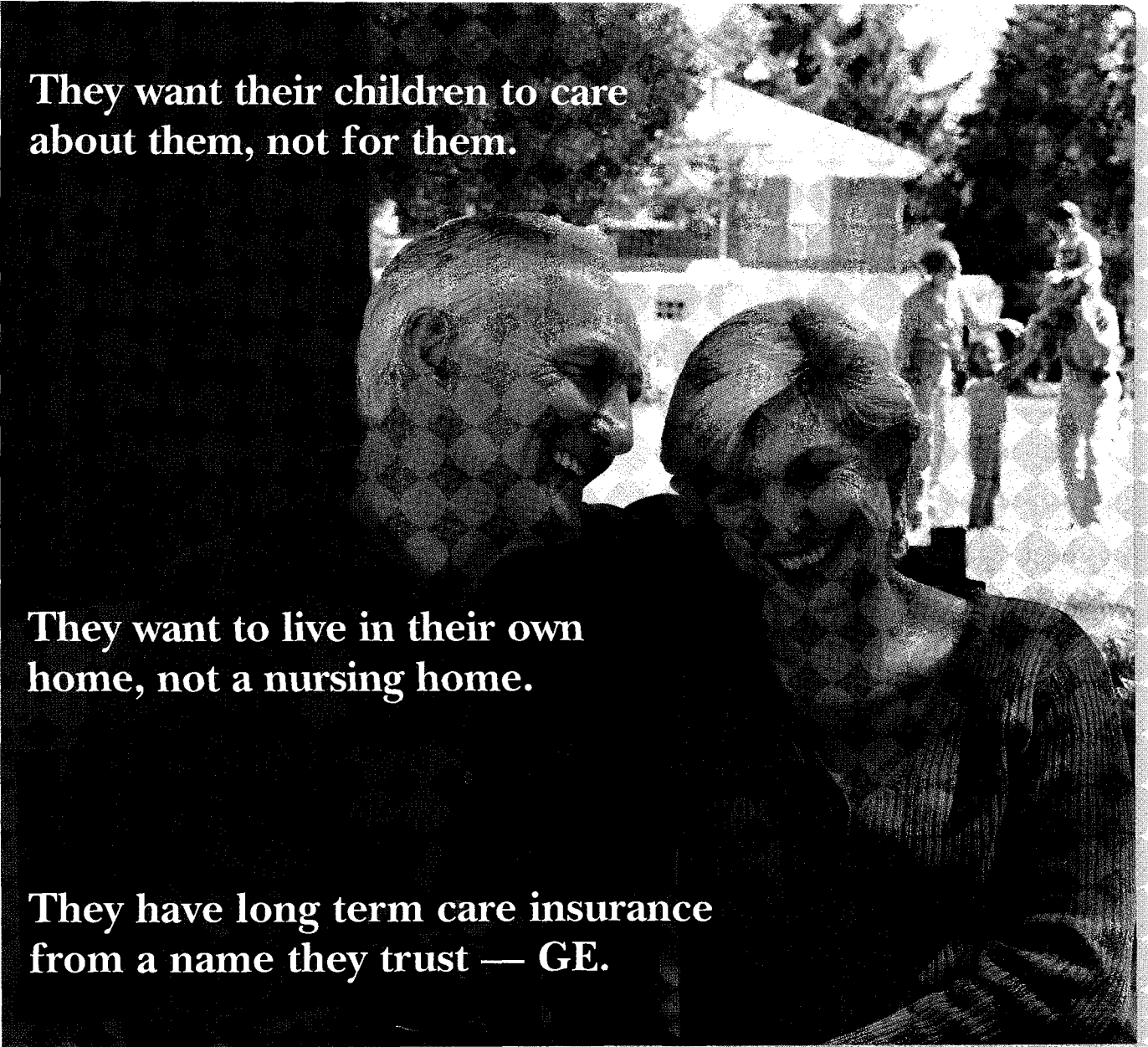
By donating a former plant site to the Cactus Playa Lake Project, Phillips Petroleum helped expand and protect the habitat of hundreds of thousands of migratory birds. The project resulted from the cooperative effort of Phillips, wildlife and conservation agencies and the

community of Cactus, Texas. Now bald eagles, waterfowl and dozens of other bird species have a better place to rest along the Central Flyway. It's yet another example of what it means to be The Performance Company.

PHILLIPS PETROLEUM COMPANY



For a copy of our annual report, call 918-661-3700, write to: Phillips Annual Report, B-41, Adams Bldg., Bartlesville, OK 74004, or visit us at www.phillips66.com.



**They want their children to care
about them, not for them.**

**They want to live in their own
home, not a nursing home.**

**They have long term care insurance
from a name they trust — GE.**

**Preserve your independence and protect your retire-
ment savings with a leader in long term care insurance.**

Today you're both healthy. But what if you become unable to care for yourselves? Nursing home care costs average more than \$40,000 a year¹ and can quickly deplete your retirement nest egg. That's why there's long term care insurance, to protect you if you ever need care, with options including care in your own home, an assisted living facility or a nursing home. GE's Long Term Care Division pioneered this insurance in 1974, and we've been a trusted leader ever since. So when you think of long term care insurance, think of GE.* For more information from a licensed representative², call 1-800-THINK GE.



We bring good things to life.

www.ge.com/financial

¹ Wall Street Journal 3/31/99

² Offer not available in all states.

* Insurance products underwritten by General Electric Capital Assurance Company and, in New York, by GE Capital Life Assurance Company of New York, members of the GE Financial Assurance family of companies. Policy form series #7030, 7031, 7032.
#81706